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A Review of the World

The Unsuppressed Roosevelt Boom.



ROOSEVELT is now an avowed candidate for the Republican nomination." Who says so? Mr. Norman E. Mack, chairman of the national Democratic committee. Are there others?

There are. The *New York World* says so. "Of one thing we may be certain," it remarks, "Roosevelt is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President." And again: "Democrats in Congress and out of Congress cannot ignore this situation. They are no longer dealing with a frank, good-natured, blundering, tactless Taft. They are dealing with the most daring, audacious and practical political manipulator of his generation. They must prepare to beat Roosevelt." Another authority of equal value may be cited. Congressman Henry, of Texas, chairman of the House committee on rules, declares that Mr. Roosevelt is seeking an absolutism such as the Czar of Russia never dreamed of and to which the Caesars were entire strangers. And Senator Hoke Smith's organ, the *Atlanta Journal*, asserts that "Mr. Roosevelt is the man that Democracy has to fear." We might quote other Democratic authorities unlimited in number, all equally fitted, by reason of

their sleepless hostility to Mr. Roosevelt, to tell just what his innermost intentions are. If Mr. Roosevelt is not forced again to the front as his party's banner-bearer, no one can blame his ardent and untiring enemies.

Roosevelt the Dominant Political Topic.



ALMOST over night has this Roosevelt obsession risen and spread, until it has again become the dominant feature in the political discussion of the country. It has been for the last few weeks in nearly all the headlines over the Washington dispatches. It has been the theme of countless editorials. The cartoonists have, with great joy, rushed again to the familiar figure of "Teddy," with his spectacles, his teeth, his big stick, his rough-rider costume, and the spear that knows no brother. It is again a happy newspaper world. The interviewer goes forth rejoicing, knowing that he has questions to ask that will ensure "hot stuff" for the forthcoming number. The editor no longer cudgels his brain for a topic that will make the reader stop and look and listen. Take the *New York World*, for instance, and note the titles of its recent editorials: "Taft or Roosevelt?"—"Is Roosevelt Morgan's Candidate?"—"Who Can Beat

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—Subscribers who find that their copies of *CURRENT LITERATURE* do not come to hand as promptly as they came a few months ago should understand that this is due entirely to the new departure of the Postal Department in sending magazines by "fast" freight instead, as formerly, by mail. The change has resulted in delays which we hope are but temporary, but over which the publishers have no control.

Roosevelt?"—"Why Wall Street Prefers Roosevelt"—"Denials That Do Not Deny"—"Wall Street's Favorite Son"—"Mr. Roosevelt's Unflattering Friends," and so on indefinitely. The Christmas bells may be ringing, but their merry din is drowned in the clamor of the alarm bells which excited editors are ringing throughout the land. It is all gloriously exciting while it lasts.

"Back from Elba."

WHAT, then, has happened? Where is the fire? Who threw the bomb? Every conflagration requires two things to produce it—plenty of inflammable material lying around and a spark or flame to ignite it. The spark in this case seems to have come from Mr. Roosevelt's article in the *Outlook* on trusts, called forth by the suit for dissolution of the steel trust. Mr. Roosevelt's reference to "our chaotic government policy" regarding big corporations, his allusion to the reorganization of the tobacco trust—accepted by Mr. Wickersham—as "a miscarriage of justice," and the disfavor he expresses for "a succession of lawsuits" as a method of remedying the situation, have been instantly followed by the ignition of a large amount of inflammable material which has been collecting throughout

Mr. Taft's administration. Just where the flame first burst out it is hard to say. Colonel Yeiser, of the Nebraska Roosevelt Club, was, however, one of the first to flare up into view. He declared that while Mr. Roosevelt is a big man, he is not big enough to prevent his own nomination with any number of refusals. He will have to run whether he wishes to or not, and will have to be elected even if he decides afterward not to serve. The Democratic press and politicians promptly rushed forward, as already stated, and endeavored to quench the flame with oil. Said the *Baltimore Sun*: "'Back from Elba' is no longer a cry to be laughed at. The shadow of Roosevelt rests like a cloud over Taft. Even with every gate guarded, the friends of Roosevelt might start a stampede in the Chicago convention that would sweep away in an hour the structure Mr. Taft and his supporters are building with such care and caution."

Roosevelt's Unwillingness.

TWO Republican papers in Ohio proceeded about this time to take a straw vote among their readers. The papers were the *Cleveland Leader* and the *Toledo Blade*. The result was startling, all the more so from being in Mr. Taft's own State. Out of 15,923 votes cast, Roosevelt was the first choice of 11,437, Taft coming next with but 1,814 and La Follette with 1,784, the rest of the votes being scattered among Hughes, Garfield, Cummins and others. Various wild reports began to circulate. Senator Crane, of Massachusetts, had written to Mr. Roosevelt, promising his support if the latter would run. So had Senator Nelson, of Minnesota. Each Senator promptly denied the story, but it kept on traveling. An "authoritative statement" was made in the *Philadelphia North American* for Mr. Roosevelt as follows:

"Col. Roosevelt will not support any man for the nomination in 1912, neither Taft nor any one else. He never gave Mr. Taft any pledge or offer of support, nor did Mr. Taft ever have such an impression.

"As to himself, Col. Roosevelt is not a candidate, nor has he been at any time. He has repeatedly discouraged suggestions of this character not only from sincere friends, but from potential leaders who for one reason or another desire to use his name, and he has emphatically refused pledges of active support, even delivery of delegates.

"He says, and wishes the statement to be



"BUT I MEANT WELL"

—Minor in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

accepted at its full value in its clear and unequivocal meaning, that he desires talk of his supposed candidacy to cease."

A few days later Mr. Roosevelt had occasion to attend a meeting of the Harvard Board of Overseers in Boston. When he emerged from the meeting, to take his motor-car to the station, more than eight thousand persons, according to the press reports, were gathered in waiting, who cheered him as the "next President." The Roosevelt "boom" was on.

A Blow to Taft's Friends.

THEN came a meeting of the Republican national committee in Washington, to arrange for the next national convention. Just prior to its first session there came another sensational development in Ohio. Walter F. Brown, who last year was made chairman of the Republican State central committee of that State at the personal request of President Taft, so it was stated at the time, and who has never been known as a Roosevelt man, wrote a letter to John D. Fackler, head of the "Progressive" movement in Ohio, which is distinctly hostile to Mr. Taft's renomination and presumably favorable to Mr. La Follette. Referring to the proposed presidential primaries, Mr. Brown wrote:

"Permit me to add that in my judgment your suggestion of giving Ohio Republicans opportunity of choosing between Taft and La Follette does not go far enough. Surely any contest of that nature should be conducted not in the interest of any candidate, but in the interest of the Republican Party.

"No limitation, therefore, should be placed upon the choice of the voters. Unless I wholly mistake the sentiment of our fellow-Republicans, if given a chance they will with no uncertain voice again declare their preference for their standard-bearer of 1904, who, tho in no sense a candidate now, is too loyal a Republican and too good a citizen to deny the clearly expressed demand of his party and his country."

This was a real bolt from the blue for Mr. Taft's followers and has been taken to mean that the President can no longer count on a solid delegation from his own State.

Using Roosevelt's Name to Defeat Taft.

THE conflagration was now blazing so all the country could see it and was talking about it. Mr. Roosevelt's close friends were either saying nothing or else more or less timidly decry-

ing the movement. The *Outlook* had an editorial utterance as follows: "Those who really know Mr. Roosevelt's mind know that he is not a presidential candidate, that he does not desire to be such a candidate, and that the thought of such a candidacy never occurs to him in his discussions of questions of public and national interest." Gifford Pinchot came out for La Follette, declaring that Mr. Roosevelt meant it when he refused to be a candidate. Yet when the Republican national committee met in Washington the correspondents were quickly sending out over the country accounts similar to this in the *New York Times*:

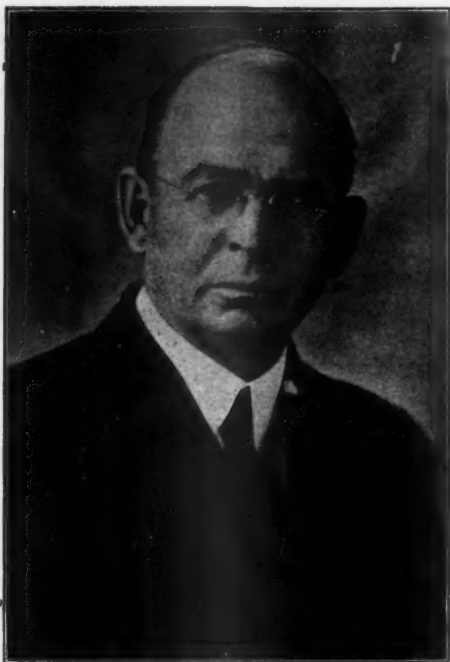
"It is becoming daily more and more clear that there is only one Republican Presidential boom which can awaken general enthusiasm among Republicans, and that is a Roosevelt boom. All day the corridors and lobby of the Willard Hotel, where to-morrow's meeting is to be held, have buzzed with politics in the regulation convention style. And through it all there has run an amazingly strong current of Roosevelt talk. The Republican National Committee is permeated with Roosevelt sentiment."

William L. Ward, the member of the national committee from New York State, was reported as "for Roosevelt and making no bones about it." The Roosevelt movement was, for the most part, however, under the surface, or, as the *New York Journal of*



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—Hamilton in *Leslie's*



IN CHARGE OF THE LA FOLLETTE CAMPAIGN

Walter L. Houser has been making surprising headway, but the revival of the Roosevelt talk has greatly complicated his problem.

Commerce puts it: "The noise was made outside of the committee meeting and mostly in the hotel lobbies and the purlieus of the Capitol where it would be most loudly echoed through the newspaper channels of the country." According to this journal the whole movement was being nursed not so much to nominate Roosevelt as to defeat Taft. The foes of the President found that they could make no headway with La Follette's name. "The only name sufficiently potent to conjure with in their situation was that of Theodore Roosevelt, and in spite of his protests that he will not be a candidate for the nomination, they did not hesitate to make use of it."

Collapse of La Follette's
Boom.

THIS view is taken by other shrewd observers. The *Springfield Republican* notes as a singular development "the apparent collapse of the La Follette boom while the attack on the President's renomination grew in intensity." The only explanation for this "collapse" that it can find is in the revival of the Roosevelt talk. It speaks of this phase of the situation as follows:

"It is not difficult to understand the causes of so sudden a shift. Without accepting the view that Mr. Roosevelt's friends, acting under his guidance, are plotting to make him President again, one may see how easily many Republicans who are hopeless concerning Mr. Taft's prospects would take the position that it would be absurd to accept the Wisconsin senator if Mr. Roosevelt could be 'drafted' for the campaign. It would be as difficult to win with Mr. La Follette as with Mr. Taft, because Mr. La Follette could not gain the cordial support of the conservative wing of the Republican party. Then why not try the colonel again, as the party's only hope? Would the colonel run? He certainly would, if the 'drafting' were properly and decently arranged. Of course, he must be allowed to make the most violent protestations down to the last agonizing moment, but a convention stampede would settle the business and make him respond to the sacred call of duty."

Exactly the converse of this view is also held. One Taft committeeman in Washington, whose name is not given, is reported to have claimed that the Roosevelt talk was started by the Taft men themselves to kill off the La Follette boom, on the eve of the latter's projected speechmaking raid into the President's State.

The Name of Hughes is
Again Heard.

UTILL another explanation of the Roosevelt boom has gained some currency. It is that there is a "national conspiracy" to get both Taft and La Follette out of the way by using Roosevelt's name as a stalking horse. Then—

"Should President Taft withdraw as a candidate as a result of the present plotting, it is planned to spring the magic name of Supreme Court Justice Hughes of the United States Supreme Court on the country. Justice Hughes would never voluntarily become a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He would under no circumstances enter the field except after President Taft had withdrawn, and only with the President's approval. But the conspirators believe that if President Taft could be scared off by the use of Col. Roosevelt's name, there is no man he would rather indorse for the nomination than Justice Hughes."

The *New York Press* lends an eager ear to this theory. It has been for years a La Follette paper, and it now expresses the belief that long before the national convention assembles Mr. Taft "will decline to make a deliberate sacrifice of himself and of Republicanism." It proceeds to make these observations:

"With nothing but defeat staring him in the face, Mr. Taft, we believe, would not touch the nomination. He would not accept Colonel Roosevelt, and we do not think he could with propriety. He would never think of a La Follette, whether he could with propriety or not. He could choose

for his candidate a Justice Hughes, sure of election, and we venture the declaration that, long before the delegates assemble, President Taft will be gravely deliberating as his successor in the White House Charles Evans Hughes, of New York."

The Nation's Interest in Arbitration.



HEREVER I go," says President Taft, "I find the most eager interest in anything I say on the subject of war and peace. Crowds grow silent as I approach that theme; men put a hand behind the ear and stand on tiptoe, leaning forward so as not to miss a word. There is astir a profound revolution in the popular thought on the subject of war, a moral awakening to the hideous wickedness of armed combat between man and man, and an economic perception of the wastefulness and folly not only of war, but of the great armaments which the present jealousy of the Powers makes it necessary to maintain." Mr. Taft was speaking, of course, of this country. But even while Mr. Taft was thus speaking (as reported in *The World's Work* by William Bayard Hale), China was in the throes of an armed revolution, with the various powers hastening war vessels and troops thitherward; Italy and Turkey, two of the parties to the Hague convention, were engaged in hostilities in which extreme atrocities are credibly reported on each side; Russia was

giving Persia eight days' notice that her Cossacks would march upon Teheran if certain demands, virtually requiring Persia to resign her sovereignty, were not complied with by that time; Mexico was trying to crush another insurrection, and France and Germany had just emerged from a controversy that had brought not only those two nations but Great Britain as well to the brink of a devastating war. Yet in the midst of this welter of political animosities, the President of the United States has courage enough to add: "I say boldly that what I look forward to is nothing less than a court of the nations—an Areopagitic court, to whose conscientious and impartial judgment peoples shall submit their disputes, to be decided according to the eternal principles of law and equity."

Progress Toward World-Peace.



NE hundred and fifteen years ago, Emanuel Kant declared that we could not hope for universal peace until all the world became politically organized, and that such an event was not possible until the majority of the nations had



BURIED ALIVE

—Mayer in New York Times

acquired a representative form of government. That was in 1795, a few years after the American Constitution had been adopted. Representative government for a majority of the nations seemed then much more of a dream than Mr. Taft's court of all nations now seems. To-day we find even such nations as Turkey, Persia, Portugal, China and Russia struggling intrepidly for representative government and achieving at least the beginnings of it. If Kant's prophetic vision was true, then indeed have the conditions of a world-peace come amazingly near being realized to-day, despite the big armaments and the many bellicose manifestations in Europe and Asia. In this country, at any rate, the tide of public sentiment seems surging strongly in favor of the general arbitration treaties with France and Great Britain, which are hailed by peace advocates the world over as the most daring step yet proposed.

Serious Opposition to the
Arbitration Treaty.

BUT there is unquestionably serious opposition to the treaties. Ex-president Roosevelt has not abated the vigor of his hostility. Senator Lodge, speaking for the majority of the Senate's foreign relations committee, reiterates his objections. Seth Low, ex-mayor of New York City and ex-president of Columbia University, calls for important amendments. Richard Olney, ex-secretary of state, upholds the Senate committee in the position that the Senate can not constitutionally give its consent to the treaties. All this opposition centers around the last clause of Article III in the treaties, which reads as follows:

"It is further agreed, however, that in cases in which the parties disagree as to whether or not a difference is subject to arbitration under Article I of this treaty, that question shall be submitted to the Joint High Commission of Inquiry; and if all or all but one of the members of the commission agree and report that such difference is within the scope of Article I, it shall be referred to arbitration in accordance with the provisions of this treaty."

This part of the treaty, according to Mr. Taft, is "the center and the point of the whole plan." It is also the center and point of attack. Mr. Low holds that there is here an ambiguity which might make the treaty itself an occasion for arbitration and necessitate its submission to the Hague court for interpretation. He objects to it also because it re-

lieves both the President and the Senate of the duty of deciding whether a particular dispute is or is not arbitrable. He would have the clause amended so that the finding of the Commission of Inquiry shall not be final, but may be set aside by either nation.

Mr. Roosevelt Moves to
Amend the Treaties.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S objections, reiterated since the beginning of the Tripolitan war, are similar, and he proposes several important changes. The treaties, as drafted, would be "wicked, if kept," and yet to break them, as undoubtedly would be done if occasion arose, "would be only less shameful than keeping them." No joint high commission, he thinks, should be allowed to decide for us what is justiciable or arbitrable. He would amend each of the treaties along the following line:

"If either party to it claims that a dispute involves its vital interest, its independence, or its honor, then (always provided that neither party takes a position that necessitates immediate action by the other), upon the request of either party, all questions of fact and all questions of law involved in the dispute shall be referred to arbitrators, who shall have no power to decide the dispute, but shall be authorized to pass upon the controversy as to questions of fact and of law, and to recommend such adjustment of the dispute as they may deem just and honorable to both the contracting nations. The recommendation of the arbitrators should then be given publicity, and, unless rejected within a specified time by one or other of the contracting parties (in the case of the United States this would mean the President and the Senate, or, perhaps, the President and Congress), should become binding upon both."

Ex-Senator Edmunds Answers
Senator Lodge.

THE question of the constitutionality of the treaties also continues to come to the fore. Senator Lodge and ex-Secretary Olney hold that the creation of the Joint High Commission, with power to determine what is and what is not arbitrable, would be, in effect, the handing, by the Senate, of its treaty-making powers over to a commission over the composition of which it would have no control. Ex-Senator Edmunds, considered one of the greatest of our constitutional lawyers, comes to the President's support on the constitutional point. The simple constitutional question is, says Mr. Edmunds, "Has the President, with the advice and consent of two-thirds of the Sen-

ate, the power to submit a question of the jurisdiction of a tribunal"—such as an arbitration board—"to any other authority?"—such as a Joint High Commission. It is certain, he continues, that the clause in the Constitution conferring the treaty-making power upon the President and the Senate contains no limitations to prevent the President from taking such a course. The clause "is absolute, unlimited and without qualification or reserve, except that it must not infringe upon the legislative power or the judicial power," and "no one contends that this proposed treaty makes any such infringement." In fact, Mr. Edmunds goes on to say, "every arbitral commission or treaty ever made does inherently submit this very question to the tribunal." The same position is taken, and in much the same language, by Judge Marcus P. Knowlton, ex-Chief Justice of Massachusetts, in a letter to the *Springfield Republican*.

Secretary Knox Makes
a Speech.

IN ADDITION to the opinions of ex-Senator Edmunds and Judge Knowlton upholding the constitutionality of the arbitration treaties, there are also the weighty opinions of Mr. Taft himself (twice offered a position on the Supreme bench), Senator Root, Judge (now governor) Simeon E. Baldwin, ex-Chief Justice of Connecticut, and Mr. Knox, who made a very considerable reputation as a constitutional lawyer when in the Senate. Mr. Knox, in his recent speech in Cincinnati, laid special stress upon the fact that the Senate will not be deprived, by the treaties, of any of its existing rights. Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Low's contention that the finding of the Joint High Commission should not be final would seem, from Mr. Knox's statement, to be already complied with in the treaties. "It surely must be clear," says Mr. Knox, "to anyone who gives the question proper consideration, that the power of the Senate is not taken away by these treaties. On the contrary, it is textually preserved and in the very language of existing treaties, which were approved by the Senate without objection." He elaborates:

"Altho in the pending treaties the executive branches of the governments concerned agree to be bound by the decision of the commission as to the arbitrability of a question upon which the executive branches do not agree, this decision is subject to the approval of the self-governing colonies of Great Britain, if the question affects

them, and to the approval of the Senate of the United States, and, in certain cases, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies of France, to whom the right of approval is expressly reserved in each case. Every agreement to arbitrate must go to the Senate for its approval. There can be no arbitration without its approval. An agreement to arbitrate goes to the Senate for its approval, either because the executive branches of the two countries concerned in the difference agree that the difference is one for arbitration or because, failing so to agree, the commission of inquiry report that it is such a difference.

"How can the Senate's power over the agreement be less if it goes to the Senate after the commission's report that it presents an arbitrable question than if it had gone there because of the opinion of the executive branches of both governments to the same effect?"

This view of the case is sustained by President Taft. If it is correct, it is difficult to see what basis is left for the controversy.

Emphatic Press Comment.

THERE has never been an opposition to any treaties, the *Springfield Republican* thinks, after reading Mr. Knox's speech, "based on reasons more petty, more puerile and more unconvincing" than is the case with the opposition to the present treaties. The opinion of the daily press in general, it must be said, is expressed in language only a little less emphatic. The *Washington Post* thinks that Secretary Knox's speech "completely disposed of the contention that the powers of the Senate are encroached upon." It adds: "It would be a cause of rejoicing to millions of Americans and an event for world-wide congratulation if the Senate should usher in the birthday of the Prince of Peace by giving its consent to the ratification of these treaties." The *New York Times* also thinks Mr. Knox "makes short work" of the objectors. The *Philadelphia Ledger* thinks that aside from the Senate committee's opposition, "based upon the narrowest of constitutional grounds," and that of Mr. Roosevelt, "prompted apparently by a disposition to embarrass the President," there has been heard "but one note throughout the land, and that has been in earnest support of the spirit and the letter of these treaties." Every basis for opposition, it holds, "has been met and disposed of." The *New York Journal of Commerce* thinks that the Senate can not "shirk its duty" of giving effect to the President's epoch-making declaration without convicting itself of gross inconsistency.

Breaking Down McNamara's
Nerve.

DURING the three weeks preceding the confession of the McNamaras, hardly a day passed but some man or woman would slip quietly into the court-room, accompanied by a Los Angeles

detective, take a front seat, look at J. B. McNamara, nod pleasantly, whisper a few words to the detective, then quietly slip out again. On some days several would go through this little performance during the day. In three weeks' time twenty-eight different persons had come in, looked, nodded and gone out. One was a girl for whom J. B. McNamara had bought an imitation sealskin sack. She wore the sack and pointed to it pleasantly when she caught McNamara's eye. Another was a musician in the Bohemian café in San Francisco, to whom McNamara, in a mood of drunken sentimentality, had given a ten-dollar gold piece for playing the *Träumerei*. Others were friends with whom he had taken joy rides at different places. One was the bartender who sold him a drink a few minutes before he went into Ink Alley and placed the bomb that killed twenty men. Several were cabmen who had driven him around in various places. One was a cook who had put up a dinner for him and Schmidt and Kaplan to take with them when they went to Sausalito to make their bombs. They were from many different places. "He knew," says the chief of the Los Angeles secret-service bureau, "that it was a story I was telling him without saying anything to him."

"Fixing" the McNamara
Jury.

THIS silent 'third degree' may well be supposed to have had an effect upon McNamara's nerve. But it didn't break him down. He was presumably relying on his friends to "fix" the jury. But on the Tuesday before Thanksgiving the prosecution arrested one of the detectives for the defense, Bert Franklin, and a former deputy jailer, Captain White, at a street-corner in the very act, it is charged, of passing money to one of the men drawn on the provisional jury. The detective who made the arrest narrates this important little episode as follows:

"I saw White showing Lockwood a roll of bills and, dodging behind a telegraph pole, I watched Franklin offer Lockwood \$500 in a single note. As he did so I heard him say, 'I've fixed two

of the members of the permanent jury, and there'll be no trouble in fixing others. You might as well get in on this.' Then I gave the signal, and my men closed in on the trio. Detective Holmes of the city force thrust his automatic pistol against the body of Franklin, and I did the same with White.

"Keep your hands in your pockets," I ordered them and marched them in that way up to the office of Mr. Fredericks. There White started to protest, crying out: 'I demand to know what this outrage means? I want my rights.'

"You'll get them," I told him, 'but first take your hand out of your pocket right away without opening it.' When he drew it out it contained a roll of \$500 bills wrapped up in a bill of \$1,000. There was \$3,500 in the roll."

Direct evidence that another of the jurors had received a considerable sum was already in the possession of the prosecution. The day after Franklin's arrest, negotiations were opened by the counsel for the McNamaras for the confession of both the indicted men. On Thursday—Thanksgiving day—the arrangements were completed. On Saturday the pleas of "not guilty" were withdrawn in the open court and pleas of "guilty" were substituted. On Sunday the whole country was buzzing with the news.

McNamara Confesses.

AMID absolute silence in the crowded court-room, John D. Fredericks, the district attorney, rose with a slip of paper in his hand from which he began to read. "I, James B. McNamara," so began the written confession, "defendant in the case of the people, having heretofore pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, desire to make this statement, and this is the truth." Then followed the statement:

"On the night of September 30, 1910, at 5.45 P. M., I placed in Ink Alley, a portion of the *Times* building, a suit-case containing sixteen sticks of 80 per cent. dynamite, set to explode at one o'clock the next morning. It was my intention to injure the building and scare the owners. I did not intend to take the life of any one. I sincerely regret that these unfortunate men lost their lives. If the giving of my life would bring them back, I would gladly give it. In fact, in pleading guilty to murder in the first degree, I have placed my life in the hands of the State."

In a verbal statement made elsewhere McNamara said that the alarm clock attached to the explosive went off prematurely, thus not only wrecking the building, as he had intended, but killing a score of men besides.

There was no written confession by J. J. McNamara. He contented himself with the simple plea of guilty to the charge of having wrecked the Llewellyn Iron Works. A few days later, both men were on their way to San Quentin prison, J. B. sentenced to confinement for life, J. J. to confinement for fifteen years. The latter term may, by good behavior, be cut down to less than nine years. J. J. McNamara will then be sixty-four years of age. But he may then be rearrested and tried on indictments for some of the other dynamite cases. "The statute of limitations," says Walter Drew, counsel of the National Erectors' Association, "affects only the finding of the indictments, and, with much of the evidence on them documentary, there might be no reason why he shouldn't be tried on them eight years later."

The Federal Power
Takes a Hand.

THE excitement over the McNamara case is due, of course, to its relations to the labor organizations. J. J. McNamara was the secretary-treasurer of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers. That association is affiliated with the Federation of Labor, which counts about two million members. For years there has been a labor "war" between this association of iron-workers and the National Erectors' Association of employers. In 113 cases, structures in course of erection by the latter have, in the last five years, been dynamited. The confession of McManigal, which led to the arrest of the McNamaras, incriminated himself in about a score of these cases and represented himself as acting as agent for J. J. McNamara. How far McNamara was acting in his individual capacity, and how far he was acting under the instructions of the organization of which he was secretary and treasurer, is the subject that now interests the whole nation. A federal investigation is at work to ascertain the extent to which the plots have ramified. When the arrests were first made, in Indianapolis, a drayload of documents was seized at the headquarters of the labor organization, and in the basement of the building were found clocks, fuses, culminating caps and many pounds of dynamite. The explanation made by the labor officials was that these things had been "planted" there by the detectives in their attempt to create evidence. That theory has evidently been badly shaken by the confession of McNamara.



MOST FAMOUS OF LIVING DETECTIVES

William J. Burns, who had charge of collecting evidence against the McNamaras, asserts that indictments of twenty or thirty other labor leaders will follow soon.

Trying to Implicate the
Labor Officials.

IN ADDITION to this find of dynamite in the basement, the books of the iron-workers' association are said by William J. Burns, the detective who has had charge of the collection of evidence in the case, to show that McNamara was authorized to spend \$1,000 a month for some purpose indicated on the books simply as "for organizing purposes." All other expenditures are entered in detail, the books indicating to whom each payment was made, when and for what purpose. For this sum of \$1,000 a month no specifications appear. It was "for organizing purposes," and that is all the books reveal. The direct charge is made that this money was used by McNamara for carrying on his dynamite war, and that the



DOCUMENTS IN THE CASE

A drayload of books and papers was taken from the headquarters of the iron-workers' association when McNamara was arrested, and suit-cases, clocks, fuses and dynamite were taken from a vault in the cellar. Federal officials are going through these papers to see how far the plot extended.

other officials must have been aware of the general use for which it was appropriated. Moreover, the iron-workers' association publishes an organ entitled *The Bridgeman*, of which McNamara was editor. In its columns are found, it is stated, literally hundreds of news items such as these:

"Peoria, Ill.—Halley's comet passed this way the other night and found union men on the job."

"Detroit, Mich.—A large noise was heard in this vicinity last night, which woke up some people."

These items, according to Burns, refer unquestionably to the dynamite outrages.

Did Gompers Know?

BURNS goes further. He directly accuses Samuel Gompers, head of the Federation of Labor, of knowing "all along" that the McNamaras were guilty as charged. He even asserts that Gompers took part in a labor conference in

Detroit which planned to destroy five structures with dynamite in that city, and made ready for a jollification over the event. The agents appointed to place the bombs were, however, taken into custody and the event failed to come off. Says Burns further, as reported in an interview in the *New York Times* December 7:

"The iron-workers are not the only labor union implicated in the dynamitings. And I dare Gompers to make an affidavit stating that he does not know who the dynamiters are. Ask him why Leglighter of Pittsburg and Clancy of California were thrown out of the ranks of organized labor recently. See if he dares say that it was because they were suspected of giving information to me. Ask Olaf Tveitmoe, the Treasurer of the State Building Trades of California, whether on Christmas, 1910, J. J. McNamara didn't send him the message through Clancy and McManigal alluding to one of the dynamitings as a 'Christmas present' to him, Tveitmoe."

According to the same authority, the federal grand juries now investigating the crimes have evidence sufficient for the indictment of twenty or thirty other labor leaders for guilty knowledge of the dynamitings. To John Mitchell, Burns gives a clean bill of health. "I have never," he says, "found a single thing against John Mitchell; I am sure that he, at least, knows nothing of the dynamitings." He speaks in the same way of Carter, head of the locomotive firemen. There are, he says, many other "splendid types" among the conservative labor union heads. But they are all at fault in not instituting proceedings against the suspected dynamiters.

The Federation's Defense.

AN official statement is put forth in reply to the charges against the Federation. It is signed by eight Federation officials who constitute the "McNamara ways and means committee," which raised nearly \$200,000 to defend the McNamaras. These eight officials include the presidents and secretaries of the Federation and of the Building Trades, Metal Trades and Union-Label Trades departments. The effort is made to explain why the Federation placed itself so unreservedly behind the McNamaras. The conviction in the minds of organized workers that the Los Angeles *Times* building was wrecked by gas, not by dynamite, "led all others in importance." Many mine-workers, we are told, who are familiar with the action of explosives, examined the building and to a man declared that the wreck was not

caused by dynamite. It is pointed out that Burns himself admits that McManigal, in his first confession, said that McNamara, before setting the bomb, turned open the stop-cocks of the gas mains of the building to make the work complete. "We knew all the time," says Burns in a recent press interview quoted by the Federation officials, "that part of the explosion was due to gas." This belief in a gas explosion on the part of the Federation officials was the chief reason for their mistaken belief in the innocence of the McNamaras. The fact that the gas explosion is now admitted is urged as an excuse for the course the Federation officials took in the whole matter.

Why the Federation Stood
by McNamara.

ANOTHER reason given why the Federation was misled was the way in which the McNamara arrests were made and the way in which J. J. McNamara was hurried away from Indianapolis in an automobile and by circuitous routes taken to California. "What were these," it is asked, "but features of high-handed irregularity and the radical lawlessness known in arrests in Russia that precede transportation of persecuted citizens to Siberia?" This "kidnaping," as it has been called by the labor union men, and the fierce attacks made upon union labor by General Otis immediately after the explosion, "threw the unions on their defence, outraged them, insulted their officials, raised animosities that could have been avoided." Added to the belief in a gas explosion, the resentment against Otis and the sense of outrage over the "kidnaping," was the general feeling of confidence in J. J. McNamara and in his personal assurance to Gompers and others of his entire innocence. "Violence, brutality, destruction of life or property," so runs the Federation's statement, "are foreign to the aims and methods of organized labor of America, and no interest is more severely injured by the employment of such methods than that of the workers' organization in the labor movement. Therefore, quite apart from the spirit of humanitarianism and justice which prompts the activities of organized labor, its hopes for success forbid the resort to violence." It is "cruelly unjust," the Federation officials go on to say, "to hold the men of the labor movement either legally or morally responsible for the crimes of an individual member."



WAITING FOR THE SENTENCE

Over two months the McNamara trial had dragged on, and but two-thirds of a provisional jury had been selected. The prolonged strain was telling on Los Angeles citizens, but they flocked by the thousand to the court-house to see the conclusion.

Labor Unions and Crime.

THE press of the country, almost with one accord, declare that the time has come when the labor unions must "clean house" and eliminate the violent element from their ranks. Many papers name Gompers as one of the officials that "must go" if the unions are to survive. Speaking of the official statement put out by Gompers and the other labor officials, the *New York Tribune* says:

"The McNamaras have merely done by the wholesale what other thugs within the ranks of organized labor have done on a smaller scale. What have these labor leaders who sign this address to the public been thinking of that they have only just now been humiliated? Did they never hear of the teamsters' strikes in Chicago, or the operations of 'Sam' Parks in New York, or of the killing in Long Acre Square a couple of years ago of the young engineer who was mistaken for a 'scab'? The tale is a long and bloody one. The crimes which Harry Orchard



UNION LABOR: "I wonder how many more of the leaders I have been blindly following ought to be in there."
—Robinson in New York Tribune

confessed were inspired and directed by some McNamara in the Western Federation of Miners. . . . Yet when did the union officers ever bring a unionist murderer, thug or dynamite user to justice?"



"THESE POOR, INNOCENT LAMBS!"
—Providence Journal

This may be said to be the New York attitude. *The World* says: "not the McNamaras but organized labor is on trial!" shrieked the agitators and Socialists in chorus. If organized labor was on trial at Los Angeles, where does it stand now? Is it willing to take the responsibility for the McNamara confessions?" The same paper adds:

"The McNamara confessions are the deadliest blow ever dealt to organized labor in the United States—not because the guilty men were labor leaders; not because their crimes were committed in the name of organized labor and through the machinery of organized labor; but because organized labor, by the incredible folly of its officers and spokesmen, made itself the champion, the defender, the very shield of this gang of cold-blooded scoundrels and murderers."

IF IT be said that we are threatened with social war," says the New York *Evening Post*, "we have at least the right to insist that the rules of war shall be observed. No poisoned wells! . . . Both parties to that war, if such it must be called, ought to be ready to drop everything else and unite against the criminals whose only hope is terrorism and whose only reasonings are torch and dynamite." On no theory, this same paper thinks, "is it possible for the Federation of Labor to retain Gompers as its head without fearfully discrediting itself in the eyes of the nation." Not when thugs have killed and maimed "scabs" and terrorized whole communities has he, or the Federation under his leadership, risen to protest, but "only when the strong arm of the Government has been invoked to protect American citizens in the right to work." Further:

"The tyranny of the courts, they are ever ready to prate about; they see oppression in every injunction, and malignant persecution in every arrest; but when workmen are bludgeoned or shot by ruffians, or when scores of dynamite outrages are committed in the interest of union labor, they see nothing that calls for their attention."

Even the New York *Press*, closely in touch with the radical elements, thinks the responsibility resting on organized labor can not be evaded. It says:

"Nobody but authorities high up in the unions could have provided the large sums that were needed and that were spent by the two McNamaras who have confessed their crimes and by the scores of McNamaras who have not con-

fessed. Whether few or many of those men higher up were involved in the hideous business, every one of them should be unmasked and punished. Indeed, we do not think it is too much to say that the welfare, if not the existence, of the American institution of organized labor is at stake in this very matter."

The New York *Sun* has a three-column editorial blaming not only the labor unions, but all public officials who curry favor with them.

Trusts Have Their
McNamaras, Too.



OUTSIDE New York City we seem to discern in the press more of a disposition to see another side as well.

The Springfield *Republican*, for instance, while it agrees that organized labor merits much "wholesome chastisement" at this time, remarks that "the trusts have had their McNamaras operating in a more refined and genteel way, but with fully as little heed for law and equity as these dynamiters." The same paper gives us a sort of historical perspective in the McNamara matter as follows:

"There has been a death list in the labor warfare of the past 50 years that equals the record of the killed in some modern wars between nations. Nor is this fact surprising. In many great movements having a high humanitarian purpose and even a lofty ideal, a small and desperate physical force party has often appeared, much to the distress of the wiser and more moderate adherents of the cause. The American Revolutionists had their night riders and barn burners; the abolitionists had their John Brown; the Irish reformers and land leaguers had their 'moonlighters' and their dynamiters; the Russian revolt against czarism—an extreme case—has had its assassins and bomb throwers by the score; and even Mrs. Pankhurst thinks that 'storming' the House of Commons and howling down a premier is the most approved way of getting votes for women."

Another influential New England paper, the Boston *Transcript*, takes occasion to remark that it is useless at this age of the world to cry out against the labor union: "For good or evil it is here and here to stay. Its character may be changed, and it has been changed in the past, but its essential features of protection and solidity will survive and continue to grow." But it can not continue to enjoy privileges and immunities that are altogether unfair and opposed to American principles. It must be incorporated under federal laws. This seems to the *Transcript* to be "as clearly indicated as any possible movement in industrial development."



THE THINKER

—Macauley in New York World

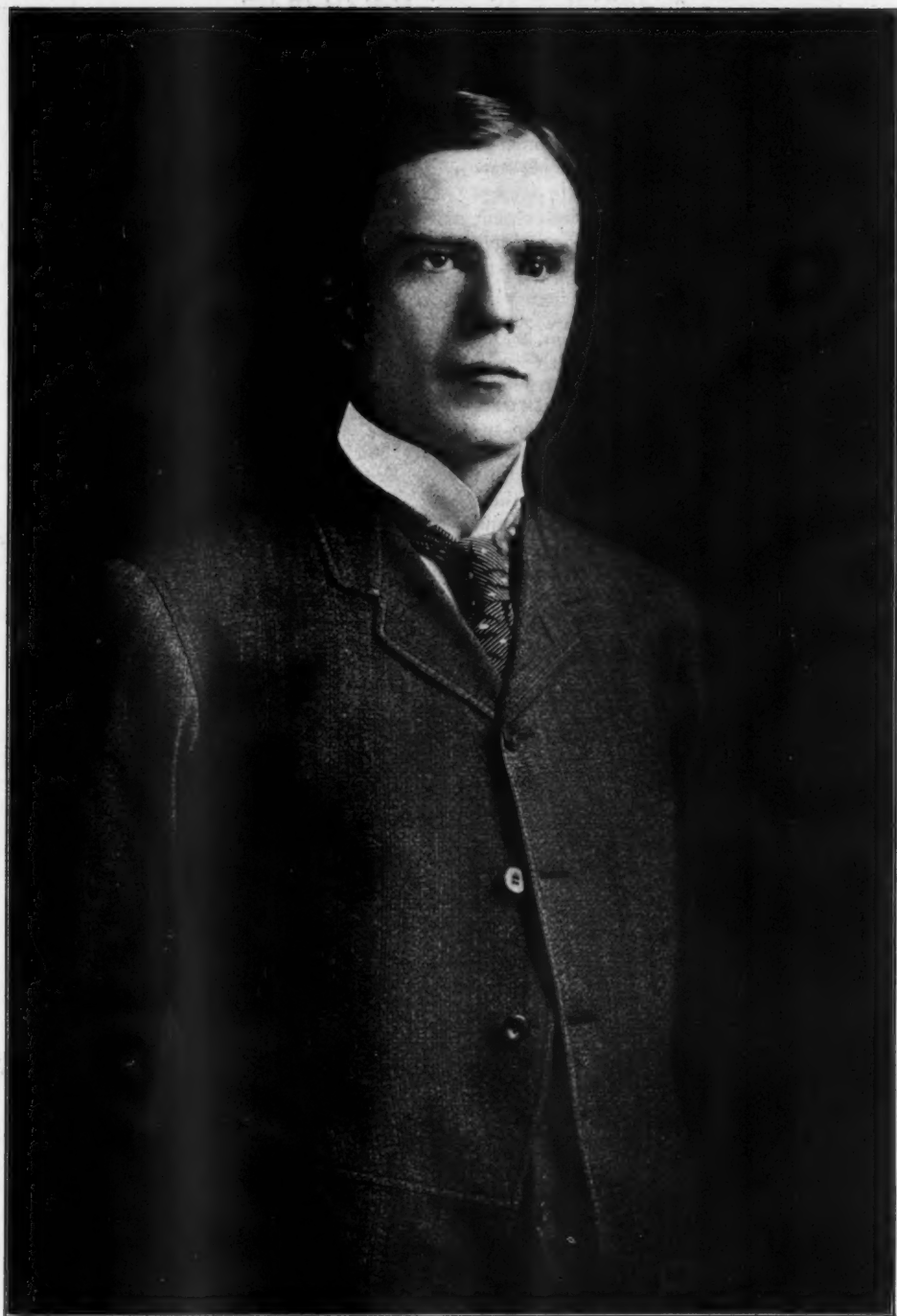
How the Cause of Labor
Will Gain.

THE cause of union labor must suffer for a while, thinks the Fort Worth *Record*, but in the end it will be benefited. The influence of its conservative members will be strengthened, and the unions will be saved from a fatal mistake. Capital also has been taught that labor has "powerful defensive resources." Both sides ought to learn their lesson: "The disposi-



FOLLOWING THE TRAIL

—Macauley in New York World



THE YANKEE BOY WHOM EUROPE IS TRYING TO KICK OUT OF ASIA

From the first moment of his arrival in Teheran as Treasurer-General of Persia, W. Morgan Shuster found Russia bent upon his destruction. Measures to defeat his administration and prejudice Europe against him were, apparently, taken in St. Petersburg before Mr. Shuster left this country. That, at any rate, is the allegation of his friends.

tion of unionists to rush blindly to the defense of an accused member has its counterpart in the disposition of many business men to condemn prosecutions of trust managers. It is the same spirit manifesting itself in both cases—a class spirit that will, if not checked, endanger our institutions.” The same note is struck in an editorial in the *Los Angeles Tribune*, a paper that has fought almost alone in that city the battle for union labor. It calls out for peace and conciliation. This case, it thinks, “should mark a turning point in the industrial life of the republic.” It continues:

“Thus comes to a conclusion a most frightful tragedy out of which, under the providence of God, should arise a new system under which war between capital and labor, between brother and brother, shall become impossible. Let us have peace and build up industrial conciliation. The guilt of the McNamaras is alone their own, but, with the confession of that guilt still echoing on the air, we declare the responsibility of society for the existence of conditions that can produce such criminals and assert the obligation that rests equally upon us all to abolish the conditions that produce them. . . .

“But the end of the case of the state against the defendants is but the beginning of the larger case to be tried in the tribunal of the national conscience. Let labor and capital, long at war, make sincere endeavor to effect permanent and enduring peace. Out of these horrible disclosures of appalling guilt let there come an end of industrial strife. There must be mutual concessions, from capital to labor as from labor to capital. In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in the name of the millions of



WITH SHUSTER IN PERSIA

Mr. Bruce G. Dickey is one of the young Americans who went with the American Treasurer-General of Persia to Teheran, only to find Russia hostile and Britain sulky. As Inspector of Taxation, Mr. Dickey came into collision with the Belgians.

men and women of the republic, let us abandon forever the barbaric selfishness which has been the rule of industrial life and substitute for it an enlightened humanitarianism.

Why Russia Wanted Shuster to Fail in Persia.

EVEN before he arrived in Teheran to assume the duties of Treasurer-General of Persia, that brilliant young American administrator, W. Morgan Shuster, had become aware that a plot for his destruction had been matured in the diplomatic councils of the Czar. Such a situation, asserted by Mr. Shuster to have existed, seems by no means fantastic to organs like the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Berlin Vorwärts* and the *London Chronicle*, all of which have followed the misadventures of Shuster in Teheran with far more sympathy than has been shown by the imperialist *London Times* or the officially inspired *Paris Temps*. Mr. Shuster, if we may credit the statements of

his friends in the foreign press, has been submerged in the waters of world politics through the collapse of the balloon of Persian independence. Altho Russia caused the wreck, Great Britain is accused of guilty complicity in the catastrophe. The motives of St. Petersburg are found, by the foreign dailies which champion Mr. Shuster, in the lively dread that American capital, invading the Muscovite sphere of interest in northern Persia, would in the end absorb or extinguish every Russian vested interest—a Russian vested interest being in reality a Russian political interest. The Americanization of Persia, according to St. Petersburg alarmists, would be a prelude to the Americanization of Russia in Asia, a catastrophe of which the appearance of W. Morgan Shuster in Teheran was the portent.



POLITICAL PERSIANS IN PARLIAMENT

This is an assemblage of the Mejliss or national congress of Iran, elected in accordance with the new constitution, but obliged to convene at Tabriz owing to the hostility of the court.

The failure of the American financier was, therefore, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, plotted before he went to work at all.

France Helps Russia Against
Morgan Shuster.

BEFORE the diplomacy of St. Petersburg could be effective against Morgan Shuster, it was necessary to enlist the aid of the foreign office in Paris. Warmly as the Quai d'Orsay seconds the ambitions of Downing Street in world politics, according to the monarchial and clerical *Paris Gaulois*, that cooperation is merely platonic compared with the love of official Paris for official St. Petersburg. Republican France, until some little time after the arrival of Mr. Morgan Shuster in Teheran, regarded the Persian crisis with detachment. No sooner had he taken up his duties as Treasurer-General, than both Paris and St. Petersburg were bringing influence to bear upon London. It seemed, indeed, too late. Great Britain was already aiding the American, owing, it is inferred abroad, to the influence of our Department of State, with the loan of an able soldier from the Indian army. Suddenly, and to the blank amazement of Mr. Morgan Shuster, the friendly attitude of the British legation in Teheran was changed into one of hostility. The competent British officer chosen by Mr. Shuster to aid him in his difficult administrative task was summarily refused the essential official dispensation.

Morgan Shuster
Smells a Mouse.

IT DOES not seem to have taken Mr. Morgan Shuster long to detect the influence which from the beginning was at work against him. He was soon in somewhat virulent controversy with the British legation in Teheran, owing to the tergiversations of that center of world politics in Asia. He succeeded in making a very favorable impression upon the Russian consular force in the Persian capital, with the result of bringing down upon them something very like censure from St. Petersburg. Meanwhile he had become the hero of the native press. The newspapers of Teheran have been loud in praises of his firmness, his tact and his rigid honesty. European dailies, like the *St. Petersburg Novoye Vremya*, the *Paris Temps* and the *London Times*, incline to sneer at the American as tactless and aggressive, but all concede the rectitude of his motive, the candor and sincerity with which he has spoken and acted, and the rare administrative talent he has exploited in the service of the Persian government. His successful career in the Philippines, his sound financial training at home and the perfection with which he exemplifies native American character at its best, are freely conceded. Unfortunately for Mr. Morgan Shuster, it seems impossible to disabuse the European mind of the notion that he is in reality the champion of economic interests connected with Wall street. He had



LOOKED FOR PERSIAN LAMB—GOT RUSSIAN BEAR

As Supervisor of Auditing and Accounts on the staff of the American Treasurer-General of Persia, Mr. R. M. Halls had scarcely got to work when he found Europe on his track.



ANOTHER AMERICAN IN PERSIA'S POLITICAL TROUBLES

Mr. C. L. McCaskey went out to Teheran with Mr. Shuster in the capacity of Inspector of Provincial Finance—only to be faced with the intimation that no Yankees need apply.

the additional misfortune to involve himself in conflict with the Belgians, who have for some years been collecting the revenues of the Persian treasury. The net result has been a Russian military movement assuming every appearance of a purpose to expel Mr. Morgan Shuster from Teheran by force. As part and parcel of the scheme, the reappearance in Persia of a dethroned and exiled Shah, father of the youth now on the throne, must not be overlooked.

Russia's Dread of Americanization in Persia.

READ of that Americanization of Persia commercially, which is one of the aspirations of the parliament at Teheran, inspires every annoyance of which Morgan Shuster is now the victim. So much seems clear not only to the correspondent on the spot of the *Manchester Guardian*, but to that very competent student of things Persian, Mr. Edward G. Browne. Honest and effective as have been the measures adopted by the Persians, explains the authority last named, in the *London Chronicle*, to restore

order and credit to their country, they have been deliberately frustrated by the emissaries of Russia. Those emissaries, charges Mr. Browne, have been seconded by the diplomats of Great Britain. Russia deliberately fomented civil war in the country, he adds, by a series of intrigues of which W. Morgan Shuster's present plight is one of the fruits. The return of the deposed and exiled Shah, Mohammed Ali Mirza, after an inglorious obscurity at Odessa, and his landing near Teheran from a Russian cargo boat in defiance of the pact signed by the British and Russian representatives at the time of his deposition, were but episodes in a flagrant intrigue, avers Mr. Browne, devised by the agents of St. Petersburg policy in Asia. At every stage of the operations through which this former ruler of Persia involved his country in civil strife, he was encouraged and abetted by the Cossacks. That Mohammed Ali Mirza could have returned to Persia without the cognizance of the authorities in St. Petersburg is not for a moment to be imagined, declares this careful authority.

Personal Humiliation of
Shuster.

AS LONG ago as last January a Russian diplomatist, in the course of a conversation to which the Manchester *Guardian* attaches credence, exclaimed, in a moment of irritation: "Mohammed Ali Mirza will soon be in Persia again. His return is now in preparation in Mazenderan and Astrabad." Only the rigorous secrecy maintained by the agents of Russian policy, according to the Manchester daily, prevented the conspiracy from becoming notorious. The activity of the whilom Shah is, it seems, the clue to Morgan Shuster's humiliation. Mohammed Ali Mirza might still be Shah of Persia, explains the Manchester *Guardian*, if he had not broken his oath and delivered a treacherous attack upon the liberties his country has so recently acquired. "As a traitor he had lost all claim to consideration and the Persians would have been justified in keeping him under guard for the rest of his life." From this fate, adds our contemporary, the British and Russian legations saved him, and an agreement was drawn up between them and the Teheran government, assuring Mohammed Ali his personal liberty and a pension. In return the two legations undertook to give his Majesty strict injunctions to "abstain from all political agitation against Persia," the Russian government promising in addition "to take all effective steps to prevent any such agitation on his part." It was further agreed that if the ex-Shah left Russia and then carried on political agitation, the Persian government should have the right to cease payment of his pension. "The Persians recognized that they were taking great risks in letting so treacherous a man out of their control, but they signed the agreement—largely because the British minister was a party to it."

Great Britain Joins the
Anti-American Coalition.

RUSSIA, if we may credit the elucidations of the Persian crisis in such liberal organs as the Manchester *Guardian*, has been guilty of the grossest breach of good faith. She gave a formal guarantee that she could and would prevent Mohammed Ali from using her soil as a basis of operations against Persian liberties. "On the faith of that, the Persians allowed Mohammed Ali to go." Great Britain, however, adds the English daily, was a party to this same agreement. "If Russia has com-

mitted a breach of faith, so have we, unless we repudiate her action and dissociate ourselves from it." It is highly distressing to this Liberal paper and to those Liberal organs which take its view, to learn now that the British government has not repudiated the action of Russia. On the contrary, to follow the comments upon the progress of events since, Great Britain, aware from the beginning of the Russian determination to foil the efforts of Morgan Shuster, has made common cause with the government of St. Petersburg. The motive of Great Britain, we read further, is to cement the so-called "triple entente" of Britain, France and Russia.

Russian Bribes to the Persians.

WHAT is it that Russia wants in Persia? To this question, framed by the well-informed correspondent of the London *Chronicle*, his own reply is, "Disorder." Thus will St. Petersburg find her readiest excuse for packing W. Morgan Shuster out of the country. During the reigns of the Shahs Nasir-ed-Din and Muzaffer-ed-Din, to follow this British commentator, and the short reign of the present ex-Shah Mohammed Ali Mirza, Russia gained all her wishes and aims by intrigues at the court of Teheran. "The Shahs were mere tools in the hands of the Russian diplomats. Valuable fishery concessions in the Caspian, roads, banks, railway and many other franchises were obtained. No other country was allowed by Russia to have a voice in the internal affairs of Persia." Money was loaned to the late Shahs for the sole purpose of being squandered in Europe. That is how the customs happen to be pledged to Russia. New tariffs were put in force solely to favor Russia. Brigades of Cossacks were formed, officered by Russians and consequently tools in the hands of Russia. Such is the state of things discovered by Morgan Shuster when he reached Teheran.

Russian Policy Threatened
By Shuster.

WHEN the awakening of the people of Persia began, to follow the correspondent, now, of the Manchester *Guardian*, the granting of a constitution by the late Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din was hailed with anything but rapture in St. Petersburg. Her diplomacy encouraged the living ex-Shah to make that war upon the parliament or Mejliss which later cost him the throne. The panic in diplomatic St. Petersburg was deepened into fury when the per-



THE OHIO MEN OF PERSIA

This group of northern mountaineers, who have descended from their mountain fastness upon Teheran, belong to the province which has produced the office-holding class of the famed nation of Iran. The old man in front on the chair is a high official of the royal army, while each man in front holds the rank of general.

sonality of the American financier loomed across the Persian perspective. Russia saw in a prophetic vision the doom of all her commercial concessions and their transfer to cliques of New York bankers. The supreme test of strength did not come, however, until Major Stokes was placed at the head of the armed force which must see that the revenue is really collected. Major Stokes had to go. Disorganization was accentuated by a signal for the reappearance of the ex-Shah. Confusion was worse confounded by the use of Cossacks to prevent, through the employment of force, the orders given by Mr. Shuster to the collectors of the revenue.

Shuster Accused of Having a Harem Invaded.

ATACKS upon the humanity and discretion of Mr. Shuster took an extreme form when his officers visited the homes of exalted personages suspected of defiance of the law. It was even said that the harem of a prince had been grossly invaded and the ladies treated with disrespect. For this sort of charge, as even the *London Times*, disposed to be critical of Mr. Shuster, admits, there exists no basis whatever. The misunderstanding on this point grew out of the seizure of the house of Prince Shua-es-Sultaneh, brother of the ex-

Shah. That exalted personage has been active, it seems, in fomenting a rebellious feeling in Teheran and in refusing to recognize the validity of the law from which Mr. Shuster derives his authority. The American had to despatch a force to the house of the Prince. Mr. Shuster wrote a personal letter to the chief eunuch, assuring him that the ladies on the premises would not be disturbed. He also sent the brother of one of Shua-es-Sultaneh's wives—who is in Mr. Shuster's service—to assure the ladies that no interference with the harem would be tolerated. Nevertheless, according to the *London Times*, Shua-es-Sultaneh's mother addressed a telegram to the Empress Marie of Russia, alleging that the harem had been violated. The whole episode was at once laid before the Czar, whose impressions of Mr. Shuster are alleged to have been colored by the sensational style in which the episode was made to figure in the telegrams. Finally it transpired that nobody had been insulted or outraged and that the mother of Shua-es-Sultaneh had telegraphed under the influence of her excited state of mind while the gendarmerie were in the garden beneath her windows. So tense is the state of local feeling, however, that it looked for a time as if this episode might precipitate a sanguinary conflict in the streets of Teheran.

Prince Chun Steps Down
and Out at Peking.

PRINCE CHUN, the vacillating father of the boy emperor of China, yielded last month to the pressure of the masterful Princess Yehonala by giving up his post as regent of the distracted empire when Yuan-Shi-Kai refused to support him in resistance. This step, agree all authorities upon the situation at Peking, rendered the Empress Dowager supreme within the forbidden city. Her Majesty is said to share the contempt which so many enlightened Chinamen feel for Yuan-Shi-Kai, but she retains him as her Prime Minister because his influence with the foreign devil seems to be great. Revolutionists and dynasts alike are said to live in dread of foreign intervention in the struggle which has begun to rend the distracted empire of China asunder. The overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, explains the correspondent in Shanghai of the *Paris Matin*, is deemed a matter of a short time by the innumerable followers of Sun Yat Sen. That able republican was last heard of in the vicinity of Honolulu and his arrival in Shanghai is daily expected there by the camarilla of native officers and functionaries who have organized themselves into a "republic." These men, inspired by the diplomatic and astute Wu Ting Fang, whose name is so familiar to Americans, agree that the masses of the Chinese are not ready for self-government. "It is a middle class," to quote the manifesto of the Chinese republican junta in London, however, "that really governs a democratic country, and it is to the middle class of China that she must look for her salvation and for the foundation of a republican government." Yuan-Shi-Kai has forfeited the confidence of the element which looks to Sun Yat Sen.

What Underlies the Chinese
Attitude to the Manchus.

CHINA'S revolution did not arise from any blind hatred of the Manchus, according to the intelligent native Chinese correspondent of the London *News*. The Chinese are actuated, he says, only by a cool perception of Manchu incapacity. They see the court surrounded by privileged imperial clans. They note the Manchu garrisons everywhere in the land. Concessions of a fundamental sort have, indeed, been wrested by the natives from the Manchu aristocracy. These grants are but promises. "It would be too great a risk to

rely upon them, altho they may be quite sincere at present." It should not be overlooked, we are reminded by this observer, that the real military power of the Manchus is not affected by the concessions they have so reluctantly made at the instigation of Yuan-Shi-Kai. For instance, the imperial general staff is not included in the so-called "cabinet" from which Manchu princes—not Manchus as reported—will be excluded. In fact, the authority of the imperial general staff is to be above that of the newly created ministry of war. To this extent the Manchu concessions are the idlest sham, a thing of which Yuan-Shi-Kai is accused of being perfectly aware.

A Sinister Figure
in Peking.

IN HER determination to cling to the substance of her power, while yielding the shadow to Yuan-Shi-Kai, the Empress Dowager has retained the notorious General Liang-Pe as commander of the imperial bodyguard. Liang is described by the native Chinaman, whose account we follow, as an energetic and capable Manchu, educated in the Japanese military academy. His anti-Chinese attitude is extreme. "He has gained great influence in Peking and has gathered about him a number of Manchu princes and officers, whose avowed policy it is to keep the natives under the despotic sway of the Manchus." The imperial bodyguard, which was created by Liang, and of which he insists upon remaining chief, is composed of some twelve thousand Manchus, forming a complete division. It is now the aim to increase this force to two divisions. The notion that the boy emperor's bodyguard need contain so many troops is ridiculed by the republican element. The force, they say, is to be the nucleus of a large and powerful army of Manchus, with which the Chinese are to be held in awe. The Liang party has established a military school for nobles, the students being almost exclusively Manchus, there being few Chinese nobles.

Suspensions of the Chinese
Revolutionists.

SINCE the Chinese republicans, yielding to the subtleties of Yuan-Shi-Kai, lay down their arms, the Chinese in command of regiments would be promptly replaced by Manchus. Such is the suspicion of the men about Wu Ting Fang in Shanghai and elsewhere. The military power would lapse into the hands of



THE NEW JOSS

—Minor in St. Louis Dispatch

Liang, who is a creature of the court. Next would come repudiation of the promises wrung from the lady who holds the dynasty in her maternal grip. For these and other reasons, the followers of Sun Yat Sen agree

that the dynasty must go at once. The imperial household has already been requested to retire forthwith to Jehol, where there is a magnificent palace. Pensions for the boy emperor, for the empress dowager and for the



RAISING THE CHINESE WHIRLWIND FOR SUN YAT SEN

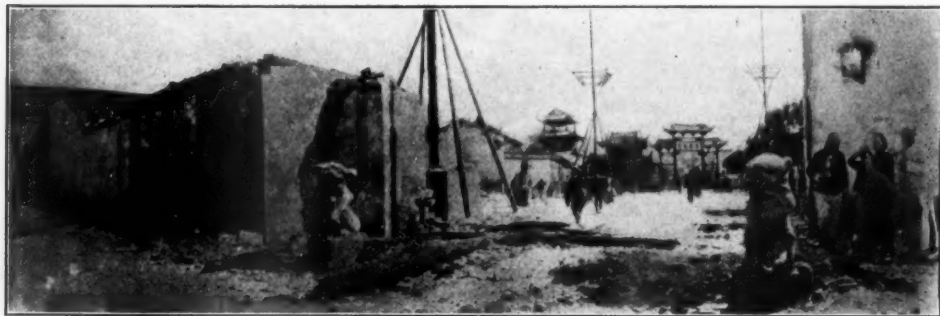
The natives of China in San Francisco held a festival in aid of the revolution in their own country, the central figure of the event being the effigy of a dragon with a grotesque head. Some three thousand dollars was raised for the cause. The outstretched blanket serves as a receptacle for the pennies of the patriotic in a republican sense.

dynastic princes have been pledged. Yuan-Shi-Kai is held responsible for the refusal of the clansmen to consider so fair a proposition. That may explain the chorus of republican disparagement of which Yuan-Shi-Kai is now the object. The followers of Sun Yat Sen impeach the judgment of the viceroy in striving to reform China without first ridding the land of the Manchus.

Japanese Press on the
Chinese Crisis.

INTERVENTION in China has become a theme of moment in the press of Tokyo. Official organs like the *Nichi Nichi* appear to be opposed to intervention, declaring that Japan has no

right to concern herself with a domestic Chinese "brawl." Certain conservative newspapers, supposed to be influenced by Prime Minister Saion-Ji, are decidedly in favor of intervention. They argue that a republican victory in China would make itself felt in Japan and would certainly give an impetus to the Socialist and antimonarchical elements in the country. They point to the European precedent of intervention at the time of the great revolution in France. Some dailies, like the *Kokumin*, speculate vaguely upon the consequence of the establishment of a republic in China as tending to reduce the Chinese menace. It is noted as significant that nearly all Japanese newspapers regard the disap-



WHAT THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONISTS DID TO THE VICEROY'S ABODE

The entrance to the Yamen or official residence of the representative of the Peking government in Wu-Chang was rushed by a mob and in an incredibly short time reduced to ruins.



WHEN THE WORST HAD HAPPENED AT NANKING

Seldom has a city of such size as this Chinese provincial metropolis been the scene of such ruthless slaughter and destruction as attended the clash between the republicans and the royalists. Not only were vast thoroughfares looted, but blood was shed with Asiatic recklessness.

pearance of the Manchu dynasty as essential to the progress of the Chinese people. Prime Minister Saion-Ji is affirmed to be hostile to any project of Japanese intervention, and his attitude would probably decide the point. This news is hailed with rapture by Chinese republicans.

Yuan-Shi-Kai Parleys with
the Rebels.

ANIMATED as were the preliminary conferences of the envoys sent from Peking by Yuan-Shi-Kai to the headquarters of the revolutionists at Hankow, nothing definite has yet resulted from them. It is true that the tenor of all despatches from China last month was ob-

scure, the character of the news having a definite relation to the port from which it emanated. Shanghai contradicts Peking, while from Hankow is as likely as not to proceed a flat contradiction of what is reported from Wu-Chang. Even the edict authorizing the cutting off of queues is not accepted as authentic, altho it was published from Peking with what seemed to be all due solemnity. One explanation of the confusion in the chronicle of the month's events is found in the differences of opinion which seem to have arisen between Li Yuan-Heng and some of his followers. Li, at the conference with the deputy from Yuan-Shi-Kai, would appear to have suggested a partition



WHERE SHOT AND SHELL HAIL THE BIRTH OF THE NEW CHINA

This—one of the first photographs made of a scene in the Chinese revolution—shows a warehouse on fire as a result of native uprisings in Hankau. The property destroyed belonged to a Russian, whose claim will be made good, says the St. Petersburg foreign office, tho all Hankau be held for ransom.



THE CHINA EGG

—Minor in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

of China, the region to the south of the Yangtse becoming republican, while Manchuria and Chih-Li remain monarchical. The remaining provinces are to be left to choose their form of government for themselves. Many of the followers of Li, on the other hand, insist upon an overthrow of the Manchu dynasty outright, scouting all notion of a partition. The point is evidently still under discussion at Wu-Chang.

Will Germany Vote for a War with Great Britain?

GERMANY approaches her Titanic struggle at the polls this month in a mood of such hostility to Great Britain that, as the *London Post* complains, one might conjecture the issue to be that of sanguinary war. The fatherland, insinuates the British organ, is holding a grand inquest for the purpose of ascertaining not the complexion of the Reichstag to be chosen this month, but just how soon war shall be declared against England. That in-

A Competent Observer of China Prophesies.

YOUNG China expects that a western nation will be born in a day and that China will be able to "westernize" with as much ease as a Chinaman can cut off his queue and put on a western coat,—that his country is to be a republic, western fashion. Thus opines that high authority upon the situation, Lord William Gascoyne-Cecil, a Christian missionary, who has spent years in travel throughout China and who has written much on the subject of the crisis. The republican Chinaman of the hour, adds this authority, looks for a Magna Charta, a declaration of independence, a summoning of the States-general—"in fact, all the incidents of western constitutional history that Young China has learned to admire and confuse in the western college." His future ideal is to have a President or a Prime Minister "who will carry on the government with all the loquacity that modern democracy adores." He concludes in the *London Mail*:

"These and many other contingencies seem possible. But it seems certain that China in one way or another will become Western; she may make mistakes, she may fall under the complete or partial domination of other countries, but she will never again be the Oriental country to whom the West was a matter of indifference, and who had no effect on Western life except to teach them to make porcelain and to drink tea. New China is going to be a factor in the history of Western civilization for good or for evil, and it is certain she will be a factor for evil if she fails to understand it; if she regards a telephone wire or an aeroplane as its most beautiful production or the invention of death-dealing shells as its greatest benefit to humanity, if she looks on sweated industry as a necessary and healthy feature of commercial development, she will depress the world by her mighty weight."

terpretation finds some support in recent comment by the Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* on what it deems the "accentuated Jingoism" of party leaders in Germany just now. The provocative attitude to England of the conservative leader, Herr von Heydebrand, for instance, to say nothing of the Roman Catholic Center leader, Freiherr von Hertling, and the National Liberal leader, Herr Bassermann, would lead the world to conclude, avers the *Vorwärts*, that one of the first measures of the Reichstag to be elected in a fortnight or so will be a "rattling of sabres"

at the British. Luckily, adds this Berlin daily, the Socialists will elect not less than eighty-five members, thus nearly doubling their present strength and at the same time ensuring the peace of the world. If this prediction be falsified, however, observes this Socialist prophet, war between Great Britain and Germany must be a matter of a short time only. This last notion finds support in more than one London organ, excited by the destinies of the struggle growing warmer and warmer as the interval for party polemics in Germany grows shorter and shorter.

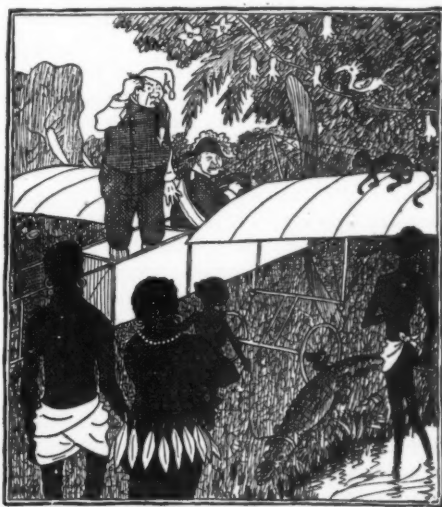
Prospect of Socialist Gains.

POLITICAL struggles in Germany invariably bring to the fore the personality of that venerable Nestor of Socialism, August Bebel. He has just assured his millions of followers that no doubt exists of their impending triumph. Alone among political parties in the fatherland, he affirms, Social Democracy works consistently and always for a limitation of armaments. The great feudal industrialists, as Bebel styles manufacturers of guns and armor, strive to bring on war. If Socialism receives a setback at the polls this month, the civilized world will conclude, Bebel thinks, that Germany is planning for that war on Great Britain which has hitherto been assumed too fantastic for serious calculation. Orators on the Social-Democratic side tend to take their cue from Bebel. A conspicuous instance is Herr Ludwig Frank, the brilliant member for Mannheim, who has been insisting at party meetings upon a policy of good will to Great Britain. Conservative organs like the *Berlin Post* receive such remarks with denunciations of Socialists as traitors to their native land. It concedes, however, that Bebel and his followers are in a strong tactical position.

Working of the Second Ballots in Germany.

GERMANY conducts a national election in accordance with the peculiar workings of the "second ballot" system, a circumstance which must fundamentally affect the result of the struggle now in its final stage. It is within the bounds of possibility that fully a hundred and fifty constituencies may fail to return a candidate at all. The voting in such a case must be done over again. The battle at the second ballots, explains the *London Times*, is restricted to the two candidates who obtained the highest number of votes at the first bal-

lots. A German Socialist who has to choose between voting for a clerical with somewhat democratic tendencies and allowing him to be defeated by a conservative agrarian or a national liberal has, observes the Berlin correspondent of the *London Times*, "to shut his eyes very tightly to the sacerdotal and authoritative side of the candidate's opinions and turn his mind exclusively to the democratic yeast which leavens them." The exercise must be somewhat trying to him; but so excellent is the discipline of the party that where the order has been given to support the clerical—it is said to have been given more than once—the probability is that he will obey it. The clericals have in the past shown a disposition to act upon the same principle. At the last election, however, the Pope himself took pains to express to a bishop the severity of the pontifical displeasure at the spectacle of a Catholic voting for a Socialist. That terminated the political reciprocity between the followers of August Bebel and the children of the church. The predicament thus created is proving awkward in Westphalia and the Rhine provinces, where the contests promise to be extremely close. Few Germans take seriously the forecasts in the party organs. If an inference may be based upon the predictions of French and British journalists in Berlin as correspondents for their respective dailies, the Socialists will make decisive gains.



THE AEROPLANE OF DIPLOMACY

Germany: "Why, when I undertook to fly to Morocco, must I land in the Congo?"

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

The German Emperor and
the German Elections.

AS THE political struggle throughout Germany enters its most exciting phase, Berlin dailies find room for rumors that the Crown Prince and his mother are laboring over Emperor William in the interest of a more daring foreign policy. His Majesty was assured by his wife and his eldest son, if these stories be not invented, that all Germany resents the "humiliation over Morocco" and means to punish it at the polls. That punishment can take no other form than a decisive increase in the Socialist vote. The Emperor does not seem, in spite of this powerful pressure, to have gone over to the Jingo. On the contrary, the Chancellor, inspired, it is believed, from the palace, delivered a series of speeches in vindication of the government. Stress was laid by the Chancellor upon the value of the new colonial acquisitions in Africa, every one of them being, he said, a distinct concession by France. All the talk against the German government, especially accusations of pusillanimous yielding in the face of British threats, had no foundation. The Emperor insisted throughout the Moroccan negotiations upon the strictest adherence to Germany's original demands upon France.

Ascendancy of the Jingo
in Berlin.

IN VIEW of the Jingo influence which is so potent in Berlin at all times, the pacifying words of the Chancellor seem to the well-informed Socialist leader Edward Bernstein to have met with an icy reception. Feeling, however, soon changed, or so this authority says in the London *Nation*. "The Morocco and still more the Congo agreement with France had all the parties against it. The Socialists opposed it because they object to colonial acquisitions in general, the radicals and the other middle-class parties because they regard the new acquisition as of little real value." However, we read further, Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg has won his battle. Yet only August Bebel has so far uttered a word of appreciation. "Baron von Hertling, of the Center party, and, still more, Herr Bassermann, leader of the national liberals, played the disappointed patriots who regretted that the German negotiator had not sufficiently brandished the sword before the eyes of Britain and France." Herr von Heydebrand, "the uncrowned king of Prussia,"

and a great political leader, went the length of making threats of war. The Socialists at once pronounced themselves the only friends of peace in all Germany.

Germany's Sense of
Humiliation.

EXTRACTS from London organs are served up to German voters just now with a manifest purpose, complains the Socialist *Vorwärts*, of inflaming Jingo sentiment. Much is made, for example, of the caustic tone of the comment in *The Saturday Review*. The whole of the Imperial Chancellor's speech, affirms that periodical, was a confession that "the game of bluff" had failed. "It is the first time since 1870 that Germany has deliberately, in the face of the world, surrendered to her rivals." It is, therefore, of course, a bitter blow not only to the hot-headed Pan-Germanist, but to the more sober-minded patriot. "It is the first time that they have come up against an obstacle which is unyielding and does not give way to the rattling of the saber. This mysterious sea-power is something impalpable and not yet grasped by the understanding of the ordinary German, who has believed that everything can be managed by the menace of a great army." Utterances of this sort in British organs give comfort to the German Jingo, who quote them widely in their political speeches as evidence that the navy of Emperor William must be strengthened at all hazards. Morocco was lost, says the Berlin *Post*, because the Kaiser has no fleet.

Will the Emperor Intervene
in the German Elections?

BROODING over the crisis in the affairs of his realm, as he is said to be doing, Emperor William, according to a Berlin despatch in the Paris *Matin*, intends to make a characteristic speech to his subjects on the very eve of the polling. It is a speech which might have been made weeks ago, according to this chronicler, but for the intervention of the Crown Prince. That gifted but not very charming young man is said to have convinced his father that Germany made a tactical blunder in dealing with France over Morocco. That much should be confessed to the people in order to avoid a Socialist sweep. It is well known, according to the Paris daily, that the Emperor lives in dread of Socialist growth. The check sustained by that party in the elections of five years ago



BACK FROM THE DESERTS

GERMANY (after the Moroccan crisis): "I believe I'd have gained more had I kept my mailed fist in my pocket."
—Munich Jugend

afforded him infinite solace. Were he persuaded that a patriotic speech in his well-known manner would promote the world politics he loves, nothing could keep his Majesty silent. The influence of the Imperial Chancellor has as yet prevented the Emperor from making himself conspicuous in the campaign. His Majesty's irritation at the criticism of him, open and implied, in Reichstag and press, has been relieved by forcible remarks to his intimates. He has yet to declare his views upon the issues of the campaign in public—a degree of reticence which the French daily thinks extraordinary. His Majesty, it is conjectured, may be waiting only for the psychological moment.

Why Europe Anticipates
a German Sensation.

GERMAN unrest is certain to impart a sensational tinge to the election returns, despite every effort the Emperor William himself may make to forestall the inevitable. That is the universal verdict of the European press. "We seem to hear with increasing frequency and distinct-

ness the ominous subterranean rumblings of the approaching upheaval," says a writer on German unrest in the London *Spectator*. Germany, he admits, with her "despotic Emperor," her "reactionary Junkerdom" and her "disciplined bureaucracy," is still supposed to be one of the most conservative countries in Europe. As a matter of fact, declares this competent student of the land, "Germany is, perhaps, of all European countries, the one where the old order is changing most completely, most rapidly—so rapidly, indeed, that within a few years nearly all the old landmarks of the past will be swept away." Hitherto, we are reminded, the German constitution was a strange and heterogeneous combination of military despotism and parliamentary government. Any student of political science is challenged by this writer to define the relative rights and prerogatives of the Emperor, of the Chancellor, of the ministry and of the Reichstag. The mutual relations of the different elements of the German constitution are indefinite and unsettled. They are to-day antiquated for the simple reason that they were elaborated in times of

stress and war and were designed to meet a great historical crisis. Says the *Spectator*:

"What has made it possible for this provisional constitution to work tolerably for more than forty years is not only the fact that two very strong personalities, Bismarck and the Kaiser, have stood at the helm of the State, and that a despotic executive, a strong concentration of power, was necessary to counteract the many disintegrating forces acting in the Empire, but it has been mainly the fact that until recent times there did not exist in Germany any independent public opinion or any organized political life. Such a public opinion and such a political life have only grown up for the last few years. The *Kulturkampf* has created under the leadership of Windthorst the strongest Catholic party in Europe. The industrial expansion has created under the leadership of Liebknecht and Bebel the strongest Socialist Party in Europe. It is true that the organized political life is not yet sufficiently expressed in, or supported by, a strong public opinion, and still less by a strong independent Press. The Press of Germany is still a hundred years behind the English Press; in some respects it is even behind the Russian Press. It is still largely an official and officious Press, or a colorless and powerless Press. But a new era has dawned since a Jewish journalist, Maximilian Harden—the representative of an oppressed race which in the German Army cannot even hold the Kaiser's commission—became a formidable power in the land, and since his little

weekly journal, the *Zukunft*, broke for ever the irresponsible tyranny of a Court Camarilla and the 'Round Table of Liebenberg.' A new era has dawned since another newspaper campaign, only two years ago, forced the omnipotent Imperial Chancellor, Prince von Bülow, to retire into private life and compelled the Kaiser henceforth to submit to the control of Parliament and to the guidance of public opinion."

The Rock of Clericalism
in German Politics.



ONLY a political deluge of Noachian proportions throughout Germany's entire electoral area can destroy the ability of the Roman Catholic Center to wield greater power in the Reichstag than any other party. The policy of the Chancellor, observes the well-informed correspondent of the London *Spectator*, can not be carried on without the support of this Roman Catholic Center. Yet this support generally has to be bought at a high price and is given for only a short time. The National Liberals have become a small minority. Such are the political factors affording an explanation of the predominant forces of present-day German policy—"the power and prestige of the Kaiser and the aggressiveness and restlessness of German foreign policy." The imperial authority is to this observer the one solid and permanent element in the German state. "It is the one strong link with the past. It is the one barrier against revolution, the firm rock on which the German Empire is built." On the other hand, the aggressiveness of teutonic statesmanship is produced by the universal sense of insecurity.



POST CARD FOR ITALIAN PATRIOTS

This intimation that "Tripoli is Italian" belongs to a war series of picture postals to which the struggle with Turkey has given tremendous circulation.



WHAT ROMANS MAIL THE SULTAN

The emblems like the design refer to that dawn of civilization which every lover of Italy foresees for Tripoli.

"The restlessness of foreign politics is the inevitable consequence of the restlessness of home politics. In the shifting kaleidoscope, in the weltering chaos of German parties, a spirited foreign policy provides a safety valve and an outlet for the forces of revolution which are everywhere active. [The writer means religious and artistic revolution as well as political.]

"There lies the deeper *raison d'être* of the present temper of the German nation: not in any strong dose of original sin, not in any imaginary demon of aggression working in the German character, but in the temporary fermentation and confusion of the German mind. And there also lies the ever-threatening risk and danger of

present conditions. As long as the German Chancellor shall be at the mercy of any chance combination of parties, of any sudden gust of popular passion or middle-class fashion, as long as he shall be tempted to make an easy bid for popularity by appealing to the fighting instinct of the masses and to the military interests of the Junkerthum, as long as German Ministers shall be tempted to extricate themselves from internal difficulties by creating a diversion and by turning national passions and prejudices against imaginary national enemies in the pursuit of imaginary national ends, so long shall modern Germany remain the danger zone and earthquake center in European politics."

The Catalog of Horrors
in Italy's War.

ITALY was forbidden by Austria last month to carry the war with Turkey into the Aegean, the terms of the correspondence having assumed, if the *Indépendance Belge* of Brussels be accurately informed, a positively minatory tone on the side of Vienna. The Italians, therefore, spent the last few weeks in clearing the oasis at the back of Tripoli and in reoccupying some positions from which they were driven by the Turks. It is not the Italian plan, says the *Paris Temps*, to chase the Arabs up and down the desert. Troops will maintain a firm hold upon the ports while the fleet blockades the coast. That will block all trade with the interior. The natives being absolutely dependent upon that trade, and the caravan routes being closed, the tribesmen must before long sue for peace. Such is the

military policy as outlined in the well-informed Roman dailies, altho it does not find favor with the strategists. The ministry dare not, however, risk a military reverse in Africa lest, as the *Paris Temps* observes, there be an outbreak of popular discontent with the whole Tripolitan affair. Roman opinion has been inflamed by details of Arab atrocities committed on Italian troops within the past month. Some had actually been crucified. Many were mutilated unspeakably. Others had limbs disjointed or throats cut. Dozens, according to reliable authority, were impaled on stakes or disembowelled. A universal out-



"ITALIA FOREVER!"

This picture postal card has circulated by tens of thousands among the patriots of Rome.



"THE DREAM OF ITALY"

This has reference to the alleged project for the revival of the Roman Empire in Africa.



LOOK OUT FOR THE PICKPOCKET

Turkey contemplates making overtures to Great Britain.
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

burst of horror and amazement in Europe greets this evidence of Mohammedan barsim.

Arab Notions of the
Laws of War.

IT SEEMS no unusual thing for Arab soldiers to bury Italian prisoners of war alive, with their heads sticking out of the ground. The evidence upon which this tale of atrocity rests is not exclusively Italian. Reliable correspondents of European dailies confirm the details, including such practices as the cutting of bodies into small pieces. Only cannibalism, as the *Paris Temps* says, is lacking to complete the horror. Nor does it appear that these things are a form of retaliation. Nothing in the Mohammedan code forbids such modes of warfare. As a means of precaution against the further perpetration of such outrages, the Italian commanders have strengthened their lines on the confines of the desert, forbidding any straying by small parties into the hostile district. So far there has not been any authoritative denial from any Turkish source of the stories of atrocity. They have had so marked an effect upon Roman opinion that all hope of compromise with the Turks seems at an end. The struggle will be waged relentlessly. Those stern critics of Italy who cried out against cruelty to the Turk, comments the

Tribuna, may now address their remonstrances to Constantinople.

Italy Chafes at Her
Austria Bond.

UNLESS Italy be permitted to carry her war with Turkey into the Aegean, the expenses may eat up a generation's revenue from Tripoli, according to the *Indépendance Belge*. The struggle must prolong itself for many a weary month. Italian exasperation has been further inflamed by Turkey's proposal to send her troops through Egypt. A question of exceptional delicacy arises out of the position of Egypt as a tributary of the Ottoman Empire, explains Sir Thomas Barclay in the *Manchester Guardian*. Turkey may have a legal right to communicate by land over Egyptian territory with her outlying province of Tripoli. At any rate, many recruits for the Turkish army in Tripoli have marched to the seat of war from the dominions of the Khedive. The ministry in Rome took this matter up at once with London. During the war between Spain and the United States, observes the *Tribuna*, the fleet under Camara was not permitted to coal at Port Said. Lord Cromer then took the position that Egypt was a neutral power. The foreign office in London has been reminded of that precedent by the Marquis di San Giuliano. He has not yet received a satisfactory reply, apparently.

Turkey in a Delicate Position.

THE position of Turkey is "in the highest degree unfortunate," comments the sympathetic London *Telegraph*, because, owing to her weakness on the sea, she is practically debarred from taking effective action. She is likewise threatened with what assumes more and more the complexion of domestic revolt, not to say civil war. "The one point on which the Young Turks have been able to congratulate themselves is on the possession of a fine fighting army, trained, to a large extent, by German officers, and doubtless constituting a very formidable weapon of offense and defense on the mainland and throughout the region occupied by the Balkan states." This fine fighting army, however, can not be used against Italy. There is no way of transporting it to the theater of war. In the crisis thus precipitated at Constantinople there is a tendency for one Grand Vizier after another to assume office, to wrestle with the Tripolitan problem and to resign in discomfiture.

Persons *in the* Foreground

MR. LITTLETON AND THE HOODOO



HERE seems to be a hoodoo of some kind ready to destroy the political career of any New York City Democrat. Just as soon as a man in this city of that political faith shows signs of developing into a real national leader this hoodoo gets to work to blast his political prospects. It is a fact worthy of comment that the strongest and steadiest Democratic stronghold in the North is apparently incapable of furnishing a national leader and has been incapable ever since the days of Tilden.

There was Edward M. Shepard, for instance, with many qualifications for leadership. The hoodoo was always at work blighting his prospects. There was also Jerome, who seemed at one time to have the world before him like an opened oyster, only waiting for him to reach forth and appropriate it. What havoc the hoodoo wrought upon him, and with what rapidity! Bourke Cockran was another instance. He had marvelous qualifications. He got as far as a seat in Congress. Hearst's career has been another long and desperate but futile struggle with the same mysterious hoodoo. Gaynor two years ago had one of the most glowing political prospects ever seen, opening before him. It is generally taken for granted now that there is nothing whatever ahead of him in a political way after his term of mayorality ends.

And now comes Martin W. Littleton, with one of the most meteoric careers behind him, with a still more meteoric career apparently just ahead of him, young, eloquent, able, ambitious, popular. Almost in a single night the hoodoo has overtaken him, and caught him when his fingers were not crossed. It is too soon to say what the result will be. He is riding as hard as Tam O'Shanter ever did to reach running water, and the hoodoo may get no farther than his horse's tail. If he lived anywhere else than in greater New York there would be an excellent chance for him to escape; but being a New York City Democrat we fear the worst.

Littleton is another log cabin statesman. The particular log cabin in which his terrestrial career began was down in Tennessee, under the shadow of the Great Smoky mountains. He was brought up in the environment which Charles Egbert Craddock has made familiar to us. One thing is certain,—he could not have been lonesome. There were fifteen children in the Littleton family, and when they all went to bed at night in that log cabin they must have let their legs dangle out of the windows. When Martin was still a youngster of about eleven, the growing family, finding Tennessee too small a state to give them sufficient elbow-room, moved into the biggest state in the Union—Texas. They stayed there until Martin was fifteen, then moved back to Tennessee. But not Martin. He stayed in Weatherford, Texas, and got a job as trackwalker. After a few months of that he became a "printer's devil" on the *Park County News*. Then he changed into a baker's helper, and then again into a trackwalker. All the time he was dreaming about two things—becoming a great lawyer and living in New York City. Up to this time, according to a biographer writing in the *New York Herald* several years ago, he had "never been inside a schoolhouse." But he knew how to read, having been taught at home, he knew how to talk, and he knew how to observe. So each night he got out his tallow candles and a copy of Blackstone and began laying solid foundations for his castles in Spain. Feeling the need of additional instruction soon, he went to Springtown and was taught for eight months by an old German schoolmaster there, doing chores and farm work to keep the three meals a day coming with some degree of regularity. He got a good grip on fractions, learned to parse a sentence—which is more than many of the rising generation of to-day can do even when they leave college—was a boy-wonder when it came to "speaking pieces," and absorbed history as a sponge absorbs water—through the pores. Then he went back to Weatherford, entered the office of the district attorney and proceeded to eat up all the law-

books in sight. His appetite was prodigious for that kind of food and his digestion unlimited. At the age of nineteen he was admitted to the bar. He got local cases and he won them and then got more. He certainly could talk to a jury. He was suave and witty and quick. In two years he had all the other lawyers on the anxious bench wondering where they were going to come in in the near future. But Martin W. was not destined to worry them long. New York was still roaring melodiously in his dreams and he concluded that Dallas was a better place than Weatherford to prepare for the struggle that he knew was coming in the metropolis.

Dallas heard the tread of the conquering hero on her sidewalks and held up her hands almost at once, asking him what he wanted. He wanted to be assistant district attorney for one thing. He got that in two years' time. He wanted a reputation as a great criminal lawyer and he got that—one that spread over a good large part of Texas. He wanted the hand of a charming young lady—Miss Maud Wilson—for another thing, and he got that. Having by this time arrived at the mature age of twenty-four, young Littleton, with his wife, his reputation, his health, his tongue and his dreams, started at last for New York City.

In a sketch of her husband's life written for his congressional campaign last year, Mrs. Littleton thus spoke of this momentous occasion:

"They started to New York City. In their trunk were some letters of introduction, a feather bed, some home-made jam and a few clothes. In his pocket was a few hundred dollars—borrowed—and with him was Peggy, with whom he hoped to find unknown joys in this venture of peril and adventure. They settled in a little flat on Washington Heights [Brooklyn]. Work could not be found, but he did not lose courage or hope. Blessed hope! Shame on the man who destroys it in the human heart!"

The campaign leaflet entitled "The Mountaineer," from which this is quoted, was not only written by Mrs. Littleton, under the pen name of Peggy O'Brien, but was distributed by her personally in a house-to-house canvass for her husband, and she vouched personally to the voters for the truth of the sketch. It was a winning combination—the smile of Peggy, her personal plea for her husband, the "blessed hope" sketch with its deft touches about the feather bed and the home-made jam, and the fetching oratory of the rosy-cheeked candidate himself. There was no beating all this, and a

Republican plurality of about 9,000 two years before was changed into a Democratic plurality of about 6,000. This was in Mr. Roosevelt's home district, too, and the defeated candidate, W. W. Cocks, was strongly endorsed by the ex-President. Oyster Bay was thereupon promptly rechristened by Littleton as "Blue Point."

But we are way ahead of our story. By the time the home-made jam had been eaten up, Littleton had a position in the office of Peck & Field. A little later he found a better chance with Sheehan & Collins. He "made good" and became an attorney for the Brooklyn Heights railway. In 1899, three years after his arrival in New York, he became assistant district attorney for Kings County, and had charge of the prosecution of Get-Rich-Quick Miller and his five-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent schemes. His star was now high enough above the horizon to be seen by many. One year later he made a campaign speech in the old Academy of Music, in Brooklyn. He was by this time twenty-eight, plump, round-faced, with a pleasant, mellow, well-carrying voice, and a direct fluent utterance that electrified the audience. That speech led to the selection of Littleton to make the speech nominating Alton B. Parker for President, before the national Democratic convention held in 1904 in St. Louis. "It is not necessary," remarks the *Herald* biographer, "to recall the sensation caused by Mr. Littleton's speech in St. Louis, but it is interesting to recall the preparation made for the address." Littleton, it seems, never makes an impromptu speech if he can avoid it. He prepares a speech, sentence by sentence, and commits it to memory. He prepared the St. Louis speech weeks ahead of time, rehearsed it at home to "Peggy," rehearsed it to himself in the Garden City Cathedral on Long Island, and rehearsed it one Sunday afternoon in the convention hall in St. Louis, to get his voice pitched just right.

The New York *Sun* had a fantastic description that year of the preparation made for the address. Mr. Littleton, it declared, when he has a job of that kind on hand, goes to a stationer and procures various colored pads—white, red, green, yellow, blue and pink. Then he picks out an assortment of colored pencils. When he writes his speech, he begins on the white pad and writes one sheet with each of the colored pencils; then takes a red pad and does the same thing, then a green pad, and so on. When he has finished, each page of the manuscript has a different color scheme from



THE MOUNTAINEER AND HIS MASCOT

Martin W. Littleton has been overtaken by a hoodoo that threatens to blast his meteoric career. He is struggling to overcome it. He has a mascot to help him—"Peggy O'Brien," otherwise Mrs. Littleton. She has taken an active part in his campaigns, and if anyone can "cunjer" away his hoodoo she can.

all the other pages, and is thus more easily visualized and memorized.

Still another writer—in the *Saturday Evening Post*—has a description of one of Littleton's speeches in Congress that is worthy of passing quotation. Littleton was speaking in opposition to the recall of judges:

"Martin Littleton put on a show-up at the House of Representatives the other afternoon that played to standing-room only. He brought into the arena and exhibited it so all could see his unrivaled collection of trained adjectives and awe-inspiring nouns, sending them through various intricate evolutions—driving them single, double, in fours, sixes and tandem; forcing them to eat from his hand; combining them in picturesque pyramids and other palpitating postures; making them do death-defying flipflaps from one gigantic sentence to another, and proving conclusively the remarkable power of the observant mind and the tenacious memory over the wild denizens of the dictionary and the thesaurus. . . . He marched them in, two by two, the antithesis and the hullabaloo, the hyperbole and the sweet googoo, the metaphor and the rhapsodoo; and everybody said there had been nothing like it since Morris Sheppard chortled for three hours and forty minutes in blank verse about equal rights for all and special privileges for none."

"If oratory ever was lost," says the same writer, "Martin Littleton found it and has it safely tucked away in his jeans. Be calm. Martin is the oratorical Kid." As a matter of fact, Mr. Littleton is far from being the florid orator this seems to imply. For a Southerner he is, indeed, remarkably free from rhapsodic and flowery flights. His style is argumentative rather than impassioned. He reasons rather than soars.

Once again we are ahead of our story. Before Littleton went to Congress he had been doing other things of note. He was pitted against Jerome in the famous Thaw case, but it was *not* he who made that egregious speech about "this angel child," referring to Evelyn Thaw. He was boro president of Brooklyn in 1904 and 1905, declining a renomination because he found himself "unable to make both ends meet" while holding the office. He was permanent chairman of the Democratic state convention in 1902. All these things came to him before he had been in New York City nine years. And he came near—perhaps he himself doesn't know how near—being nominated for mayor of New York by the fusion forces at the time when it might easily have meant an election. Last year he was one of the "also

rans" in the struggle of the Democratic legislature to elect a United States Senator.

And now this meteoric career has, as we have said, encountered the hoodoo that waits and watches for all New York Democrats as soon as they become conspicuous. He was made a member of the Stanley Commission appointed by Congress to investigate the Steel Trust. He is now denounced by Mr. Bryan as a tool of that trust. The secretary of an Anti-Trust League demands that Congress impeach him forthwith. The New York *Press* correspondent in Washington asserts that "it is recognized by Democrats here [in Washington] that Littleton has ended his career in the party." Why? What has happened?

Listen to the damning tale. First, he went to Europe last summer *on the same steamer* with Charles M. Schwab, the steel magnate! You are horror-stricken? There is more to follow. He came home *on the same steamer with Andrew Carnegie!* Still worse, when Carnegie was interviewed "he showed genuine eagerness to tell in what high regard he held Littleton." Is this evidence insufficient to blast a man's career? You shall have more. A few weeks ago, Attorney General Wickersham brought a suit for dissolution against the Steel Trust. When the Stanley committee reassembled afterward, Littleton raised the question whether it had any right to proceed further in view of this suit. The act of Congress under which the committee was appointed directed it to inquire into violations of the law "which have not been prosecuted by the executive officers of the government." Littleton holds that "it is unfair, un-American, unjust and perhaps unconstitutional to proceed with that portion of the investigation which is clearly embraced within the action brought by the Government against the Steel Corporation." Bryan's attacks followed, and without doubt followed all the more quickly because of the fact that it was Littleton that had nominated Alton B. Parker in 1904. Every one knows how Bryan fought against Parker's candidacy in that convention. And Mr. Bryan is an exceptionally good hater. Littleton, moreover, failed to support Bryan for President in one of his three campaigns. He is now pilloried by Bryan as a tool of the Steel Trust and a "reactionary." Littleton replies that there "is a distinct class of politicians whose prejudices are progressive, but whose principles are reactionary," and he proceeds to define his own views as follows:

"These leaders of progressive prejudices and reactionary reform overlook the fact that real

progress is the unfolding energy of the whole people working the miracle of civilization through the irresistible industry and unfettered genius of a progressive race. They seem to think that progress is the quick and unquestioning appropriation of every untried experiment instead of the slow and patient building of the years. I may misjudge the future, but in my humble opinion, the party that seeks to reach the seat of power by gathering together the progressive prejudices of the country and setting itself against the substantial and sensible progress of an ambitious

people, will find itself buried beneath an overwhelming disaster. We cannot smother industrial freedom under the paralyzing paternalism of Government."

Littleton also calls for a Congressional investigation into the charges against him made by the Anti-Trust League, claiming that the charges are part of a "bear raid" in Wall Street. It is a noble effort to shake off the hoodoo. Will it succeed? Knowing the power of this particular hoodoo, we have doubts.

GENERAL OTIS, THE STORM-CENTER OF THE UNPACIFIC COAST

IN THE midst of all this excitement over the McNamara case, with the papers filled day after day with what Burns says and Darrow says and Gompers says and fifty other labor leaders, lawyers and detectives say, the public seems for a moment to have lost sight of the one man who is the real storm-center of the trouble. That is to say, Harrison Gray Otis. There are no words in the English language adequate to express all that that name means to thousands of men scattered throughout the country, carrying union labor cards in their inside pockets. If the preachers could only arouse in their churches a hatred for the devil one-half as intense as that which the union labor leaders feel for General Otis, we would have a revival in this country that would make it look like one vast Salvation Army camp.

Several heroic efforts have been made to put this feeling into words. Two of them in particular deserve quotation. One is by the present governor of California, Hiram Johnson. In his campaign for the governorship, General Otis's paper, the *Los Angeles Times*, made use in its columns of some story sent over the wires reflecting upon Johnson's father. In a speech in Simpson's Auditorium, in Los Angeles, not long after, Johnson's flaming tongue blistered the empyrean as follows:

"In the city [San Francisco] from which I have come we have drunk to the very dregs the cup of infamy; we have had vile officials; we have had rotten newspapers; we have had men who sold their birthright; we have dipped into every infamy; every form of wickedness has been ours in the past; every debased passion and every sin has flourished. But we have nothing so vile, nothing so low, nothing so debased, nothing so infamous in San Francisco, nor did we

ever have, as Harrison Gray Otis. . . . He sits there in senile dementia, with gangrened heart and rotting brain, grimacing at every reform, chattering impotently at all things that are decent, frothing, fuming, violently gibbering, going down to his grave in snarling infamy. This man Otis is the one blot on the banner of Southern California; he is the bar sinister upon your escutcheon. My friends, he is the one thing that all California looks at when, in looking at Southern California, they see anything that is disgraceful, depraved, corrupt, crooked and putrescent—that is Harrison Gray Otis."

That is what we call a heroic effort, and yet one feels that the speaker wanted to say more. He had not entirely succeeded in unpacking his heart in words. The other effort to which we refer is by the late W. C. Brann, editor of *The Iconoclast*. Here is Brann's wonderful effort:

"I can but wonder what will become of the *Times* editor when the breath leaves his feculent body and death stops the rattling of his abortive brain, for he is unfit for heaven and too foul for hell. He cannot be buried in the earth lest he provoke a pestilence, nor in the sea lest he poison the fish, nor swung in space like Mahomet's coffin lest the circling worlds, in trying to avoid contamination, crash together, wreck the universe, and bring again the noisome reign of Chaos and old Night. The damrascal seems to be a white elephant on the hands of the Deity, and I have some curiosity to know what He will do with it."

That has the note of finality that marks all real literature. One feels that nothing more could possibly have been said that would add to the effect.

Perhaps now you will be interested to know something about this man Otis, who can inspire such lurid rhetoric as this. It was his news-

paper building that was wrecked by a dynamite bomb placed in Ink Alley by J. B. McNamara. It was his house that was to have been wrecked by another bomb that was discovered and removed a few minutes before it exploded. He it is that has led and inspired the fight against the labor unions in Los Angeles for a score of years and has whipped them almost to a finish year after year.

He is used to fighting. He is, as his friends say—and he has very ardent and loyal friends—a hero of three wars. He enlisted as a private in the Civil War, being then but twenty-four. He was one of the first to enlist, in 1861, and one of the last to be mustered out, in 1865. His first regiment—12th Ohio Infantry—boasted of two subsequent Presidents, Hayes and McKinley. Otis was in fifteen engagements, was twice wounded, and left the army at the close of the war, at the age of twenty-nine, a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers. He was appointed a brigadier-general in the Spanish American war, in 1898, and a major-general in the war in the Philippines in 1899. The only reason he has not been in any other wars is because there haven't been any. He has done the best he could to create a fairly good imitation of war, in the absence of the real thing, out there in Los Angeles.

Born in Marietta, Ohio, seventy-four years ago, he is just as martial in his disposition now as he ever was. Frederick Palmer calls him "an old walrus of a fighter." "While the noble lion sneaks upon his foe," says Palmer in *Hampton's*, "and sometimes sneaks away, too, in cowardly fashion, the walrus takes position on his rock or his ice-cape, defying all comers to the death for his principles or his property." Well, for several years—1879-81—Otis had a chance to observe the fighting qualities of the walrus. During that time he was special agent of the U. S. Treasury Department on the islands of St. Paul and St. George in the Bering Sea, to guard the seals from indiscriminate slaughter by the reckless poachers of various nations. As Kipling says:

"English they be and Japanee that hang on the
Brown Bear's flank,
And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot and
the boldest thieves be Yank!"

Otis had but two white companions in those days and he came to appreciate the truth of that other line of Kiplings:

"There's never a law of God or man runs north
of Fifty-three."

He has held other governmental offices. He was foreman of the Government printing office for a year or two shortly after the Civil War, and later chief of division in the United States Patent Office. "No one," says Palmer, "will question that Harrison Gray Otis left public service with a record as clean as a walrus's tooth."

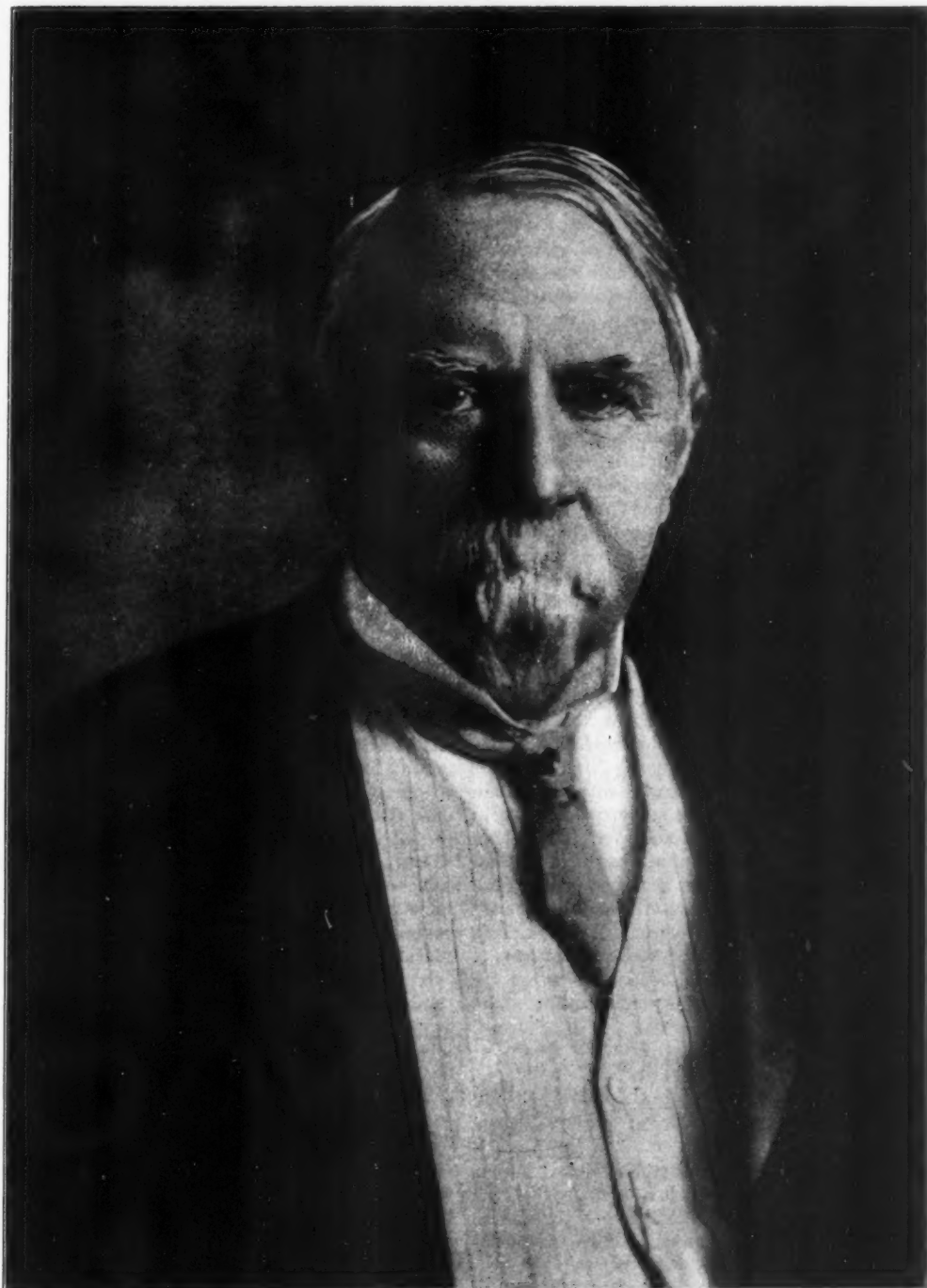
This, however, is far from saying that he was not the target, even while in public service, for violent criticism. When he took charge of the campaign against Aguinaldo, in 1899, he already had a choice assortment of enemies, who lost no opportunity to assail his record in the Philippines. He was charged with cowardice because he stayed in Manila to direct operations instead of getting out on the firing line. He was charged with administrative incapacity, with brutality, and with various other things. The anti-imperialists were especially bitter in their criticism. Speaking in his defense at that time, Colonel James W. Pope, chief quartermaster of the army in the Philippines, said of General Otis: "He has been censured in a pitiless manner for things that no mortal man could be blamed for. He has been required to manage an empire both in a military and civil capacity, to fight a most difficult kind of war 8,000 miles from his nearest base of supplies, and to change armies at the same time." Colonel Pope added that in his judgment General Otis was "a really great man," a man of fine mental attainments, an able international lawyer, a deep student, and a practical man of affairs. His capacity for toil in the Philippines was said to be prodigious. Tho he was in an enervating climate, was sixty-two years of age and suffering more or less all the time from one of the wounds received many years before in the Civil War, he labored almost sixteen hours a day, week in and week out.

He has had rough work to do, this man Otis—work that only a man of granitic stuff could do. But the sternest, longest, most vigilant warfare that he has had to wage has been his long campaign to make and keep Los Angeles free from the power of the labor unions. In 1881, when Los Angeles had only 11,000 population and one puny paper, he went there with a few thousand dollars and, having been a newspaper man back in Ohio, before the war, he bought the *Los Angeles Times*. Nothing remarkable developed until nine years later. Then the printers' union ordered a strike. There were several papers in Los Angeles by this time and the others yielded. Otis fought.

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"AN OLD WALRUS OF A FIGHTER"

General Harrison Gray Otis, whose building was blown down by McNamara, fought through the Civil War, the Spanish-American War and the Philippine War, and then created a fairly good imitation of another war, in Los Angeles, with the labor unions. No man on the Pacific Coast has so many ardent enemies and enthusiastic followers as he has.

He unfurled, on his front page, his standard with these words:

FOR LIBERTY AND LAW AND
INDUSTRIAL FREEDOM.

He set up most of the first number after the strike himself. He lost circulation and advertizing; but he hammered away. The business men gradually lined up behind him, and in the course of a few years the whole city, newspapers and all, was strongly anti-labor-union. Every move the unions made in Los Angeles was fought by the *Times* relentlessly. The "M. & M."—Merchants and Manufacturers' Association—was formed to defend "Industrial Freedom," and the banks extended credit freely to every business man while fighting a strike. Battle after battle was waged, the labor unions of the whole country being interested actively in the result. *The Times* prospered. It never minced words. "We are against boycotters, grafters, industrial assassins, socialistic freaks,"—that was the way it talked. When it came to hurling invective, nobody could beat General Otis. With San Francisco dominated by union labor and the eight-hour day in vogue, Los Angeles employers, running on a ten-hour basis, had a big advantage. They made it felt. San Francisco told the labor unions that they had to unionize Los Angeles or lose San Francisco.

A strike in the metal trades was ordered in Los Angeles—about the only trade left in which the unions had a footing. The whole Federation of Labor was back of the strike and the fight grew fiercer and fiercer. Otis and the "M. & M." were beginning to lose political control of the city. Then came the McNamara bombs and the dramatic sequence of events since. Two days after the confession of the McNamaras last month, the municipal election

was held, and the socialist and labor candidate, whose chances of election had been up to that time excellent, was defeated by 40,000 votes.

With political power regained, with the cause of union labor terribly hit by its own fool-friends, with his paper making a yearly profit of from three to five hundred thousand dollars a year and carrying more advertizing, it is claimed, than any other newspaper in the world, General Harrison Gray Otis, at the age of seventy-four, still rides the crest of the wave triumphant, as uncompromizing as ever, grim, peppery, militant, probably the most hated man in America to-day, but glorying in that hatred as well as in the equally intense loyalty of his own employees and followers.

He has a beautiful home in Los Angeles, a fine example of mission architecture. The dining hall—which came so near being wrecked by the bomb which was accidentally discovered just in time—has on its walls thirteen panels, called the Bivouac Frieze, representing the adventures of the Forty-Niners,—such as the "Departure of the Emigrants," "Crossing the Plains," "Battle With Indians," "Sunday Morning at the Mining Camp," "At the Mission of San Gabriel," etc. The painter, Max Friederang, made a special trip from New England to the Pacific, over the old emigrant route, to get detail and local color. The pictures are executed not upon canvas, but upon the freshly laid plaster by a process recently rediscovered from the days of Michael Angelo. The paintings are said to be the most remarkable mural decorations in any private home in this country. There the doughty old warrior entertains his friends and drinks to the confusion of the labor unions, socialists, insurgents and advocates of the initiative, referendum and recall.

THE COMING CONSERVATIVE PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN



NE searches the political annals of England in vain, avers the *London Mail*, for a parallel to the election, at the Conservative party meeting, of Mr. Andrew Bonar Law as leader of the opposition in the House of Commons. It is only eleven years, we are reminded by our British contemporary, since Mr. Bonar Law entered politics. He has never, it notes, held

high public office. "In Mr. Balfour's administration he discharged with skill and efficiency the duties of parliamentary secretary of the Board of Trade, but this has always been regarded as a subordinate position." He is, the *London Mail* concedes, little known outside of the House of Commons. "But those who have read the little volume of speeches on the fiscal question which he published three years ago are aware that there is at least one

subject of which he is a past master." A staunch conservative, says the London *Throne*, a convinced advocate of protection, "a man of courage and no truckler," he will resuscitate the hopes of all his party. He is, according to the London *Saturday Review*, "steeped in the lore of dock warrants and weight notes and port dues and discounts." The subject of international commerce is one with which he has been familiar since boyhood. Mr. Bonar Law, to be sure, is not a genius. "The sacred fire of genius does not wait till fifty-three to break out." But he is plain and he has but one fault. He speaks too fast both for the reporters and for his audiences.

What are the qualities that have so swiftly brought Mr. Andrew Bonar Law to the front? In the first place, writes a member of the Commons in the London *Mail*, Bonar Law is a business man with business training, business methods and a clear, cool head. "In the second place he is a strong character." Finally, "he has an admirable mental equipment," to say nothing of his rare grasp of facts and of figures. "If he has given little sign of Mr. Balfour's many-sidedness, he has Mr. Balfour's taste for philosophy, and this, when all is said, is no bad endowment for a leader who has to look beyond the passing hour and its fleeting emotions to the essential and unchanging principles which lie behind." Like Mr. Balfour, in his speeches, which are devoid of rhetoric, he appeals always to reason. His oratory, to use the familiar remark of the writer of the appreciation we follow, is conversation raised to a higher power. "He can hit, and hit hard, and the Asquith ministry fears him, for he has the gift of making his opponents wince." He is a master of dialectic, and altho he never uses notes he is never caught tripping.

"Verify your quotations," is a motto which, according to the London *Mail* again, Andrew Bonar Law has taken to heart. Many a debater in the House of Commons has learned this to his sorrow upon undertaking to challenge the accuracy of Mr. Law's citations. He has, we read, a habit of suddenly producing disconcerting quotations from his pockets and of thus silencing an interruption or a question.

It is naturally a welcome coincidence to our conservative London contemporary that at a time when Canadian affairs are destined to play an increasing part in British politics, the leader of the opposition in the House of Commons should be a Canadian-born. Mr.

Bonar Law, declares our contemporary, comes of the best Scottish stock. His father was a Presbyterian minister and he himself was born in the province of New Brunswick some fifty-three years ago. He was a mere urchin not yet in his teens when he left the Dominion for Glasgow. His education was derived mainly at the High School there. He was only sixteen when he was put to work in the establishment of William Kidston and Sons, the iron merchants of Gasgow, of which concern his uncle was the honored head. Before Andrew Bonar Law had attained the age of thirty he was a partner in the house of William Jacks and Company. This firm was one of great exporters in Glasgow, Mr. Bonar Law distinguishing himself so brilliantly in its service that he was chosen chairman of the Glasgow Iron Trade Association. Barely eleven years have passed since he retired from business and began parliamentary life as a Conservative, winning the Blackfriars division of Glasgow, our contemporary declares, "by marvelous merit."

The maiden speech of Bonar Law in the Commons, if we dare credit the appreciation of the same ardent admirer, was a miracle, a heaven-sent inspiration. "By the consent of those who heard it, this oration was one of the finest ever delivered in Parliament, its only defect being the extreme rapidity with which it was delivered." So marked was the impression it produced that no surprize was felt when two years later he was given office, altho he was a man entirely without connections and any kind of influence.

Bonar Law seems to have hurled himself into what the English call the fiscal agitation—or, as we say, the protection issue—with inspirational effect and with successful energy. He showed himself wonderfully capable of confusing the free-trade luminaries of the Cobden Club in pitched battle—that is, the London *Mail* says so. It may be influenced by its political sympathies with Mr. Bonar Law, for we find the free-trade London *News* asserting that the arguments of the present leader of the opposition were not only ineffectively presented, but actually made him a laughing-stock. However, to revert to the friendly London *Mail*, there seems little harm in accepting its statement that Bonar Law "demolishes trumpery arguments and sophisms with incomparable force." This he has demonstrated even to the personal mortification of Mr. David Lloyd-George. Mr. Law would not be browbeaten by the former or dis-

concerted by the bold Mr. Winston Churchill.

He presents a type by himself on the front opposition bench, says one who has watched his parliamentary progress. "Deep sunk eyes, a big square jaw, an upright forehead, a straight mouth, covered by a somewhat drooping mustache, give at the first glance an impression of a man deeply reflective, touched with melancholy, but dominated by the recognition of the necessity for strong and forcible action. Here is no fervid prophet who runs to words. Here is rather the man who, having convinced himself that a certain course of action is right, will work without personal ostentation, but with a certain grim ruthlessness until his object is attained." Tall and spare, he stands erect when speaking, adds this admirer. Mr. Bonar Law is so little theatrical that he maintains one hand ever by his side instead of employing it upon the air with histrionic effects—"typically Scotch in appearance and with a slight and pleasant Scotch accent." He has no gestures, "tho now and then he will dive into one of his numerous pockets for a reference," and he is always cool and unembarrassed. "Partly because of this mastery of himself, which is invaluable to a leader, tho it postulates an absence of the emotion that gives to oratory its most overwhelming force, he has never been obliged to explain anything away."

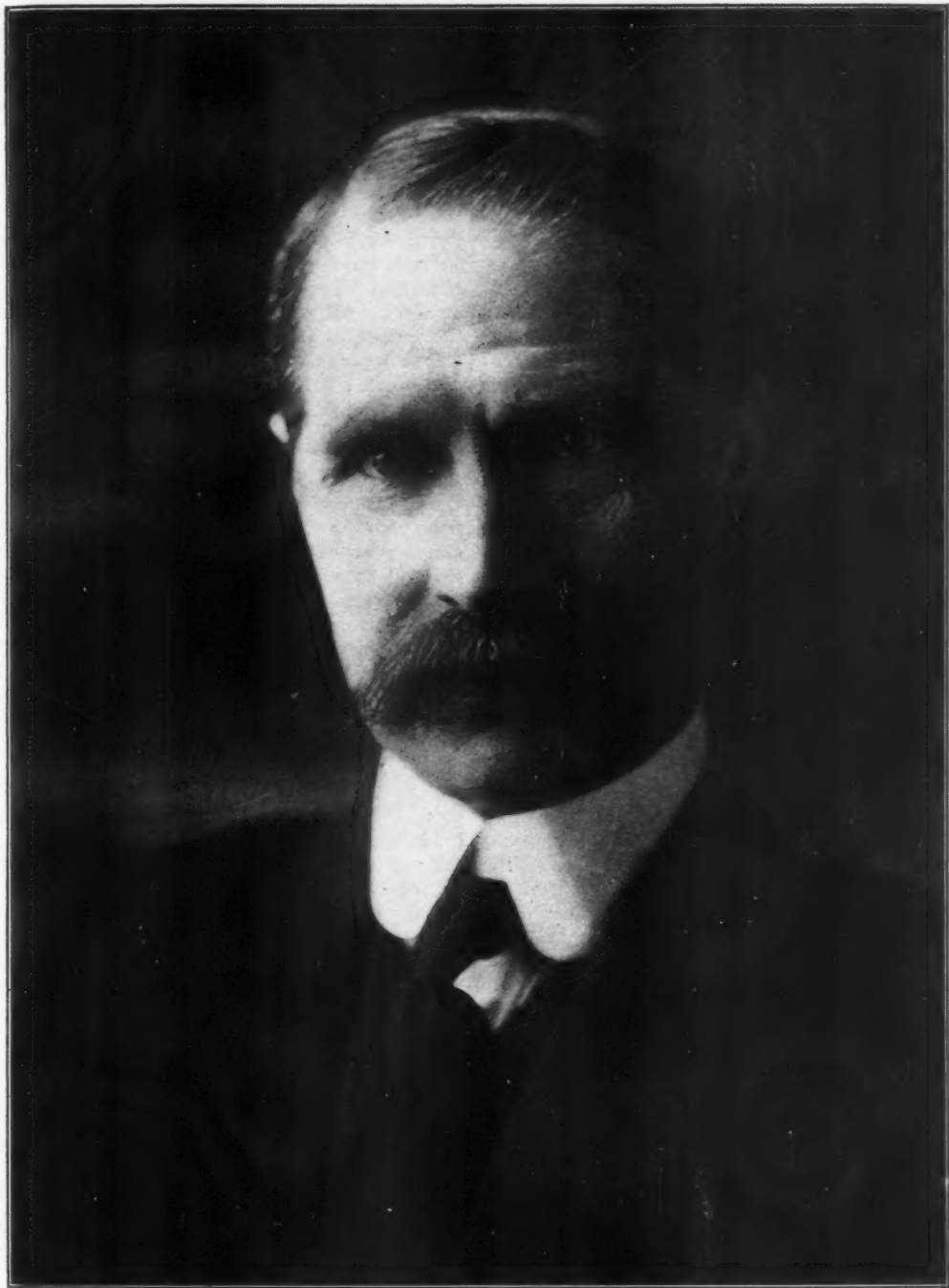
Never has Bonar Law coined an epigram, concedes with regret this eulogist of the man, and never has Bonar Law framed a stately period or a purple passage. "But he is lucid and trenchant." Behind what he says is ever earnest conviction. "The very quietness with which he speaks adds to the force of his words. There is iron in his character. If he be little known outside the House of Commons, it is largely because of his modest and retiring nature." He is not one that loves the hurly-burly of politics. "With Cavour he realizes that the cup of power is a cup of gall and vinegar." He has not hitherto had the occasion or the call to cultivate the art of addressing a popular audience. In Manchester he could, however, always obtain a good hearing, even when the free-trade element in his audience was strongly disposed against his protectionist principles. "There is in him a certain spirit of fairness and reasonableness which wins respect from his antagonists."

No episode in his career throws, in our authority's opinion, a finer light upon the character of Bonar Law than his action dur-

ing the budget crisis that assumed at one time an aspect of a class war. In the midst of it the wife of Andrew Bonar Law died suddenly. "Under this cruel bereavement he was anxious to withdraw for a time from public life." When his friends impressed upon him the gravity of the crisis, he sacrificed private sorrow to public duty and threw himself with renewed vigor into the fight. Since then he has paid special attention to the training and education of his two sons, with which young lads his relations are positively boyish. "In private life," says this intimate of the Conservative leader, "his tastes are simple and modest." There is in him no trace of affectation or, as the British say, "side"—meaning airs. Like most Scotsmen, he plays a good game of golf. He is also an admirable chess player. He does not seem to be especially bookish, yet he has read Burns much and made a rather intimate study of the poets. Mr. Bonar Law has likewise paid Edgar Allan Poe the compliment of pronouncing him the most interesting of all short-story writers.

Perhaps the real explanation of the rise of Mr. Andrew Bonar Law, opines the sympathetic London *Outlook*, is to be sought in the fact that the world is growing somewhat weary of its brilliant men. There is something, it avers, in the very homeliness of Bonar Law's personality, in his unassuming dulness and simplicity, that affords a tremendous relief after the incomparable brilliance of Mr. Arthur James Balfour. There is such a thing, laments our contemporary, as being too original, too witty, too subtle. Ordinary mortals grow tired of being dazzled all the time, and in such moods they turn to leaders like Andrew Bonar Law, as children weary of sugar plums will go back to plain bread and butter. What if this man lacks the glamor of a Disraeli or the eloquence of a Gladstone or the dash of a Winston Churchill or the fire of a Lloyd-George? He has business ability, lucidity, honesty, determination and steadfastness.

"Wherever Glasgow men are gathered together in these days, be they rich or the very poorest, they are talking of the great success of Bonar Law. They admire a business man more than anything else; they will follow anywhere a man who can state his country's needs in the form of a business proposition and who can bring to bear upon national problems a mind trained in the hard school of realities and facts. The lawyer-politicians, the theorists, they are tired of."



THE OUTSIDER FROM CANADA WHO LEADS BRITISH CONSERVATISM

When Andrew Bonar Law, whose latest picture is reproduced here, became the official head of the opposition in the Commons, the *London Saturday Review*, a party organ, protested that this man is neither a public school boy, a university man, a squire, a traditional Tory nor connected with the army or navy. This protest is denounced by the *London Spectator* as rank snobbishness and it has caused great offense to many members of the House of Commons.

THE FUGITIVE PHYSICIAN WHO CAUSED THE GREAT UPHEAVAL IN CHINA



SO FAR as modern history relates, observes the London *Chronicle*, the largest sum ever offered for the arrest of a human being was until recently obtainable by anyone who could hand over the body, dead or alive, of Sun Yat Sen to the Chinese government. Not many weeks ago he sat at the table of a fashionable restaurant in London, adds the British daily, one of a party of six, conscious that only two of the other five were aware of his identity. He listened unconcernedly to the remarks of one of the three on the splendid courage of Sun Yat Sen. "His disguise consisted of a few strokes such as might have been applied to his face by way of make-up by any actor for stage purposes." He passes now and then for a Japanese, and one of his friends facetiously introduced him as Doctor Moon of Tokyo. According to the London paper's information, the unassuming patriot whose movements were more or less unsuccessfully watched in the United States on behalf of the Peking government, left England for his native land four weeks ago. "His actual route is known only to a few intimate friends. He has never feared capture for its own sake, but he has been doggedly determined to get back to China whenever his services might be required." It seems more than possible to our contemporary that, in case any Chinese agent should suppose that the reward is still obtainable, Sun Yat Sen has made his plans with a view to that elusiveness which has served his purpose hitherto. There is little doubt in the London journalistic mind that he will arrive in China at the right moment.

Of many men of action, writes one who knows Dr. Sun Yat Sen in the London *Westminster Gazette*, it can often be said that their conspicuously brilliant qualities are marred by defects which tell seriously against a successful career. This is not true of Sun Yat Sen. "In the case of the great Chinese leader, whose life-work is being unfolded before the eyes of an astonished world, it is a remarkable fact that the foundations of his campaign have long been solidly laid upon four cornerstones—unselfishness, patriotism, courage, capacity." Sun Yat Sen is to this student of his career and character an intrepid soldier of humanity. "He is no idle dreamer of visions, no adventurer seeking,

under the cloak of philanthropy, to float some miserable schemes for his personal profit and aggrandizement; nor are his plans for the regeneration of China the idle vaporings of a disappointed politician." He is, in truth, a sincere and humble-minded Christian, who translates into action the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount. "Jesus of Nazareth is to Sun Yat Sen a living source of joy and comfort. All through the pages of history, the heroes, saints and martyrs have, he declared, been speaking to us of the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the need to help the weak, to champion the cause of the poor and lowly."

The remarkable orations of Dr. Sun Yat Sen in the Chinese language never attack Confucius or Buddha, however. He wins over young and old by the simple directness and fervor of his appeals. "My brothers," he said to a meeting of students, "applied, practical Christianity is our true need. Away with commentaries and doubts. God asks your obedience, not your patronage. He demands your service, not your criticism." It has been only characteristic of him, therefore, that he remains, in spite of the tremendous work he has done in China, an unknown personality. Newspaper publicity seems to him always an impediment to the work he would do. He never sought publicity in either England or America, and he has always avoided the society of strangers, especially if they had any connection with the press. "Not a word, not a word," he would say, in his quiet, deliberate way, deprecating the faintest intimation in the London and French dailies of the wonderful conversions to the cause he has made in America, in the Malay Peninsula, in the Straits Settlements, in Burma.

Sun Yat Sen, we are told by this intimate of his, carries his life in his hand without the least trace of nervousness. His disguises are so successful as to deceive even his closest friends. "As a propagandist his methods have rarely been equalled—never surpassed." No one ever suspected in Eastern seas that the quiet, silent, commercial traveler, wearing blue spectacles, with his heavy baggage of trade samples, labelled "Tadeshi Okamura & Company, general merchants, Yokohama," was no less a personage than the Doctor on tour. "Here was the clever 'Japanese' bagman, pushing his wares in every nook and



THE YELLOW REPUBLICAN OF CHINA

The sallow complexion, coal-black hair and short moustache of Doctor Sun Yat Sen suggests to a writer in the *London Post* that this famed Chinese might be a native of Japan. In manner, dress and speech, however, there is nothing to distinguish him from an educated Englishman except the slight trace of foreign accent.

corner of the Malay Peninsula, visiting Chinese firms, explaining the advantages of his new patent hook and eye or safety-pin to the admiring shop assistants, who crowded around the traveler with his novelties in haberdashery from the United States, England or Japan." And all the while he was winning adherents to the great cause to which he was devoted, to which his life and his magnificent talents have been a perfect and complete sacrifice. To Dr. Sun Yat Sen the missionaries of Christianity are indebted for their safety in a time of such turmoil throughout the eighteen provinces.

Nothing ever could persuade Sun Yat Sen of the futility of his efforts, according to that other enthusiastic admirer of his, the Peking correspondent of the *London Chronicle*. "Quietly insistent, without any display of warmth or enthusiasm, he brushed aside all obstacles. He was content to pursue his object, and he was convinced that he would be successful." His career is the last thing to suggest in either origin or early advantages the miracle he has achieved. Born, we learn from this authority, some forty-four years ago in backward Heung-Shan, Sun Yat Sen is the son of a farmer who had become converted to Christianity. Another son had set up as a merchant in Honolulu by the time Sun Yat Sen was in his teens, and thither, with his mother, the future revolutionary repaired to be trained. He went first to an English mission school and thence to a French one, and finally read and studied at an American college in the Sandwich Islands. Thus he acquired his fluency in speaking English, altho he does not write the language with idiomatic correctness.

Having gone back to his native land, Sun Yat Sen resolved to be a physician. He spent five years in hard study under the famous American missionary Doctor Kerr, who handed to him his diploma as the first licentiate of the Hong-Kong College of Medicine for Chinese. "As a youth, returning to China with ideas of freedom, imbibed with his western education and seeing the miserable conditions under which his fellows existed, he began to interest himself in their welfare and almost immediately after graduating he identified himself closely with the reform movement, becoming one of the leaders of the organization in Hong-Kong and southern China. There was considerable dissatisfaction with the administration of Li Han Chang—brother of the more famous Li Hung

Chang—which grew in strength during the administration of the peculiar Tan Chung Lin. A small group of educated young men banded themselves together to work for reform and emancipation, with Sun Yat Sen at their head. He has remained the leader of the movement ever since. The present revolt is the fourth with which this most remarkable of living Chinamen has connected himself.

Sun Yat Sen is described by one of his British sympathizers in the *London Mail* as of spare figure, without the slouch which is so frequently noticed in Chinamen. He is modest and extremely reserved, giving neither in his personal appearance nor in his speech the impression of a leader of men. "His influence is not due to magnetism of manner or of character. Neither is he a power as an orator." His strength is in his amazing practical sense and his sincere and disinterested devotion to his country and his countrymen. In his addresses to his fellows in the movement for freedom he never employs the tricks and gestures of the practised speaker. He gives his audiences nothing more than a somewhat long, well-reasoned and carefully matured statement of China's sufferings, adding his own proposals for reform. All this is effective, explains this sympathizer, because the Chinaman is not very emotional. One can do very little by an appeal to his imagination. His interest is in plain facts put in the plainest language. It often happens that the speeches of Sun Yat Sen are four hours long, yet his audiences seem never to weary of the tale of the woes of their native land.

So potent is the influence gained by this remarkable revolutionist over the minds of his followers that they sometimes cripple themselves financially in subscriptions to the cause. Sun Yat Sen has had occasion to refuse the entire fortune of more than one worshipful adherent. The men who obey his least hint are by no means few in number. The movement organized by Sun Yat Sen embraces millions. There is a great temptation to betray him to the government, for it offers a reward of some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his capture. Yet there have been no traitors. Indeed, he has what might be called a secret bodyguard of devoted revolutionists. Those who visit the Doctor—when they find out where he secretes himself—are disconcerted by the sight of Chinese faces peering at them from beneath tables.

Finance and Industry

THE APPALLING FIRE HAZARD IN AMERICA



THAT we have arrived at a state of conflagration which may be called continuous, is the startling assertion made by Arthur E. McFarlane, author of "Fire and the Sky-scraper" and "The Inflammable Tenement," in *McClure's Magazine*. By conflagrations—fires which cause a loss of half a million dollars or more—we have since 1866 lost \$1,005,816,138. The fire loss for 1911 amounts to approximately \$250,000,000. That, the writer declares in stirring recital of our fire peril in the United States, is the equivalent of three conflagrations, in the terminology of the underwriters, every two days and one genuine \$5,000,000 conflagration every week. We are now burning no less than five hundred and twenty buildings a day. We might regard this estimate as exaggerated, if ex-Fire Chief Croker, writing in *The World's Work*, had not placed New York's average of fires at thirty a day. At least fifteen of these are due to carelessness. Fire prevention, he avers, means watching the little things, for it is the little things that cause the big fires. Both Mr. Croker and Mr. McFarlane seem to fear a terrible conflagration for New York, such as has fallen to the lot of every great American city, but from which the metropolis has so far remained miraculously free. By the law of chance, the fire peril, in spite of the efficiency of the fire-fighters, should be most imminent in New York. "During every day that I was chief of the New York department," remarks Mr. Croker, "I was afraid that the country would be treated to a new kind of horror in a bad department-store fire during a busy 'bargain day.'"

"In one store in New York there have been as many as 35,000 shoppers crowded into the place at one time, most of them women. Nobody could even guess at what might happen if a quick fire should break out in the basement or first floor at such a time. All the larger stores have their employees drilled against fire, but it is not possible to drill shoppers; and thousands of

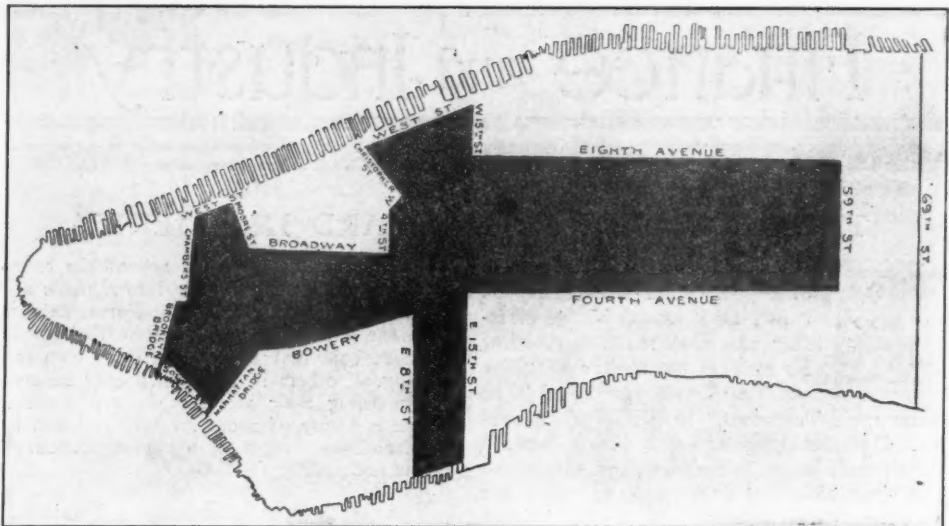
women jammed and packed around the counters would be almost sure to go into a panic at the sight of threatening flames. Fortunately such a horror has not occurred, and to their credit it must be said that department store owners are leading all others in adopting proper means for safeguarding their work-people and customers. There is plenty of room for improvement, however, and the danger of a big department-store fire is not past."

The eight square miles between Forty-second Street and the Battery, explains Mr. MacFarlane, contain the greatest congestion of population, the greatest mass of buildings, and the greatest accumulation of property value ever brought together on the same area of which we have any record in history. A conflagration in this district would be a national disaster, carrying financial panic and ruin in its wake. "After such a conflagration," said the president of one of the great fire insurance companies quoted by the writer, "there would not be a fire insurance company left in the world."

As conflagration centers, our American cities, we are told, have long been rivaled only by those of Japan.

"In ten years the fires of Jacksonville, Baltimore, Toronto, San Francisco, Chelsea, and Bangor have destroyed their half billion dollars' worth of property. But in New York a fire of less extent than San Francisco's could destroy its two billion dollars' worth."

"If it traveled at the same rate as the fire of Baltimore, and took the direction of New York's prevailing winds, it would sweep down the island precisely like a fire coming from the landward end of a crowded ocean pier. A hundred thousand people might have to choose between death by burning or death by drowning. There is no possible prediction concerning the coming of a conflagration. It is a thing created by peculiar circumstances—unexpected accidents favored by special combinations of wind and weather. But, according to the most experienced fire experts in this country, New York to-day has more chances of a conflagration than had San Francisco and Baltimore before theirs came."



By Courtesy of McClure's Magazine

A PLAN TO GIVE NEW YORK FIRE-PROOF BULKHEADS

The arrangement indicated above, which was unfortunately not accepted, would have allowed only fire-proof buildings to be erected in the shadowed areas. This would prevent conflagrations from racing across the entire city.

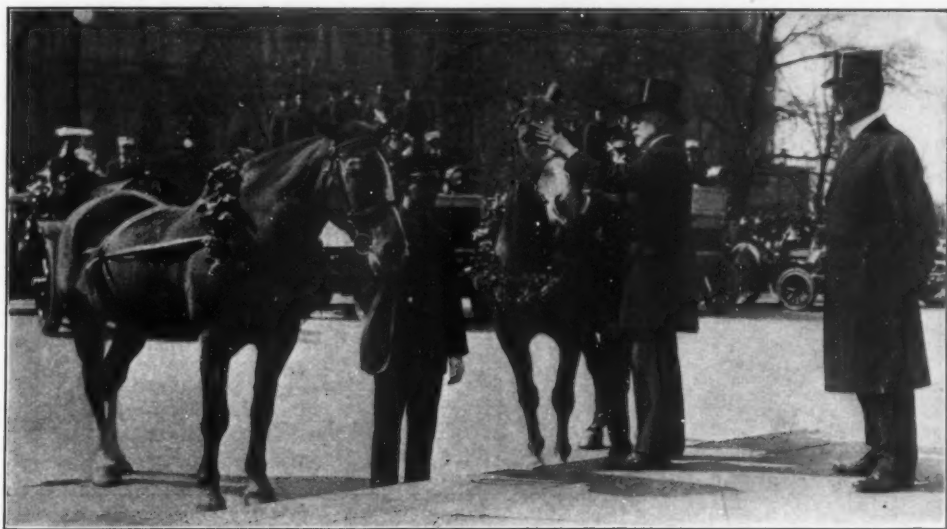
Seven years ago, after the Baltimore fire, the National Board of Fire Underwriters appointed a commission to examine the conflagration hazards in every city of the United States. Before the investigating engineers reached New York they examined thirty-six other cities. The situation in Manhattan is characterized in their report as the most serious fire and conflagration hazard ever seen. Immediately the responsible fire insurance companies began to limit their risks in Manhattan. The so-called "loss-paying ability" of the fire insurance companies in lower Manhattan amounts to less than one-seventh of the actual value of the properties insured. Unable to get good insurance, many New York business men are compelled to take poor insurance or none at all. New York's fire-alarm system, installed in 1869, is said to be the worst in the world. High pressure and a good fire department, the experts insist, are useless if there cannot be transmitted prompt and accurate notice of the outbreak of a fire which in a few minutes' delay may turn into a sweeping conflagration. The Baltimore fire owed its inception to just such a delay in transmission.

We know to-day that the sky-scrapers are not fire-proof, while twelve-story loft buildings, such as the Asch Building, in which almost one hundred and fifty human lives were lost, are actual fire-breeders. The best

high-pressure system in the world cannot extinguish a cyclone of fire. Compared with the piled-up fuel offered by New York, Baltimore and San Francisco, the writer declares, were mere chip-yards. The San Francisco and Baltimore fires burned till they reached water, or rain came or the wind changed. A New York conflagration would come to water only when it reached the two rivers and the harbor which surround the island.

"The spectacle is not imaginable; hundreds of companies of firemen attempting to make stand after stand; the failing pump and engines; the dynamiting, always resorted to, but never of any avail; every tug- and fire-boat fighting from the waterside; great liners running for the outer bay; a thousand lighters and ten thousand trucks trying desperately to save some portion of New York's millions of merchandise; new buildings constantly taking fire before their time and blocking new ways of escape; subways filled with exploding gases; fires coming from basement and sub-basement three stories underground, and fires in the very sky; a terror and confusion of the Last Day—and, more than all, a million people who in some way must be taken from the island.

"It has often enough been said that the most terrible of human spectacles is that of a great army in rout. What of this universal, indescribable save-who-can of a helpless general population? And this is a question that many New Yorkers have asked themselves who have reason to know of what stuff the city is built. 'The



THE QUAINTEST OF ALL SURVIVALS OF THE HEROIC AGE OF FIRE-FIGHTING

Mayor Gaynor of New York is here in the act of patting the city's superannuated and supernumerary fire horses, rendered obsolete and meaningless by the latest fire apparatus.

heat and smoke,' said Allan Robinson, the president of the Allied Real Estate Interests of New York, 'would drive the people from the East Side to the river by tens and probably hundreds of thousands; no escape would be open to them as was open to the inhabitants of San Francisco and Baltimore.' 'It would pile them four deep in the cañonlike streets,' wrote the secretary of the National Fire Protective Association. New York has its ferries, its three bridges, and its subways, and it has its million of people who all at once would have to use them. At present they barely suffice for the hundreds of thousands who daily enter lower New York to work in its offices and factories. Under such circumstances any one can calculate the chances of escape for himself."

But, the writer continues, even if no lives were lost, there is enough beside. The assessed value of the buildings below Fortieth Street was, in December, 1910, \$702,618,162, and in New York the value assessed represents about ninety per cent. of the real value.

"Insurance records show that in all central districts the contents represent almost twice the value of the containing structures. For great areas in lower New York the contents outvalue the building many times over.

"If all buildings and their contents below Forty-second street were destroyed, the loss would be about \$2,400,000,000. But put the loss at only two-thirds of this. The 'loss-paying ability' of all fire-insurance companies involved is

about \$250,000,000. In the case of a loss not exceeding that, many of the strong companies could pay in full; beyond that point they would begin to pass into bankruptcy. A loss of \$1,800,000,000 would mean that, upon an average, the insured would receive about fourteen cents on the dollar.

"To pay \$250,000,000, every fire-insurance company would have to throw all its securities upon the market. After San Francisco's fire, when the insurance loss, as finally paid, amounted to about \$134,000,000 the bankers of Wall Street, realizing that the sudden selling of securities to that amount meant certain panic, preferred to keep the securities in their vaults and find the money as best they could. In the event of a New York conflagration, it is practically certain that they could not find this money. They would very largely be bankrupt themselves.

"The main assets of mercantile banks are merely the shadows of mercantile stocks—the contents of warehouses. The great mercantile loans of these banks are based ultimately upon the security of merchandize in progress of manufacture or sale; and this merchandize is insured. New York fire-insurance policies after a conflagration would now pay only fourteen cents on the dollar. When nearly a thousand millions in warehouse stocks have been destroyed, great rows of banks would inevitably be destroyed also. What would involve the mercantile banks of New York would, of course, involve the mercantile banks throughout the country.

"But there are also the savings banks. The



THE GRAND GEYSER OF THE METROPOLIS

It spurts to a height of so many stories that the fire fighter seems to be washing the sky.

fire-insurance policy stands for secure value. The savings bank, which lends on an average over a third of its assets on mortgage, must have the fire-insurance policy in its strong box. If this policy became virtually of no value, the savings bank would have to protect itself by recalling the money. If the owner of the burned property could not repay the loan, the loss would fall directly on the savings bank. But it is not only the savings banks of New York that would suffer. The New York mortgage is held everywhere throughout America. And everywhere the poor man's savings would be lost with the rich man's securities. . . . The thing that must be said, and said again, is that fire destroys actual value. And in New York within a few hours such actual value could be destroyed as would shake the entire country."

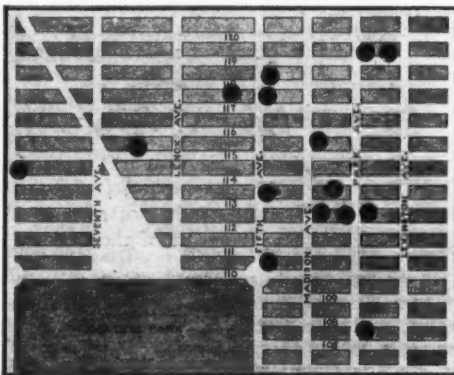
What makes the fire peril even more ghastly is the presence in New York, as in every other great city, of a whole army of pyromaniacs. Robert Haven Schauffler, in an article in *The Outlook*, which fairly makes one's hair stand on end, quotes the Fire Marshal of Manhattan as saying that there are enough pyromaniacs in New York City to fill a special institution. "It's nothing but irresistible impulse that makes them set houses on fire. Pyromaniacs is the wrong name for them, tho. They're not maniacs at all. They're just defective, weak-minded, you know." At his office the Fire Marshal produced a pile of maps marked in a peculiar manner. "This," he exclaimed, "is one way we catch them":

"When a new pyromaniac begins work, we start a map for him, and mark the location and order of each of his fires. After a while we set a force of plain-clothes detectives to watching the region, and when we find our man he's pretty sure to be either living or working near the geographical center of his fire zone.

"Look here, for instance—" He shoved forward a map splashed with red ink spots showing where between February 1 and July 12, 1910, one person had set fire to fifteen crowded tenements in a Harlem district measuring six blocks by eleven. 'Sure enough when we caught him he turned out to be a defective young fellow of twenty-five who was working as an errand boy in a store near the center of things.'"

The salvation from fire fiends and fire perils may be found in the application of scientific methods to our fire departments. Every great city has special schools for fire-fighters where the study of the abnormal psychology of the fire fiend should take its place side by side with the study of modern methods of fire prevention. Mr. McFarlane makes some excellent suggestions as to what American cities can do to minimize the fire peril. New York maintains a special training school for firemen. Both Boston and Chicago have fire-prevention institutes whose knowledge is public property. Any man or any city can learn from them, if he will. The sum of their experience, as summed up by the writer, is this:

"Take almost any brick, stone, or steel-frame building whatever, give it an incombustible roof, protect its skylights, windows, and other wall openings by wired glass and fire-proof shutters, provide it with some adequate sprinkler system to quench any fire that starts within it or to



By Courtesy of *The Outlook*

THE WORK OF ONE PYROMANIAC.

The dots in accompanying map denote fifteen fires which one imbecile, acting under a compulsory impulse, started in New York City, between February 1st and July 12th, 1910.

wet down its interior during the test by heat from without, and you have, first of all, made it safe from itself, with a proportionate lowering of the cost of insurance. You have, in the second place, made it a protection for its neighbors. You have, finally, turned a fire-trap into a veritable redoubt against conflagration.

"The low buildings so protected will delay the fire; the high ones will block it. Equip the build-

ings most subject to exposure with roof hydrants, with a water curtain—that is, a line of powerful sprinklers running from end to end of the outside cornice—and you have quenched the 'conflagration blast' itself. In Toronto, Baltimore and Paterson there were buildings which so protected themselves and the buildings behind them. A barrier of them would have saved the city."

WHY SOCIALISM CONDONES THE TRUSTS

THE apparent growth of Socialism, as evinced by the late elections, lends significance to the attitude of the Socialists toward what is commonly termed Big Business. With a Republican President enforcing the Sherman Law, with a Democratic House of Representatives herating monopoly, we are witness to the spectacle of Socialism fondly defending the Trust. Charles Edward Russell, erstwhile Socialist candidate for governor of New York, in his recent book* ridicules "Dr." Sherman's "panacea" for economic troubles and boldly champions monopoly. Mr. Russell regards as inevitable our present industrial combinations and regards the trust formation as a step toward socialism. Before long, he admits, we will all be hired men of some Interest. The purpose of our employment will be to increase the fortunes of Mr. Morgan, Mr. Rockefeller or some other man already rich. "How would it do," he asks, "instead, to be the hired men of the community, and to have for the purpose of our employment the profit of the Common Good?" The next inevitable step, he claims, will be Business (with a capital B) conducted for the communal profit instead of Business conducted for private profit. Meanwhile he watches the growth of the trust with the benign interest of the hen for the worm.

Mr. Russell has whatever faults come from years of diligent "muck-raking" for the magazines. His favorite colors seem to be yellow and blue, and he must be read, as all of us must be, with allowance for temperament. Thus in a sentence evidently written before certain recent court decisions, he informs us that the Standard Oil Company would "never" be dissolved. Even "straining his imagination to the utmost" he was unable to conceive of such a thing. He tells us also that meat in-

spection is a jest, and facetiously assures us that a friend of his is writing a "comic opera" on the enforcement of the "pure food law." Nevertheless this valiant Socialist writer is often suggestive, always vigorous, and attempts to be just to individuals. Our economic troubles he ascribes to conditions, not men. The public, he tells us, must always blame some bogeyman for its misfortunes. We seem to be afflicted on all sides with a plague of bad men, bad men in our public affairs, in our municipalities and in our Business. Bad men, he adds, seem to be wonderfully numerous in America, and, if it be true, as we are occasionally assured, that the product of one hundred and twenty-two years of our institutions is a race of men peculiarly and atrociously wicked, the only thing to do with our venture in human government is to sink it. Men, however, are not so bad as they are painted; they are merely the victims of conditions.

Our present government, thinks Mr. Russell, is government by Business under the guise of democracy. If we would only drop the guise and freely admit the supremacy of Business, there would be less need of hypocrisy and corruption. Individuals, as well as banks and corporate bodies, are, in his opinion, habitual law-breakers, and not only *are*, but *must be*. Nothing is gained therefore by sending men to jail. Jail cannot change inexorable conditions. If we were to send all bankers to jail to-day, to-morrow their successors would continue to conduct the banks in the same way and not in another; because in this way alone can banks be conducted.

"As for putting people into jail, suppose, for the sake of example, we were to seize the three persons at the head of the great packing houses of Chicago and imprison them for life. Suppose we were to put into jail with them all the managers, submanagers, superintendents, clerks and foremen. How would that reduce the price of meat? It might possibly increase the price, because, for

* BUSINESS. THE HEART OF THE NATION. By Charles Edward Russell. John Lane Company.

a time, it might make production more difficult; but it could never reduce the price. The great Armour establishment would have to go on if Mr. Armour were in jail; the great Swift establishment and the great Morris establishment could not stop if all the Swifts and Morris in the world were locked up. They would go on and go on exactly as they go now, and the prices they charged would be then, as now, independent of the will of any man, and produced by great economic causes that were first great economic results of other great causes."

Suppose, Mr. Russell goes on to say, we summon the majesty of the law and of "Dr." Sherman and go to the limit. What then? "Are we to compel Mr. Armour to sell his National Packing Company stock, or are we to take it away from him?"

"We must do one or the other, and one is lawless tyranny and the other is confiscation. You will say: Let us dissolve the National Packing Company. Good round phrase! Here it is, an amalgamation of a dozen smaller concerns that about fifteen years ago were in actual separate operation, and later sold out. Shall we hunt up these former owners and tell them they must take back their plants? Some are dead and some have moved far away. How shall we reach them? And when we reach them what is the method by which we can compel them to take things that they do not want?"

"But suppose we succeed in finding all these gentlemen, and suppose we coerce them into taking back their former enterprises, how shall we make them operate in competition with one another? If they do not wish to compete shall we stand at their heads with pistols and force them into competition, whether or no? And how can we prevent them from selling their property again to a combination company, just as they sold it before? Shall we pass a law forbidding them to sell what is their own? And if they may sell their property, is it not clear that they will sell to another National Packing Company which again will be owned by Armour, Swift and Morris, and that exactly the present situation will be restored?"

"Then what is the use?"

"And again I ask, how can we compel men to compete if they do not wish to compete? If Armour offers 7.20 for hogs shall we oblige Swift to offer 7.25 and Morris to offer 7.30? And if Armour sells beef at 8½ cents a pound, shall we compel Swift & Company to sell at 8¾ and Morris to sell at 8¾?"

"Behold how foolish a thing is a statesman when he lays aside his wits and goes forth to do battle with evolution!"

Yet something must be done. Most remedies suggested are aimed against Business. All

of them propose what Mr. Russell styles the lynching of Business. "To-day lynching may be defeated. To-morrow it may not be. . . . After clamoring to imprison men for a process of evolution the next natural step would be to lead a mob up Fifth Avenue."

Since Business governs, let it teach. The surest ally of Business in the present stage of development is general intelligence. We must realize, declares Mr. Russell, that evolution does not go backward. (That, by the way, as some scientists can assure Mr. Russell, is by no means certain.) "The days of competition," Mr. Russell goes on to say, "are dead and gone forever."

"Competition served its purposes, was worn out, and progress discarded it absolutely, just as progress has discarded other methods and other devices that men have used and now need no longer. Then will you but see how foolish look the champions of regulation and repression. All the purpose of their efforts, bills, prosecutions, diatribes and effusions is to check combination and restore competition. They might as well try to restore the stagecoach and the dugout. What should we think if Mr. Taft should send a message to Congress asking that American soldiers be armed with bows and arrows and carry cowhide shields, or that we rebuild the navy with wooden sailing ships? And yet such proposals would be no whit more absurd than this idea that we can reduce the price of butter by putting somebody into jail, or the idea that to dissolve the Standard Oil Company would do any good, or the idea that the evils of our railroad system can be cured by a Court of Commerce, or the idea that under any conditions competition can come again."

"No; when the change comes, it will bear no trace of relation to the plans of the regulative and kindergarten school of thought. Organized Business, with all its trusts and all its features of good and evil, is our present source of supply for man's primal necessities. It is, therefore, above all attacks as above all laws and all regulations. It may have undermined itself; it may have, by unwisdom, brought its dominance to an end; but it never has been and never will be affected by any attempt to curb or regulate it. . . . The trust, the great business combination, the perfected and articulated organization for efficient and economical production, represented an incalculable advance upon all previous methods of Business. Its installation has been attended with many minor evils and one great radical fault. So far it has operated to confer its benefits almost entirely upon its owners. The next obvious step is to operate it so that it will confer its benefits upon the community. That will be again a great advance. What the Regulators and Reformers want to do with it would be a huge retrogression"

AN "ALTRUISTIC" CORNER IN COTTON



COTTON is, unquestionably, the most important agricultural product of the country. Consequently the world was startled by the recent announcement of the plan proposed by Governors of the Southern States and the New Orleans Planters' Association to "valorize" cotton in the same manner in which Brazil "corners" coffee. The price of cotton, remarks Henry Lee Stoddard in the *Fort Worth Record*, is at present, approximately, \$30 per bale less than the crop of 1910, which amounts to a deficit on this year's crop of \$390,000,000. "Can you conceive," he asks, "what this means to the commerce of the South—three hundred and ninety million dollars taken out of the channels of commerce of the cotton-growing States, on account of the ruinous prices paid for cotton? The Brazilian Government absolutely restricts the supply of coffee and absolutely regulates the price by issuing bonds against all the coffee grown and holding it until the price offered meets its expectations. The American Government, claims Mr. Stoddard, believes in protection; the Guggenheims, the Morgans, the Rockefellers, can get what they want; why not, then, protect the hundreds of thousands of cotton producers?"

"It is the right of every sovereign State to issue bonds for the development of its resources and industries, and to purchase and sell its products. The resources of the thirteen cotton-growing States is chiefly cotton and there is no federal law that abridges the rights of a sovereign State issuing bonds for irrigation projects, drainage districts, or fostering any of its industries."

According to newspaper reports a fund of \$50,000,000 is to be furnished by an altruistic foreign syndicate to "corner" the market, not for the benefit of Wall Street, but for that of the Southern growers. With this fund, according to the *New York World*, the Permanent Southern Cotton Congress proposes the following:

"Advance to the grower \$25 a bale without interest, charging one dollar a bale for grading and handling;

"Reserve to the grower the right to name a day of sale prior to January 1, 1913, and to give him three-fourths of any rise in price that may come in the meantime;

"Give him from \$2 to \$5 more a bale than he gets now, besides an opportunity of realizing at once approximately half the value of his crop;

"Protect him from loss in the country and loss of weight and relieve him of warehousing charges;

"Prevent the cornering of the market, and block bear movements by changing the present methods of marketing;

"Keep inside the Sherman law by putting the handling of the fund up to State committees, named by the Governors or the Commissioners of Agriculture, these committees being empowered to sell at 12 cents a pound and required to sell at 13 cents;

"Lend impetus to the acreage restriction movement by opening the fund only to those who pledge themselves to hold down production."

This plan is not received with enthusiasm except by the cotton growers. "Where," asks the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, "does the consumer come in?" The *Philadelphia Telegraph* pronounces the scheme "economically unsound and financially impossible."

The *New York Journal of Commerce* admits that there is a permanent difficulty in marketing the cotton crop of the United States, which is quite exceptional, and that no fault can be found with well-devised and well-directed efforts to regulate the sale and obviate unnecessary sacrifice.

"About two-thirds of the world's annual cotton supply is raised in our Southern States, while the larger part of the demand for it comes from Europe, where none is grown. There is something like a fair estimate of the yearly requirement in any established condition of the manufacturing industry and demand for goods, but there is no way of determining with approximate certainty the supply to meet that requirement. The only thing the planter has to go by is the acreage necessary to produce the required quantity at the prevailing price, or at a fair price, with an average yield per acre; but no possible foresight or skill can insure the yield. It depends upon climatic conditions and weather variations, with other incalculable incidents which cannot be foreseen or guarded against, varying with seasons and with localities. A crop is liable in any year to go above or below the average or anything that can be estimated in planting time, and the economic effect cannot be averted. Then the harvesting begins about the first of September and extends over three or four months, when the ginneries are busy, and there is pressure for disposing of the output for ready money to meet the needs of one kind or another of the planters.

"The supply coming into the market rapidly during a short season and from a limited area, while the demand is widespread and continuous through the year, the financing presents an un-

usual problem. The supply has to be largely held in warehouse somewhere, either with the planters or the traders or the manufacturers, in order to be properly distributed, and there must be contracts made by somebody to deliver when and where the material is wanted at a price which can be fairly adjusted beforehand. Dealing in options for future delivery in some form is a necessity, if wide fluctuations are to be avoided, and wide fluctuations are most undesirable in any legitimate business."

The same newspaper suggests large storehouses at the trading centers, where cotton from certain States could be stored and represented by certificates to be used as security for loans at banks to meet the immediate needs of their owners; but it regards valorization as "too preposterous to be even considered." A. R. March, former president of the New York Cotton Exchange and an authority on the eco-

nomics of the cotton trade, assures the *New York Times* that the scheme broached at the New Orleans meeting, even if put through, would have an effect on cotton prices opposite to that expected by its advocates.

Moreover, the credit of the principal cotton-growing States has been seriously damaged by the wholesale repudiation of loans on bonds issued after the Civil War, many of which are still held by foreigners. Even if the States should lend their credit to the cotton-storing scheme, great difficulty might be expected in securing foreign capital on such security. Notwithstanding the incredulity of New York bankers over the successful floating of a loan by any alliance of cotton planters, those who are in touch with the situation say that there is no doubt that the agitation in the South is having its effect in inducing growers to withhold their cotton from market.

COOKING WITH PAPER BAGS



LATEST among the developments in domestic science is paper-bag cookery. The idea has been widely exploited in the press of this country and Europe without inspiring destructive criticism. In fact Monsieur Soyer, one of the most noted of French chefs, the inventor or rather restorer of paper-bag cookery, is hailed in some of the medical organs as a public benefactor. Not only will paper-bag cookery make the science of the cuisine less complicated, according to Margaret Soundstrom in *Harper's Bazar*, but also more hygienic and economical. To quote:

"To cook in this manner, the foods are prepared in the usual way, and then placed in a certain kind of paper bag which comes for this purpose, and which has the same effect as would buttered paper under similar circumstances. The bag is then securely closed and placed in the same cooking utensil, whether for baking or stewing, etc., as would ordinarily be used. The cooking is done at the ordinary temperature. In this way the heat is retained within the bag, the nutritive vapors escaping from the food are held confined, and return to it again, and if seasonings have been added—such as vegetables in stews or stuffing in poultry or meats—the flavorings permeate the fibers through and through, giving a delicious taste to every part of the article when it is cooked.

"The temperature being higher than would ordinarily be the case if exposed to the draughts of

the kitchen, the results of the cooking are much more rapid, and the moisture retained softens the fibers of the meat, rendering it palatable and much more digestible. The most experienced chemists cannot tell us the causes and sources of flavors, and only by experience do we know that they exist. Many times in cooking they are completely lost, but by retaining them in this paper-bag method even the most inexperienced cooks can produce wonderfully good dishes."

As an example of some of the results obtained by cooking in this way,* it has been demonstrated, according to Margaret Soundstrom, that Irish stew can be cooked thoroughly in forty minutes, a richly flavored gravy resulting from the vegetables and the meat. An ordinary size chicken, stuffed and prepared for roasting, takes about twenty-six minutes. Kidneys may be cut up and stewed with water in a bag in six minutes. Apples can be perfectly baked in fifteen minutes.

"Fish can also be most successfully cooked in these bags, a sole weighing one and one-half pounds taking only fifteen minutes. Not only is food treated in this way very tender, palatable, and perfectly cooked, through the combined effect of heat and moisture, but the appearance is most attractive, there is no reason for scorching and burning, and instead of being dried up the dishes are all delightfully juicy and sightly, poultry, meat and vegetables keeping much of their original proportions."

* *SOYER'S PAPER-BAG COOKERY.* By Nicolas Soyer. Sturgis & Walton Company.

SONGBIRDS AS A NATIONAL ASSET



POETS, we are told by the publishers, have no commercial value whatever. In nature, however, a different law prevails. From the point of view of the conservator of our national resources the songbird, it seems, is distinctly an asset. The protection of bird-life goes hand in hand with forest conservation, and is only one degree less important. Ignorance of this fact, asserts Omar H. Sample in *American Homes and Gardens*, is responsible for our ruthless destruction of our feathered population. The first bird-census taken by the Director of the New York Botanical Garden shows a decrease in the number of our pinioned citizens of forty-six per cent. in fifteen years. Our noblest songbirds, the majority of them insect-eaters, are rendered homeless on the farm because they make their nests in shrubs, bushes, hedges, and modern agriculture must clear away the undergrowth. Even the titmouse is robbed of its mansion. Thus the unpaid and faithful guardians of our crops are evicted and debarred from their natural occupations.

The League of American Sportsmen and other societies oppose the useless destruction of bird-life, but, the writer goes on to say, we have yet to learn that we must restore to the birds by artificial means what our system of cultivation is taking away. Here, as in other matters, Germany, the model land of forest conservation, can enlighten us. The federal states of Germany are not only protecting 152 species of birds by law, but are growing nesting-hedges for them; cultivating, pruning and grafting nesting-holes; building nesting-boxes in trees; fashioning natural and convenient winter-feeding houses, and protecting the birds from their enemies. A five-hundred acre experiment station for the study and preservation of bird-life has been established by Baron von Berlepsch, the father of the modern science of bird protection. The Hungarian Government sent a trained investigator to Seebach, the Baron's estate, to study his methods, and is now supplying nesting-boxes to its state forests of five million acres. The experiment station at Seebach is maintained as an object lesson and school of instruction to all who want to learn the practical work of bird protection. The Prussian government, following in the footsteps of this savior of bird-life, has instructed its Forestry Commis-

sion to plant bird-shelters and hang nesting-boxes. The Grand Duchy of Hesse, after investigating the Baron's work, has installed 9,300 nesting-boxes, and the sovereign city of Hamburg has a Keeper of Birds, appointed by the state, whose services are at the call of all citizens who may want advice or assistance.

The Baron's estate contains 200 nesting-boxes. His birds have already proved their efficiency in protecting plant-life. When recently a plague of moths attacked neighboring estates, the Baron's woods alone remained untouched. Nineteen acres of his estate are laid out as a park, sixty acres are planted with thickets of shrubbery, the rest is forest land. There is also a lake and a brook furnishing attractive apartments for water-birds. Baron von Berlepsch, the writer goes on to say, is the inventor of the most successful kind of bird-box developed after a detailed study of several hundred woodpecker holes:

"He discovered that all the woodpecker houses were built on the same plan, and conceived the idea of imitating their construction by the hand of man. He copied with infinite care the circular opening, always wisely inclining upward to keep out the rain, and always running down into the wood into a deep bottle-shaped cavity, and ending in the same pointed bowl. At first he fashioned the boxes laboriously by hand, but the demand for them grew so rapidly that a manufacturer was interested and elaborate machinery



By courtesy of the American Homes & Gardens

A DINING-ROOM FOR BIRDS

This is the model dining-room for the birds on the estate of Baron von Berlepsch.



By courtesy of the American Homes & Gardens

WHERE BIRD-HOUSES ARE MADE

The section of a shop where the architects who design houses for our feathered denizens are at work.

devised to manufacture the boxes in commercial quantities. There are now three or four factories making them, and it was found necessary to trade-mark them to prevent spurious imitations from getting on the market and cheating the birds. For the feathered tenants are more particular than the city apartment hunter, and if the box is not furnished exactly right, with just the right quantity of sawdust in the bottom, it will not be inhabited. It must be hung at the right height from the ground and inclined a little toward the opening, away from the wind."

FIRST AID TO INJURED AUTOS



WE often hear of automobilists being in need of a doctor, but the latest suggestion is that of a doctor for automobiles. In the very nature of things, maintains Dr. William Clark Wood in

Motor Print, there is bound to be an increase in the number of owners of small cars who are financially unable to employ a chauffeur, but who lack the ability and the time to make their own repairs, to overhaul or tune up their cars. Many cannot spare their cars long enough to leave them at a garage, to wait their turn for repair work, and in some garages the owners of small cars, the writer assures us, receive only scant courtesy.

Here is a new opportunity for ambitious young men. Many a man of limited means would indulge in the luxury of an auto if he could only be sure of the professional services of mechanical experts at a reasonable rate. "Supposing," Dr. Wood goes on to say, "a competent young mechanic should undertake this plan, hang out a sign 'Automobile Doctor,' charging by the visit and hour, doing his work honestly, selling or recom-

Winter feeding is second only to housing in making life sufferable to birds in cold weather. After eleven years of study the Baron has developed several practical feeding-devices, of which the food-tree and the food-house are the most important.

"The food-tree is made by simply sprinkling a carefully prepared mixture over the branches of one of the coniferous trees. This is man's imitation of a tree covered with a natural meal of insects' eggs and larvæ. The most popular menu for the food-tree the Baron found to be a compound of meat and white bread, ground hemp, maw, poppy flower, white millet, oats, dried elderberries, sunflower seeds and ants' eggs. To this is added about one and a half times as much beef or mutton suet. The mixture is poured on the tree hot.

"A similar winter dining-room for birds is the Hessian Food-House, consisting essentially of two small tables placed beneath a roof mounted on four small posts. The lower table is merely to attract the feathered diners and induce them to notice the upper one, which contains most of the food. A strip of glass runs around the edge of the upper table, protecting it from the weather without hiding it from view. The table is spread with any kind of bird-food or seed, of which hemp is always the most acceptable."

mending no make of car, taking no agency for anything, but giving his best brain and service to the owner. Is there any doubt that he could soon have a clientage that would insure him a steady income of from thirty to forty dollars a week?" The writer proceeds to outline, for the mechanical surgeons proposed by him, a plan of efficient work and a code of professional ethics.

"I should advise a young man who had made himself competent to proceed on this plan:

"Make a contract with owners of small cars to furnish a man to wash and polish their cars once a week at regular rates; to go over the car tightening bolts and curing small rattles; looking into small troubles, etc. For all such service, not requiring more than an hour's time, price to be one dollar, after the first hour, regular mechanic's wages per hour. Finish each job before beginning another and remember that the cheapest car, probably, has cost the owner more self-denial to get and will be much more difficult for him to replace than the seven-thousand-dollar palace on wheels of the millionaire.

"Don't boom any make of car. Be like the doctor who has to consider all patients as human beings, be they good or bad."

Science and Discovery

ERADICATION OF THE HAPSBURG JAW FROM THE ROYAL FACE OF SPAIN

DON JAIME, second son of the King of Spain, was operated upon last month for the cure of a nose and throat affection hereditary in his family, the effect of which is to be, according to experts, the elimination from his face of the famous physiognomical characteristic known as the Hapsburg jaw or Austrian lip. The subject formed part of a discussion at the recent meeting of the British Dental Association in London, where Dr. William Rushton read a paper on the effect of mouth breathing upon facial contour, summarized in *Science*. He said the disappearance of the "beautiful mouth" was bewailed by the President of the Society of Miniature Painters, who attributed it to the strenuous modern life. The lecturer himself attributed it to mouth breathing.

"The cases dentists were most frequently requested to treat were those in which the upper front teeth bit too far in front of the lower ones. He had found no instances in which this condition was hereditary except inasmuch as the conditions which made for adenoids might be hereditary. Some of the early portraits of the late Queen Victoria showed this condition plainly; it was very common in this country. The commonest form of abnormality, however, in his opinion, at any rate in adults, was that in which the mandible was protruded rather than retracted. This was contrary to the text-books and to the opinion of some of his colleagues, but his personal observations convinced him that it was correct. He had also come to the conclusion that in some cases this abnormality was hereditary, as in the Royal Houses of Hapsburg and Medici, where it could be traced for centuries. The reasons why in some cases the lower jaw was protruded and in others retracted were not known. He suggested that in both cases the main factor was mechanical traction caused by mouth breathing, the child placing its jaw in the position of least resistance or of greatest comfort."

Summing up his views, Dr. Rushton said he still believed that the main factor in abnor-

malities of the jaws and teeth was slight continuous muscular action caused by the open mouth, the result of hypertrophied tonsils and adenoids; that this hypertrophy was possibly caused by affections of the pituitary or thyroid, or both, and possibly that softness of the bone arising from these causes allowed it to be more easily acted upon by muscular strain; that probably the condition was in many cases hereditary, but whether primarily or as a result of mouth breathing he could not say.

"He entirely denied that the type of face occurring in the Hapsburg family was necessarily a sign of degeneracy; it was a type met with day by day. It was often associated with large tonsils, adenoids, and mouth breathing in childhood, and was possessed by people probably neither more nor less degenerate than others. The Austrian Hapsburgs were now almost free from it, but the Austrian Archduchess Maria Christina, mother of the present King of Spain, had it and so had her son, and it had made its appearance in his children. But there was no reason why the latter should have it if means were taken to rectify the condition in early life,



THE LAST OF THE HAPSBURG FACES?

Modern surgery is soon to make an end of prognathism in Spain's royal family.

and there was little doubt with our present knowledge that the 'Hapsburg jaw' was doomed to disappear, not only from that illustrious family, but from many a humbler one. It could not be too widely known that the removal of the

hypertrophied adenoid tissues was a preventive of facial abnormality if performed in early life, and even after a certain amount of mischief had been done it could be largely or completely rectified by the dentist."

THE POINT AT WHICH PHYSIOLOGICAL SCIENCES CONFRONT THE SPIRITUAL FORCES

THE prominence given in recent years to investigations by the psycho-physical school has led to the belief, says the *London Lancet*, that just as "sensation" and "memory" can be expressed in terms of logarithms, so, in the long run, all mental phenomena might be reduced to arithmetical processes. The more advanced have maintained that there is no necessity for any theory of an "activity process," such as the forces of will and attention, but that mind and brain are practically the same thing, the former being just the necessary result of the action of the latter.

This interpretation, concedes the British medical organ, does not satisfy those who, from introspection, and after consideration of the objective statements of experience by a large number of individuals, feel that the physical school is not quite convincing. They feel, that is, that it does not quite fill up the gap between metaphysics and physiology, and that there is a realm of spiritual as well as of corporal body which has not so far been found capable of scientific exposition, tho it may be accepted as a continuation of the line of evolution which, starting from the potentialities of living protoplasm, has not yet completed its course. To quote further:

"The epithets of Atheism and Agnosticism which have been hurled by some over-strenuous religious corporations against the so-called materialist school have been unjust, because the upholders of the latter have declared themselves open to conviction, whilst merely affirming that present knowledge did not authorize belief in what is, so far, incapable of scientific demonstration. However, in those departments of biology which deal with actual facts, and draw up theories afterwards, there has been of late the exhibition of a tolerant attitude towards inquirers who, finding themselves face to face with what they cannot explain, are willing to weigh the feasibility of theoretical considerations which might, if they could be proved to be realities, show the real connection between the psychical and the physical. There are inquirers, in other

words, who, whilst believing in the authority given by the balance and the microscope, are ready to conceive that there are processes which for their demonstration require finer adjustments, perhaps even means of an order different from those which we at present recognize."

On the side of what is called in discussion of this topic "dualism"—as opposed to "monism"—the considerable weight of Professor J. S. Macdonald was thrown lately in his presidential address to the physiological section of the British Association. He pointed out, notes *The Lancet*, that there was no scientific evidence to support or to rebut the doctrine that whilst the brain is possibly affected by influences other than those which reach it from the sense organs and from the different receptive surfaces of the body, it is still possible that it is an instrument traversed freely by an unknown influence which finds resonance within it; and it is clear that an instrument shaped in the embryo by a certain set of conditions might, in course of time, respond to the play of some new influence which had taken no immediate part in fashioning it.

"The essential point for the moment was, Professor Macdonald allowed, that there is some loophole for the view that mind is not directly associated with life or living matter, but only indirectly with certain dispositions of dynamic state that are sometimes present within certain parts of it. Where there is evidence of mind the view is that it represents a force acting from without upon what is still no more than matter involved in certain chemical and physical states. He put forward this view as an expression of belief rather than of opinion, and not as based on evidence or in any way a statement of demonstrated or demonstrable fact. Professor C. S. Sherrington and Professor William Stirling intimated their acceptance of an address so full of suggestions for further valuable research in the field of physiology—and this acknowledgment of the intimate connection between physiology and psychology is a proof that the expositors of the most exact scientific methods are willing to admit the possibility of the ultimate inclusion

within the realms of experiment and demonstration of what has up to now been treated as a domain merely for dialectics and empiricism."

Ideas which are strikingly in harmony with those advanced by Professor Macdonald were put forth in a lecture on the occult given at the Medical Graduates' College in London by Dr. Claye Shaw. The lecturer advanced the proposition of an external agency, a world of force which requires for its display the human mechanism. If there be external forces which are able to affect the human mechanism, it is surely not possible to deny that an individual may be moved to speak or to act in a way unknown to himself by some influence of which he is the appropriate medium. To quote still from *The Lancet*:

"If the body and the brain are but instruments for the working of this force, then our actions denote that some changes may be going on in this force for which there is in us no responsibility—we are just puppets, as it were, the keyboard of an electric installation. Viewed thus, man is a necessary complement of this force, and one object of his creation is merely that of a force terminal, an Æolian harp which dis-

closes the motion of winds which cannot be seen. It may be urged that all this is pure spiritism, that it gives us no more solid base than have the spiritualists and mediums of the 'occult' performances of recent and ancient times. This may be conceded; but the great point is that followers of the exact sciences of to-day find themselves now in the position of being able to acknowledge the validity of agencies other than those at present at their command and under their control, and, having taken stand on a new platform, they are ready to investigate the existence of this Soul, Mind, Force, or whatever name be given to it. They are prepared to discover the laws under which it acts, and to devise experiments (possibly of an order very different from the means now employed) with the hope of attaining nearer to final truth. If such an achievement is beyond our present resources we must still go on in the hope that by constant attention to, and familiarity with, the processes observed we may ultimately develop a condition which enables us to see clearly what just now is no more than acceptable speculation. Just as we observe to-day a greater tolerance in the teachers of spiritual truths towards the exponents of scientific facts and theories, so do we welcome the *rapprochement* between the adherents of the psychical and the physical."

TRANSMISSION OF SPEECH OVER WAVES OF AIR



IT IS too soon to foresee the final outcome of the experiments now being made in wireless telephony, says a writer in *London Knowledge*, but the success of the past few weeks seems to have put the science definitely out of the scope of mere speculation. Two English students of the subject have been independently trying to perfect apparatus. One, Mr. H. G. Matthews, claims to have spoken over a distance of five and a half miles without wires, and it is said that at Cardiff recently he communicated with a friend who flew some seven hundred feet above him. The other experimenter is Mr. A. W. Sharman, who has been carrying out tests near Ramsgate.

"There is good evidence that he has talked with ease across both land and water, and even through thirty or forty feet of solid chalk cliff. The importance of these successes does not lie simply in the dispensing with wires. It depends on how far that can be done with an apparatus reasonably economical in size and cost and in the amount of electricity it consumes. Mr. Sharman claims that his device is readily portable (it

weighs about six pounds), and will cost complete only some hundred dollars. Thanks, moreover, to an 'impulse coil,' which is the main secret of the invention, the comparatively small amount of current needed is magnified into shocks powerful enough to find a response at a distant station. If the invention is all that it claims to be it will be of the greatest value in a number of obvious cases. Its size will make it much more useful, because less vulnerable, than wireless telegraphy as a means of communication for ships, and it should be of vital help where a party of miners are entombed by a colliery disaster."

The main obstacle in the way of transmitting sound without wires, concludes this authority, is the very great amount of current needed. Marconi met this difficulty in the case of telegraphic messages by a device which intensified the faint air-borne waves of his system. To register sound waves a very much greater intensification is needed. If Mr. Sharman's "impulse coil" effects this, whether or not it makes possible the "conversations between continent and continent," which his enthusiastic supporters already predict for it, it will certainly contribute materially to our safety as well as to our ease of intercourse.

A GREAT SCIENTIST'S INDICTMENT OF AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES



HAECKEL is reported on good authority to have said that the output of any scientific establishment is in inverse ratio to the completeness of the equipment. Paradoxical as this may seem to those who have followed the progressive development of great seats of science in our own land—thanks to the endowments of millionaires—there is enough truth in it to inspire misgivings in the mind of that renowned scientist Dr. David Starr Jordan. Having spent the best portion of his brilliant career in the service of science, Doctor Jordan's doubts of the utility of the well-endowed scientific establishment are attracting wide attention in this country and abroad. Of all the men he has trained in biology, the five he regards as ablest, because their contributions to science have been greatest, were brought up out of doors or within bare walls in which books, specimens and equipment were furnished from the scant salary. A struggling teacher, a very young teacher at that, at eighteen hundred dollars a year and ten per cent. of this for a biological laboratory, is not in a condition to attract advanced students today, concedes Doctor Jordan; yet, so far as his experience has gone, he has never known better students than those coming to him to be trained under such pinching conditions.

The harm done to science generally by the well-endowed centers of science reaches more to the foundation, however, than this. As our universities grow in wealth their force as creators of schools of thought is to some extent declining. Time was, for example, when a young naturalist went in search of training and inspiration to Agassiz. He did not go to Harvard. He scarcely thought of Harvard in this connection. Agassiz was the university, not Harvard. The botanist went to Gray. He did not go to Harvard. Later the chemist went to Remsen, the physiologist to Martin, the anatomist to Mall, the morphologist to Brooks. That these four men happened to be together at Johns Hopkins was only an incident. The student went out to find the man and he would have followed this man around the world if he had changed from one institution to another. To quote Doctor Jordan further from the official report of the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science:

"With the scantiest of equipment much of our greatest work has been done. It is said that Joseph Leidy's array of microscopes and knives cost less than a hundred dollars. The 'Poissons Fossiles' was written when its author lived from hand to mouth in the Latin Quarter of Paris, copying 'on the backs of old letters and on odd scraps of paper the books he needed, but which he could not buy.' Since Haeckel said the words I have quoted, if he ever said them, facilities for biological work have multiplied a thousandfold. Every German university, Jena with the rest, and most American universities as well, have a far greater equipment than the Museum of Comparative Anatomy had forty years ago. Victor Meyer is reported to have said that the equipment of every chemical laboratory should be burned once in ten years. This is necessary that the chemical investigator should be a free man, not hampered by his outgrown environment. In like vein, Eigenmann has said that when an investigator dies all his material should be burned with him. These should be his creation, and he should create nothing which he cannot use. These could be useful to none other except as material for the history of science. Therefore, too much may be worse than too little. The struggle for the necessary is often the making of the investigator. If he gets what he wants without a struggle, he may not know what to do with it.

"But facilities do not create. The men who have honored their universities owe very little to the facilities their universities have offered them. Men are born, not made. They are strengthened by endeavor, not by facilities. *Facilis descensus*. It is easy to slide in the direction of least resistance. That direction is not upward. It is easy to be swamped by material for work, or by the multiplicity of cares, or by the multiplication of opportunities."

It is not at all clear to Doctor Jordan that the greater help which has been furnished to science through recent endowments to universities has led to greater achievement. He can not find that the output bears any direct relation to the means for producing it. The man who is born to zeal for experiment or observation can not be put down. He is always at it. Somewhere or somehow, he will come to his own. No man ever adds much to the sum of human knowledge because the road is made easy for him. Leisure, salary, libraries, apparatus, problems, appreciation—none of these will make an investigator out of a man who is willing to be anything else. There is human nature among scientific men and human nature is prone to follow the line of least re-



AN ILLUSTRIOUS EVOLUTIONARY BIOLOGIST

David Starr Jordan, although famous among the laity chiefly as an educator and college president, is one of the world's great authorities upon the problems connected with the appearance of life on this planet, the zoological aspects of animal life, the influence of environment upon organisms and subjects of that nature. He is one of the few living American scientists whom the Europeans rank with Metchnikoff, Freud or Wallace.

sistance. It takes originality, enthusiasm, abounding life, to turn any man from what is easily known to that which is knowable only through the sweat of the intellect, the work of his own mind.

"To-day the conditions are adjusted to the promotion of the docile student rather than the man of original force. He goes, not to the man, but to the university. He finds work in biology no longer a bit of green sod under the blue sky shut off by conventional and ugly hedges, and therefore to be acquired at any cost. It is a park, open on every side to anybody. Or, dropping the poor metaphor, he finds his favorite work not a single hard-won opportunity in a mass of required language and mathematics. He finds the university like a great hotel with a menu so varied that he is lost in the abundance. His favorite zoology or botany is not taught by a man. It is divided into a dozen branches, each taught by an instructor who is a cogwheel in the machine. The master under whom he would seek inspiration is busy with the planning of additional cogwheels or the oiling of the machinery. Or, more often, there is no master teacher at all. The machinery is there and at his hand. He has but to touch the button and he has alcohol, formal, xylol, or Canada balsam—whatever he needs for his present work. Every usable drug and every usable instrument is on tap; all we need, degrees and all, are made for us in Germany. Another button will bring him all the books of all the ages, all the records of past experience, carrying knowledge far ahead of his present requirements, usually beyond his possible acquirements. The touch of personality, the dash of heredity, is lost.

"Worse than all this, for the student who is worth while will orient himself even among the most elaborate appliances and the most varied concourse of elective, is the fact that he is set to acquire training without enthusiasm. Sooner or later he receives a fellowship in some institution which is not the one to which he wishes to go. Virtually, he finds himself hired to work in some particular place not under the man, of all men, he has chosen to know. He is given some petty problem; it seems petty to him and to others. He takes this as his major, with two convenient minors, and at last he is turned out with his degree to find his own life, if he can, with his degree. His next experience is to starve, and he is not so well fitted for this as he would have been had he begun it sooner. If he finds himself among facilities for work, he will starve physically only. If he marries, he starves in good company, but more rapidly and under greater stress. If chance throws him into a college without facilities, he will starve mentally also. In any case, he will lament the fact that the university has given him so much material help, so little personal inspiration."

It is always the struggle which gives strength," adds Doctor Jordan. Learning or polish may be gained in other ways, but without self-directed effort there is not much intellectual virility. An eminent teacher of physics is quoted by Doctor Jordan as saying lately that the number of doctors' degrees in physics bears no relation to the eminence of the professors who grant them. They depend solely upon the number of fellowships offered, on the number of assistantships available. In the institution which has conferred the greatest number in recent years every one of these is drawn by the stipend offered—scarcely one by the unquestioned greatness of the leading professor. Upon this Doctor Jordan observes:

"The primary fault seems to be in our conception of research, which tends to point in the direction of pedantry rather than that of scholarship. Not all professors have this tendency, only those who are neither great scholars nor great teachers. It is, or ought to be, a maxim of education that advanced work in any subject has greater value to the student, as discipline or as information, than elementary work. Thoroughness and breadth of knowledge give strength of mind and better perspective. They give, above all, courage and enthusiasm. With each year, up to a certain point, our universities carry their studies further toward these ends, and the student responds to each demand made on his intelligence and his enthusiasm.

"Then research begins, and here the teacher, as a matter of duty, transforms himself into the pedant. Instead of a closer contact with nature and her problems, the student is side-tracked into some corner in which numerical exactness is possible, even tho no possible truth can be drawn from the multiplicity of facts which may be gathered."

The enthusiasm of struggle, the flash of originality, these things grow more rare, insists Doctor Jordan, as our educational machinery grows more perfect. If our present system fails, it is in the lack of personal contact and personal inspiration. We have too much university in America, he says, and too much of what we have in boys' schools. Should a great teacher arise in the faculty, he becomes a department executive. Nine-tenths of his teaching is done by young men who have not made their mark or who have made it only as cogwheels in the machine. Too often they are caught in the grind and are never able to show what they might have been.

"The most serious indictment of the 'new school' in science is its lack of originality. Even

its novelties are not original. They are old fabrications worked over, with a touch of oddity in the working. The requirements for the doctor's degree tend to curb originality. But these do not go far. . . .

"When a discovery is made in botany the young botanists are drawn to it as herrings to a searchlight, as moths to a lantern. In Dr. Coulter's words, 'they all dabble in the same pool.' Not long since the pool was located in morphology; then it was in embryology; then in the fields of mutative variations; now it is filled with unit characters and pedigreed cultures. . . .

"I would not underrate any of these lines of work or any other, but I respect a man the less when I see him leaving his own field to plunge into one which is merely timely, into one in which discovery seems to be easy, and the outlook to a career to be facilitated.

"All honor to the man who holds to his first love in science, whatever that may be, and who records his gains unflinchingly, tho not another man on earth may notice what he is doing. Sooner or later the world of science returns to every piece of honest work. The revival of the forgotten experiments of the priest Mendel will illustrate this in passing. Hundreds of men are Mendelians now who would never have thought of planting a pea or breeding a guinea-pig had not Mendel given the clue to problems connected with these things."

The pity of it all is that Nature is close at hand in America, closer than in the old world, and "whoso is filled with zeal to know her has not far to go." Agassiz remained in America because he was nearer to his studies than he could be in Europe. Here "nature was rich, while tools and workmen were few

and traditions none." Now we have changed all that. The final question is that of personality and the question Doctor Jordan would raise is whether in accumulating tools and traditions as in Europe, we are not failing. "Are we not losing sight of the man, of the thing which above all others goes to the shaping of a great naturalist?"

"I saw the other day a paper of an irate German morphologist who, in attacking a certain idea as to the origin of fishes' arms and ours, denounced 'die ganze Gegenbaurische Schule' who followed Gegenbaur in his interpretation of this problem. Never mind the contention. The point is that there is a Gegenbaur school of morphology. This school was not the university, but Gegenbaur himself. We ought to have more such schools in America, schools of advanced thinkers gathered around a man they love, and from whose methods and enthusiasm the young men go away to be centers of like enthusiasm for others. I believe that our system of university fellowships is a powerful agency in breaking up this condition. If, by chance, it were possible for us to produce a Darwin, the raw material furnished, it would be a difficult task if a fellowship of 500 dollars has drawn him to the laboratory of some lesser plodder, preventing him for ever from being 'the man that walked with Henslow.'

"The fellowship system keeps our graduate courses running regardless of whether these courses have anything to give. So long as our fellows are hired to take degrees, then sent out to starve as instructors, so long shall we find our output unworthy of our apparent advantages; and in our sober moments we shall say with Osborn, we do not see how an American university could produce a Darwin."

HOW THE TIPS OF A BIRD'S WING INFLUENCE THE LATEST DESIGNS IN AEROPLANES



IT HAS long been known that the flexibility of the tips of the wing feathers of a bird renders soaring possible to it. Just what the secret of the subject—for it is a baffling secret—may be, has yet to be clearly explained in spite of the wealth of technical comment upon the subject by experts. To that careful student of this problem, Mr. Everett H. Bickley, who has experimented elaborately, the riddle seems now solved. The flexible tips of the wing feathers, he says, act like the flap in a pump valve, which offers resistance to fluid motion in one direction and freedom in the

other. From the following notes by Mr. Bickley in *The Scientific American*—from which we copy likewise the diagrams—the function of the flexible tips of a bird's wing will be more readily comprehended:

"In flapping flight the shape of the wing on the down-stroke is shown in Fig. 1, and on the up-stroke in Fig. 2. We also note that the wing is moved in an irregular path with relation to the bird's body, and not merely in an up-and-down manner. The path and action at different points is shown in Fig. 2. Since one vibration of the wings is completed in a small portion of space, we may disregard air-waves and disturbances for the analysis of flapping flight, and consider each

vibration as being made in a homogeneous current. The disturbances of the air in a space smaller than that covered in one vibration of the wings, may be considered as acting in similar way to soaring flight."

The down-stroke of the wings is the working stroke, giving the lifting and propelling

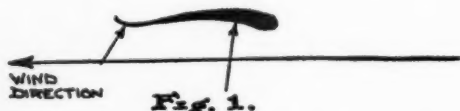


Fig. 1.

OARAGE

Wing-form in the down-stroke.

force. In general, the lifting force is given by the forward portion of the wings, the propelling by the deflected tips. The first part of the up-stroke is merely recovery, the wing being raised so that there is no air pressure exerted other than mere friction. This gradually changes into a sustaining position, until the excess velocity created by the previous down-stroke has been expended. The wing then begins another down-stroke and new velocity and altitude are acquired. The variation in velocity during the different parts of the stroke can be easily seen with some birds.

"The cycle of changes in pressure on the wings takes place in soaring flight, with the exception that the wind and not the bird makes the motions. It is possible, therefore, to soar against the wind, just as easily as with it, the only difference being that the velocity relative to the earth is much greater in the latter case. A short rising current corresponds to the down-stroke of the wing, and a falling current to the up-stroke. The summation of all the rising and falling currents being

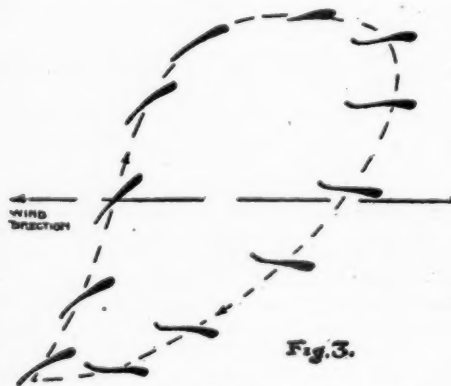


Fig. 3.

FLAP

Wing-forms in one complete cycle of strokes.

zero, they must be equal in amounts. There must be, therefore, a rising current corresponding to each falling current, and those smaller ones which the bird utilizes cannot occur very far apart because of the elasticity of the air. The average velocity of the bird with regard to the air carries the bird continually into different currents. The larger the atmospheric waves, the greater must be the velocity of the bird in order to obtain the succession of changes with sufficient rapidity to keep up the momentum. The velocity with which the bird can elevate himself depends upon the rapidity with which these irregularities follow each other. During the time the bird encounters a rising current, velocity and altitude are acquired. When the bird encounters the corresponding falling current, after the momentum acquired from the rising current has given out, it uses the excess velocity for sustentation merely, until the next rising current is encountered. The bird by using its inertia and upward currents lets the downward puffs slip past with very little effect. When the bird is flying in a section of air that is falling generally, the bird may either continue in this current until the air begins to move horizontally, or direct its course to take it into an ascending current of air, and continue in this current by circling, until the desired altitude is reached. The difference in the expenditure of energy in flap-

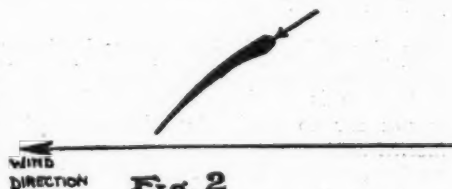


Fig. 2

BIRD

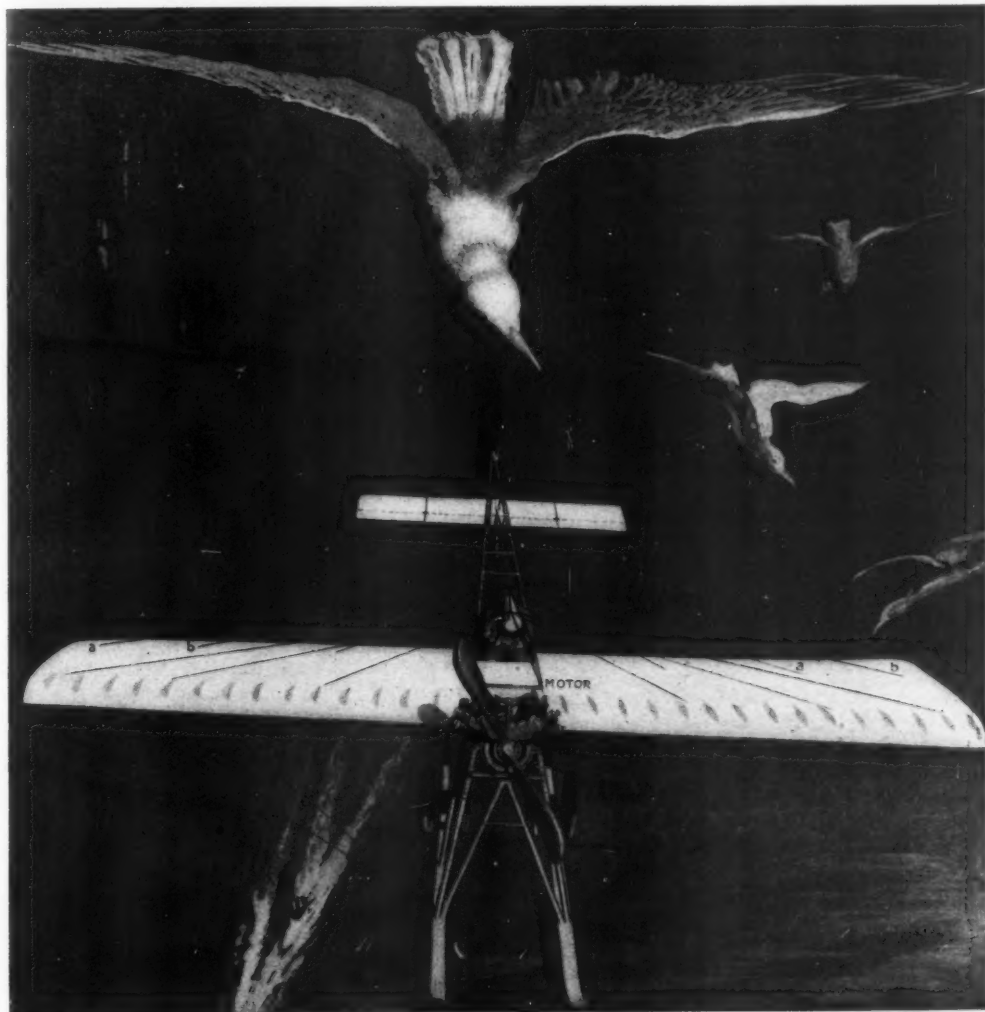
Wing-form in the up-stroke.

ping and soaring flight may be compared to the difference between attack and defense. Since the wing muscles are alternately under tension and relaxation, there is a certain amount of fatigue that accompanies soaring, tho not so great as that accompanying flapping flight."

It is a common experience in aviation that the air is more irregular on days when there is no well-directed air current. As soaring depends upon the irregularities, and not upon the velocity of the air, the soaring capabilities manifested by certain birds on days when there is no apparent current, may be readily understood. The efforts of flying men to adapt the structure of aeroplane tips to the principles suggested by bird flight could not, in the light of this explanation of the subject, be carried too far.

The most familiar bird flight is a rapid wing movement which has been called oar-like, remarks Professor William Duane Ennis, in his "Flying Machines To-Day," which the Van Nostrand Company has just issued. This oar-like movement of the bird's wing, he says, is precisely equivalent to the usual movement of the arms of a man in swimming. Everyone has noticed a second type of bird flight—soaring. A third and rare type of bird flight has been called sailing.

Side by side with the improvement in flying technique proceeds our knowledge of air currents. Observations at high altitudes seem to promise data throwing new and much needed light upon the action of the air with reference to the law of gravitation. There seems to occur something very like a modification of the principles of terrestrial gravity at high altitudes. What effect this might have upon the mechanism of an aeroplane far above ground is a problem.



Drawn for the *London Sphere* by G. Torrance Stephenson

A GULL SHOWN FLYING ABOVE A MONOPLANE

The diagram shows how the form of the living bird is duplicated in the monoplane. The "cutting edge" of the plane from which the machine obtains its lifting capacity is in essential the same as the cutting edge of the wing, although in this case the edge is formed of living muscle and bone (the same bones as in a man's arm, but adapted for flying). The rear edges of the planes can be warped up and down in rough imitation of the twisting of a bird's wing.

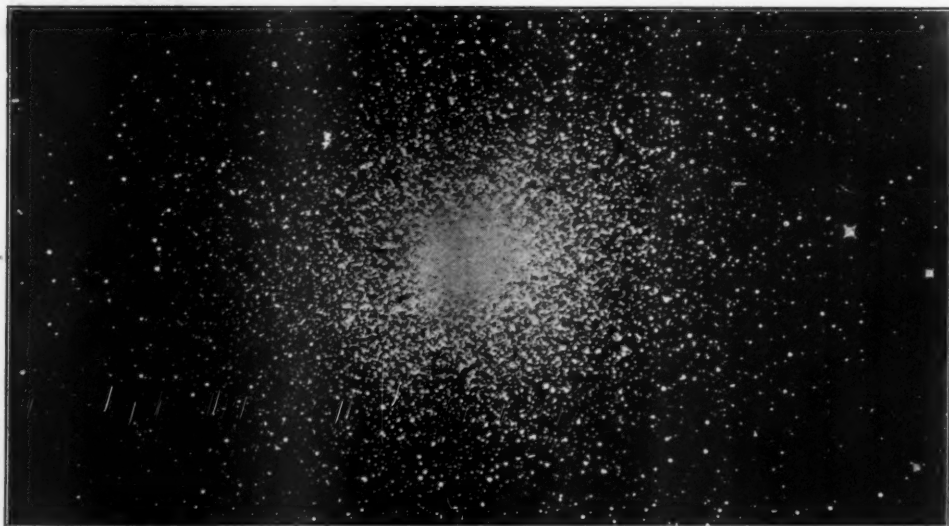
CAN ASTRONOMY EVER SAY POSITIVELY THAT OTHER PLANETS ARE INHABITED?

WE SHALL never be able to say positively, be the advance in astronomy what it may, that any of the other planets are actually inhabited. Such is the conviction of that competent student of the heavens Professor H. C. Wilson, who lately elaborated his ideas on the whole subject before the Astronomical Society of the Pacific. We shall, he says, by no increase of magnifying and defining power in the telescope, ever be able actually to see the inhabitants. This is not because we have reached the limit of magnifying power, but because of the great turbulent ocean of atmosphere through which we must look and which is almost incessantly in motion, bending and intermingling the rays of light which come to us so that the minute details of a planet's surface are hopelessly blurred.

The more we magnify these details of a planet's surface, adds Professor Wilson, the more they are blurred. On exceedingly rare occasions the sea of air quiets down and permits the astronomer to use the full power of his instrument. The astronomer is happy if at these times he is free to devote his attention to those objects which are most attractive to the sight. Occasionally such opportunities

come to Professor Wilson himself at Goodsell Observatory. One in particular he calls to mind. To quote his words from *The Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*:

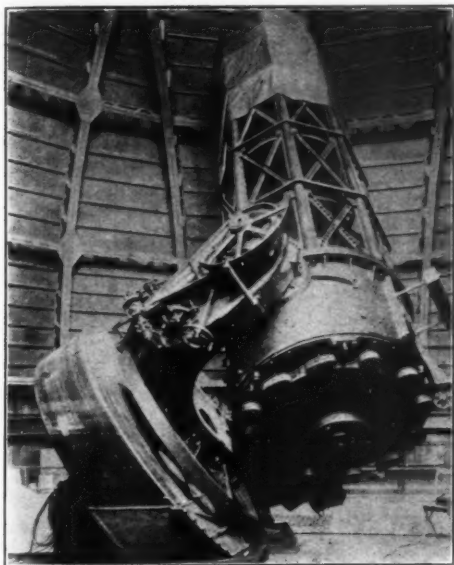
"Visitors were present, and soon the clouds came over, but in the few minutes granted to us we saw minuter detail in the depths of some of those giant craters in the moon than we had ever seen before. Fine, however, as these details were, they were far too coarse to indicate the presence of men or elephants, or even individual houses and trees. With the highest power we can use on our 16-inch telescope, the moon is brought within 150 miles, *i. e.*, its apparent size in the telescope is as large as it would be to the naked eye if the moon were actually one hundred and fifty miles away. The great Lick telescope in its favorable position on a mountain, above the worst of the atmospheric disturbances, will at best bring the moon within sixty miles. You know how little can be seen at that distance. A man, to be seen with the unaided eye, must be within ten miles distance. Theoretically, a telescope could be constructed of sufficient power to bring the moon within ten miles, but at the summit of the highest mountain on the earth there would still be air enough (as well as sufficient lack of air) to prevent its use. We must then give up all hope of seeing living beings on the moon."



Photograph from Brown Brothers

THE GREATEST CLUSTER OF STARS EVER "CAUGHT"

The wonderful results attainable in the observatories of our time is seen in this Mount Wilson observatory photograph of a star cluster taken with the new lens set up recently.



THE MOUNT WILSON REFLECTOR

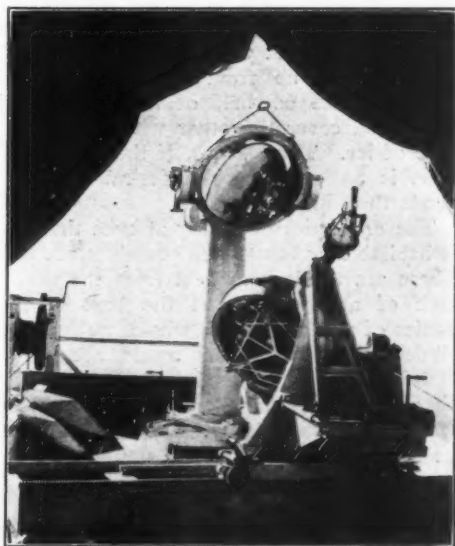
In the telescope the image furnished by the object glass is inverted and is magnified by the eyepiece.

Inquiring into the physical conditions of the planets, as suitable to the sustenance of life or not, we find first upon the moon no air. There are no clouds and no water. Without air and water no vegetation can exist. There is no soil other than volcanic ashes. It is unthinkable that the moon is inhabited. The sun may be left out of consideration altogether. Passing outward from the sun, the first planet we encounter is Mercury:

"Until recently but little was known of the physical condition of Mercury. Its orbit is so near the sun that observations of its surface are obtained only with difficulty and under unfavorable circumstances. In 1881-2, however, Schiaparelli succeeded, by midday observations, in the transparent sky of Italy, in identifying certain markings on Mercury's surface which led him to the conclusion that the planet rotates upon its axis in the same time that it revolves about the sun, thus keeping always the same side towards the sun. More recently this conclusion has been verified by Lowell's observations at Flagstaff, Arizona, and it is probably to be accepted as a fact, altho it is not yet admitted by all astronomers. If it be true, this fact has an important bearing upon the subject we are discussing. If the planet always keeps the same side toward the sun, there will be on the one hemisphere eternal day, on the other everlasting night. We can imagine what would be the effect upon the earth if the sun were to stop its

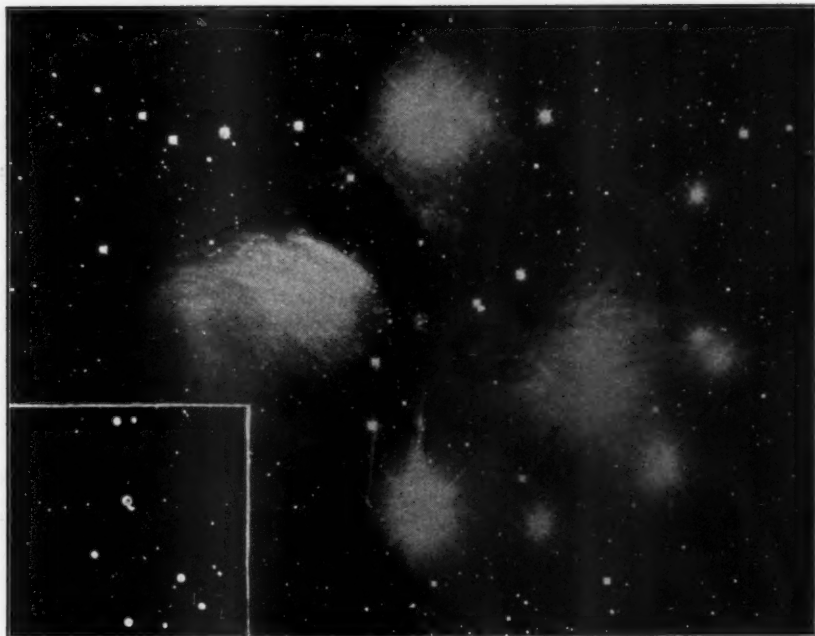
diurnal course through the sky and become stationary near the zenith. Without the alternation of day and night, a continuous noon-day sun boiling down fiercely year after year would raise the temperature to a frightful height. Multiply the intensity of the rays of the tropical midsummer sun by nine and you will have some idea of those which beat down upon the sunward side of Mercury. On the other side would be the opposite extreme, unbroken night and a temperature practically as low as that of space."

We must conclude that Mercury is not habitable. Next outward from the sun we come to Venus. In size and density this planet is very like the earth. If anywhere upon the planets, we should expect to find upon Venus conditions suitable for life like our own. Until recently, the rotation period was thought to be almost the same as that of the earth. Astronomers have come to the conclusion that Venus, like Mercury, keeps the same side always toward the sun, rotating once in almost exactly the same time in which she completes her circuit around the sun. Spectrograms of the planet taken at Flagstaff tend to establish the fact of very slow rotation. We may, however, question the validity of a proof which depends upon spectrograms taken in midday, when the sky spectrum, that is, the spectrum of sunlight reflected by our atmosphere, is superposed upon that of the planet, and masks the slight inclination which the planet's rota-



A SEARCHER OF THE SKIES

This device is in position at the great observatory on Mount Wilson.



THE OLD PHOTOGRAPHY OF THE HEAVENS AND THE NEW

The Little Dipper as photographed a few years ago in the telescopic lens of that time is shown in the lower left-hand corner. The same constellation photographed with the latest high-power lens is shown in the spreading glare of the large photograph. The proportions have been observed for the effect.

tion might produce in the spectral lines. The low temperature prevailing on Venus would cause the moisture to be frozen and thus prevented largely from returning from the dark side of the planet to the sun-lit side. This process, kept up from age to age, would finally deplete one-half of the planet of its water and cover the other with a permanent coat of ice. Thus Venus, if these things are true, is an even more undesirable place of abode than Mercury.

The difficulties of saying at once that Mars is habitable by beings like ourselves are three. These are the lack of heat from the sun, the lack of atmosphere and the lack of large bodies of water. On the whole, we must conclude that life on Mars would not be very satisfactory for beings like ourselves. That there may be life there Professor Wilson would not care to deny. We have, however, no adequate proof of it.

"Next in order, outward from the sun, we come to the giant planet Jupiter, with his retinue of four large satellites and four small ones. The diameter of Jupiter is 86,000 miles, eleven times that of the earth, but his rotation is so swift that the Jovian day is less than ten of our

hours. His average density is only one-fourth that of the earth, *i. e.*, a little greater than that of water. The surface is diversified by belts of red and purple and white running parallel to the equator. These do not suggest the appearance of land and water, but rather of cloud-zones, between which we see perhaps portions of the real surface. The best evidence we can get goes to show that Jupiter has not yet cooled."

Saturn, "the king of the planets," comes next in order, with his golden rings and numerous satellites. "Surely, this would be a glorious place to live, with the ten moons of as many different sizes and the great arch of meteor rings spanning the heavens." But we find that Saturn is in much the same condition as Jupiter, not yet cooled off. The two outer planets, Uranus and Neptune, are too far from the earth to allow us to learn much of their surfaces.

But how about the stars? Among the thousands, millions and hundreds of millions of glittering orbs which the great telescopes reveal, are there no inhabited worlds? We can say of each one of these which is visible to the eye or which the telescope reveals that it is a sun, not an inhabited world.

Religion and Ethics

THE POPULAR PASTIME OF HECKLING THE CHURCHES

THE feeling of many progressive churchmen is voiced in the December *Atlantic Monthly* by Harry Emerson Fosdick, the well-known Baptist minister, in a timely article wherein he accuses the magazines of wilfully heckling organized religion. "The Failure of the Church," "The Conflict of Religion with the Church," "Is Modern Organized Christianity a Failure?"—how familiar, he remarks, are these titles; and the articles leave the impression "not only that there are grievous errors to be criticized, but that some people are having rare sport criticizing them." The labor-men's convention that hissed the church and cheered Jesus; the trades-union leader who said "Christ is all right, but damn the church"; and that other one, most scornful, who announced, "We used to hate and then we despised the church, but now we ignore it"; these are old stories, says Mr. Fosdick, and getting a little tiresome. Also the college woman who distinguishes herself by an article on the "doddering of the service" and the "divagation of the sermon." In spite of the reiterated and "hectic insistence" in the magazines that a crisis of "unprecedented acuteness" is at hand, the churchman who believes in the function and future of organized religion, Mr. Fosdick declares, does not lose heart. For well he knows, far better than the hecklers, that the church to-day is meeting a crisis. But he also understands the nature of this crisis, and its hopefulness. Mr. Fosdick explains:

"The growth of the factory system, the amazing increase in urban population, the bewildering kaleidoscope of social reconstruction, these and their kin create a crisis. Shall the church, adapted in organization and methods to an age of agriculture and domestic manufacture, confused in thought by the leftovers of an exaggerated individualism, go through no spasms in her attempts at readjustment? . . .

"Shall theology relegate countless laborious tomes to the dust-heap without a struggle, when

evolution upsets old premises and compels a readjustment of religion's basic ideas? Shall not the church, with a small van and a large, straggling rear-guard, dawdle along on the forced march toward a new camping-ground, with innumerable shufflings and evasions, petty compromises, blind obscurantisms, and absurd denials? It has never been otherwise. The pleasantly human and ingenious custom of theology as of all other organized systems of thought, has always been to kick a new truth round the block and then welcome it as a long-lost brother."

Beneath all this current criticism of the church, Mr. Fosdick finds one singularly strange assumption,—that the church's ills are exclusively and peculiarly her property. One would suppose, he says, to read recent magazine articles, that traditionalism, formalism and sectarianism are special ecclesiastical diseases, so particularly the distress of the church that she, "being now rather tiresomely heckled concerning them, may not turn and cry, 'Tu quoque.'" And he continues: "Men shake their heads over the church's complaints. They grow lugubrious over ecclesiastical blunders. They become ironical about clerical idiosyncrasies. They forget that the problems and distresses of the church are not unique, but universally human foibles and failures, exhibited in every form of organized enterprise, as medicable in the church as elsewhere, and, unless men play the coward, to be as resolutely, hopefully, constructively faced there as in medicine or law."

Even in that most bitter of all charges, that ministers fawn and church policies are pliant before the subsidizing power of wealth, is the church, guilty tho she be to a certain degree, alone in her guilt? asks Mr. Fosdick. He goes on to say:

"Governor Woodrow Wilson rightly expresses, in a recent address, his apprehension, because it is increasingly difficult to find, for the bench, men from the bar who by their associations with corporate wealth have not lost all understanding of the people's needs. Who is bought up to-day for the service of wealth against commonwealth if not lawyers? Shall the editors press the



DEFENDING THE CHURCH AGAINST MUCK-
RAKERS

The Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick champions the church
against hecklers.

charge, as tho clear-eyed they saw the church's mote? But their news is trimmed and clipped, suppressed and twisted as the advertizers and the owners say, and they notoriously write as they are paid rather than as they think. Professor E. A. Ross has well marshaled the facts in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1910, to show that the American press to-day is the outstanding illustration of the saying, 'He who pays the piper

calls the tune.' Shameful and incongruous it surely is, that this and other charges should be true in some degree of the Christian Church; but this consolation at least she has, this assurance, that her problem is a common difficulty—to be solved in her as elsewhere by undiscourageable patience; that she can turn to every one of her accusers, whatsoever form of organized life they represent, and say, 'You're another!'

The basal matter, from the modern progressive churchman's point of view, is not only the unescapable presence of religion as a dominant element in human life, but the necessity for its organization. "The spirit will somehow insist upon a body." Therefore, church or no church, Mr. Fosdick declares, is not the alternative. The question being what sort of a church shall we have? He grants that whole sections of organized religion are already doomed, "caught in eddies by the shore, oblivious of the main stream and whirling round and round until they rot." Nevertheless, the writer goes on to say, to-day the new church within the churches is speaking. The spirit there evinced is more full of hope than all the failures are of discouragement. "The last ten years have seen a reformation in American Protestantism greater than the most sanguine could have dreamed. Like the Jews rebuilding the walls of their sacred city, multiplying hands are at work upon the unescapable task of organized religion. It must," the valiant clergyman concludes, "be half-breed Samaritans who now, as then, heckling the builders with gibes and missiles, compel them to work with a trowel in one hand and a sword in the other."

THE EXCITEMENT IN GERMANY OVER THE NEW CHRIST-MYTH



A STORM of religious controversy is now raging in Germany to which the famous Babel-Bible excitement seems but a gentle breeze. It centers about the hypothesis advanced by Professor Arthur Drews, in his book, "The Christ-Myth," to the effect that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, that the origin and growth of Christianity, including the contents of the Gospels, are accounted for by the general religious development of the period, that the Christian church was a Gnostic sect, and that Jesus was a deity worshipped before the Christian era.

It is always easy in Germany to move the public, scholars and laymen, to profound and vivid feeling over religious problems, easier, perhaps, than in any other country, provided always that the controversy starts outside the church, for the professional theologian seems to be hopelessly discounted by the German public. Knowing that in the relation of Church and State a man must profess certain opinions in order to occupy either a pulpit or a chair in a university, the public refuses to accept his opinions as his own, regarding him at the best as a prejudiced special pleader. But when an outsider gives proof that he is trying to throw light on a religious ques-

tion, he is sure of an eager audience, vitally interested one way or another. Professor Drews, the present storm-center, is such an outsider. Holding the chair of philosophy at the Technical High School of Karlsruhe, he is deeply interested in spiritual matters, advocates a religious monism strongly opposed to the materialistic monism of Haeckel, and in his work, "Religion as the Self-Consciousness of God," pins his faith to an ultimate Christian pantheism freed from any relation to Jesus as a human personality. Every leading theologian of Germany has met Professor Drews's challenge with articles more or less heated, so that it is well that Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University, should have summed up the evidence on either side in a calm, dispassionate and judicial review in the current *International Journal of Ethics*. Professor Schmidt calls attention to the fact that, tho the present agitation is strongest in Germany, it really started in America, for one of the most important teachers of Professor Drews has been Prof. William Benjamin Smith, of Tulane University, a noted mathematician and author of many works on geometry and calculus, who in the year 1906 was transferred to the chair of philosophy at the same university. Almost at once he entered the field of German theological discussion by the translation of five of his essays under the title of "The Pre-Christian Jesus," with a preface by Professor Schmiedel. In this book Professor Smith announced his discovery of Jesus as a pre-Christian deity. He derived his evidence from the following sources:

1. A passage in Epiphanius (died 403 A. D.).
2. The Naasene hymn in Hippolytus (died after 235 A. D.).
3. A form of conjuration in a Paris papyrus of the fourth century.
4. The phrase, "The things concerning Jesus," in Acts 18: 24-28.

A new collection of Professor Smith's essays has just been published in German under the title "Ecce Deus." His idea of a pre-Christian cult has received a qualified approval from Professor Cheyne of Oxford, the famous editor of the "Encyclopedia Biblica," who says in *Hibbert's Journal* that "the god-man, whose cult in certain Jewish circles was probably pre-Christian, was called by a name which underlies Jeshua." As for the four main points of evidence adduced by the American writer, Professor Schmidt, in an admirable

summary, gives reasons for and against their acceptance as follows:

Epiphanius, one of the church fathers, mentions a Jewish sect, the Nazaraeans, living in the regions beyond the Jordan, which existed before Christ and did not know Christ, differing from other Jews only in believing that the Mosaic law which they possessed was more accurate than that of the Pharisees, in their refusal to offer sacrifices, and in abstaining from animal food. He also mentions a Jewish-Christian sect, the Nazaraeans, living in Beroea, about Coelo-Syria, who were formerly known as Jessaeans, from Jesse or Jesus, and were identical with the Essenes. Professor Smith, so Professor Schmidt tells us, assumes that these Nazaraeans and the Nazaraeans were really the same sect; that the Nazaraeans existed before Christ and were then called Jessaeans because they worshipped a god called Jesus, and that the term Nazarene has nothing to do with Nazareth, which, he says, did not exist in the first century, but is derived from an epithet meaning "the protector," applied to Jesus as a divinity. In answer to this, Professor Schmidt adds that there is no reason to infer any such confusion on the part of Epiphanius. Recently discovered documents throw much light on the Jews who in the second century B. C. entered into the new covenant and settled in Damascus, showing that they differed so widely from the Pharisees as to make it entirely probable that they formed a separate sect, and indicating that they were of the Nazaraeans referred to by Epiphanius. The Nazaraeans, on the other hand, were most probably the Galileans; and, as Prof. Cheyne points out, the word applied to Christ, *ha-nezri*, which probably means Galilean, is not the word for protector, which would be *ha-nezer*. As for the non-existence of Nazareth in the first century, the fact that Josephus and the Talmud do not mention it is balanced by the fact that Eusebius does, and the evangelists evidently believed in it. Evidently, then, if the Nazaraeans, existing before Christ, were distinct from the Nazaraeans, to which Jesus belonged, a pre-Christian god Jesus cannot be proved from Epiphanius.

As to the second source of Professor Smith's evidence, Professor Schmidt says that while the name Jesus does appear in an undated hymn of the Naasene sect, the supposition that the hymn dates from a period before Christ is quite gratuitous, for tho the Naasenes did exist before Christ, they also existed long

afterwards, and were a Christian Gnostic sect. To give the reference value as evidence it would have to be proved to date from a time before the sect came in contact with Christianity.

The third point is that in a collection of charms, formulas, prayers and incantations contained in a papyrus dating from the early part of the fourth century, but gathered from much older sources, the phrase occurs, "I conjure you by the god of the Hebrews, Jesus." But granting that the word occurs in a charm of great antiquity, the papyrus is acknowledged to be full of glaring and easily detected inaccuracies in names, due to the many copyings of the pagan scribe, so that the name may well be one of the blunders of the copyist, as it is so nearly like others.

As for the passage in Acts, that lies open to the layman to form his own judgment from. Professor Schmidt comes to the conclusion that while the author of "The Pre-Christian Jesus" seems to have summoned into being a hitherto unknown divinity, he has not shown us the slightest trace of the presence of this god in the minds of men.

Professor Drews, however, is most of all concerned with proving that Jesus of Nazareth never existed, and this, the writer in *The International Journal of Ethics* reminds us, is a purely historic question, to be settled on the evidence by anyone who wishes to write a life of Jesus. He admits that if the references to Jesus in Josephus are thrown out, being generally acknowledged to be an interpolation, and if it is granted that those in the Talmud depend upon the gospels themselves or on an invention, with Seneca silent and Tacitus's accuracy questionable, it will be impossible to prove from pagan or Jewish authors that Jesus of Nazareth ever lived on earth. But even so Professor Schmidt cannot see any reason for throwing out of court all Christian testimony any more than we throw out Mohammedan testimony as to the existence of Mahomet. He concludes: "The balance of probability appears to the present writer to be very strongly in favor of the historic existence of a prophet by the name of Jesus, living in Galilee and dying in Jerusalem in the first half of the first century A. D., while he can find no testimony that even plausibly suggests the existence of a god named Jesus worshipped in Jewish Gnostic circles before our era."

Professor Drews is trying to remove what seems to him to be a stumbling-block in the way of the world's sound religious faith; he

thinks that men should turn away from a human personality whom they regard not only as the type of moral perfection, but as the highest authority in religious thought, and recognize the essential unity of life. "To think of the world's activity as God's activity; of mankind's development, filled with struggle and suffering, as the story of a divine struggle and passion; of the world-process as the process of a god who in each individual creature fights, suffers, conquers and dies so that he may overcome the limitations of the finite in the religious consciousness of man and anticipate his future triumph over all the suffering of the world"—that is the goal Professor Drews wishes to see attained.

The extreme orthodox view of the controversy is presented by Professor Dunkmann, director of the Royal Seminary for Preachers at Wittenberg, who, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, points out that tho the controversy as to the nature of Christ has gone on since his own day, the fact that suddenly and simultaneously, from numerous centers in England, France, America and Germany, the hypothesis that Jesus never existed is not only proclaimed but received with interest, presents a pathological symptom that Christendom will do well to investigate. Science, dealing with facts, has had to deal with the fact of the continued existence of the Christian church, and the springing of mighty life-forces from such a poor and weak beginning. Christianity itself accounts for the origin of these forces by considering itself a miracle of God, tracing itself back to a primeval miracle of God—Christ. The "modern" attitude, from the eighteenth century on, has set itself against miracles as such, and yet retained Jesus as the starting-point of the church, saying that he, as an extraordinary man, a hero, a genius, but not miraculous, left an extraordinary impression which led to the building up of a community. But modern science is rising ever more actively against this "historical" Jesus; his impression seems altogether out of proportion to his personality. The alternative, says the orthodox professor, remains either to return to the idea of a miraculous Christ, or to let the person of Jesus fade wholly away and conceive the whole of primitive Christianity as only the gradual development of a Christ-myth. In one case the "historical" Jesus becomes a miracle, in the other a myth. Between these two the issue is joined: the human hero disappears, and the question runs simply, "For or against the Christ?"

ETHICAL CAUSES OF NAPOLEON'S DOWNFALL



WHAT was the cause of Napoleon's fall? Three recent writers seem to agree on one theory. According to August Fournier, the Viennese scholar, according to Arthur Hassall, a young English student, and according to Karl Hauptmann, the German poet and playwright, Napoleon's downfall was caused by his inability to realize that there is such a thing as a national conscience. Napoleon believed that he could settle all problems of European politics by making deals with princes; he forgot the people, tho himself a son of the people. He betrayed the revolution which had made him. He failed to understand the new spirit of which he himself was the instrument. There was, as Prof. Fournier brings out in his biography now published in English for the first time,* a certain moral obliqueness in Napoleon which made him insensible to finer motives in individuals as well as in nations. He was, in the words of Prof. Fournier, "the greatest of parvenus." Napoleon fell because, to quote Dr. William Berry's review of Fournier's work in the *London Bookman*, "he understood only facts and forces, but could never grasp the inward meaning of religion, liberty, national spirit. . . . He was more like Caliban than Prospero, an earthly mind endowed with abnormal strength, serving higher purposes than he knew.

The new biographies of Napoleon attempt to destroy the Napoleon myth which the great Corsican himself industriously built up, for Napoleon seen in the light of recent historical investigation was the most monumental liar the world has known since Ananias. Yet the fact remains that Napoleon was unquestionably the greatest individual man determining the fortunes of the modern world. A curious complex himself, his portraits as painted by friends and enemies can only be caricatures. From Béranger's "hymns" to Barbier's satires, from Thiers, with his Revolutionary Epic, to Lanfrey's indictment and Taine's analysis, a strange Galton photograph might be produced; but, asks Dr. Berry, could we believe it was like any human figure?

Prof. Fournier attempts to show us the real Napoleon. He remembers, however, as Dr. Berry observes, that an eagle is a bird of prey, "not nice in its habits, but not a barn-

door fowl." Tried at common law which, the writer goes on to say, is a judgment seat none of us can escape, the modern Alexander would be sentenced to penal servitude, as in fact he underwent it. His crimes are not to be condoned. "On the ethical scale he stands as low as on the scale of permanent public achievement he stands high."

"Bonaparte could scarcely credit a rumor of unselfish action, and never dreamt man or woman was capable of resisting temptation. It is probably this unbelief that gives to his conversation and his letters a tone we must call (for want of the right word) vulgar, and that leaves us cold before his famous manifestoes, too evidently claptrap. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien, the imprisonment of Pius VII., were crimes; but they were also acts of perfidy and meanness which disgust while they provoke resentment, and ever will. Bonaparte, says Emerson, 'was a boundless liar.' His correspondence and State papers, laid open since Emerson wrote, enlarge our conception of the possibilities of lying. In this feature, most of all, he resembles Caesar Borgia, and is the beau ideal of Macchiavelli's 'Prince.' Faithful to the end, he sits at St. Helena dictating historic falsehoods to gull posterity. It is to him inconceivable that any man should tell the truth to his own disadvantage. The hero was never to blame; therefore Brueys lost the battle of the Nile by disobeying instructions; the winter and Murat explain the disasters in Russia, which began earlier than the snow, and did not require anything to account for them except Napoleon's failure to cope with so enormous an expedition. In like manner it was Grouchy that blundered in the campaign of Waterloo, yet he did so by the Emperor's written commands. When the Pope timidly whispers that he is only a trustee and cannot give away the Roman States or yield up the Papal powers, he is told by Napoleon-Ahab that he, and not his gaoler, is troubling the Church. Some great men have been magnanimous; Bonaparte always trampled on his victim, and insulted him at the same time. It is extraordinary that Carlyle, or any one well read in history, should imagine there is an essential connection between goodness and genius. Napoleon's life refutes that amiable theory at every point. And of him in the days when he was most triumphant Victor Hugo's saying holds, 'Le succès est hideux.' The Emperor who made kings bow to him at Erfurt is hardly more engaging than Attila."

The ethics of Napoleon were the ethics of the Superman, or no ethics at all. There was in him a touch of insanity. His megalomania

* NAPOLEON I. By August Fournier. Translated by Annie Elizabeth Adams. Henry Holt Company.



EVEN IN ST. HELENA, NAPOLEON WAS STILL HIMSELF

Chained to a little rock, Napoleon's mind was still centered upon himself, and actively engaged in "editing" history for his own greater glory.

obscured his vision and necessitated his fall. None of his brothers, as Fournier tells us, used the familiar "tu" in conversation with him. Even Josephine in the privacy of the nuptial chamber was compelled to address him as "Your Majesty." Tho he controlled the world, he was unable to control himself and his omnivorous selfishness. He himself, remarks T. P., in *T. P.'s Magazine*, caused his fall; the whole world could not have accomplished that tremendous victory over Napoleon; Napoleon alone could have conquered Napoleon. "His character," declared the faithful Berthier, who, alone of all his brilliant generals, followed him into his long exile, "is the reason why he had no friends and so many enemies, and why we are here at St. Helena." To the same fault, to the absence of a sense of duty to others, may be ascribed the blunders which lead to his downfall. This seems to be also the conception of Mr. Hassall, whose active investigations* lead him irresistibly to Fournier's conclusions. Mr. Hassall's conception of Napoleon, to quote the *New York Times*, reduces the great man below the station usually assigned to him. Napoleon, to him, was great and successful, only as long as he was the embodiment of the French Revolution and the instrument for creating a similar revolution elsewhere in Europe.

"Mr. Hassall rejects the idea that the only sig-

* *THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.* By Arthur Hassall. Little, Brown & Company.

nificant revolution was in France, and insists strongly on the equal importance of those which occurred elsewhere, but which were not quite so spectacular. But once his work was done, once he had carried the French Revolution to its logical outcome, once he had created the necessary new life in Germany and elsewhere, his methods lost their force and he began to blunder and to fall. His great work was all done before 1807, but that was because up to that time he was the instrument of his time and carried out its spirit. After that he was simply a would-be conqueror, and as there was no need for the playing of such a part on the European stage he did not conquer. . . .

"And from 1807 he gradually entered upon the period of his decline and fall; for he was no longer the instrument and director of the French Revolution, and he had abolished the kingdoms and awakened the peoples—which was his appointed work. Here begins the record of his blundering. He was entirely unaware of the fact that he had created a national sentiment in Germany, or at least he was unaware that that fact had any significance. He believed always that when he dealt with a king he was dealing with the nation.

"Hence he gayly undertook the impossible conquest of Russia, believing that there he had only Alexander to deal with and reckoning not at all with the existence of any such power as the people. He committed the same error with Spain, and was so blind to the advisability of consulting a people before attempting to conquer it that the Spanish war appeared to him an unimportant side issue. It proved to be, in fact, the rock on which he broke."

MRS. STETSON ON THE IMMORTALITY OF MRS. EDDY



SINCE the death of Mrs. Eddy, Christian Science leaders have repeatedly defined their position with regard to physical dissolution. "Since," insists Alfred Farlow, in the *New England Magazine*, "the real life of the Universe is of God and hence eternal, it follows that life cannot end or be suspended. Those who pass through the transitional experience termed death still are conscious of individual existence and continue their spiritual advance." Nevertheless, the Christian Science Publishing Company is sponsor for a volume entitled "Editorial Comments on the Life and Works of Mary Baker Eddy," gathered chiefly from non-church publications, in which Mrs. Eddy naturally enough is referred to as "dead." For this reason Mrs. Stetson, the deposed Christian Science leader in New York, who shortly after the death of Mrs. Eddy confidently expressed her belief in the immortality of the founder of Christian Science, now, in a pamphlet entitled "Hear, O Israel," arraigns those upon whom rests at present the destiny of the church. The pamphlet, to which the *New York Press* calls attention, is made up of two letters written by Mrs. Stetson in reply to inquiries by her followers.

Mrs. Stetson regards the publication of the book of comments as a tacit indorsement of the prevailing view of death as opposed to the tenets of Mrs. Eddy. She does not want such a statement as "Two nights ago a frail old gentlewoman died," to be given currency, for Mrs. Eddy never in any of her writings taught the reality of death. She is equally displeased with the republication of such a sentence as, "With the death of Mrs. Eddy there passes from this world's activities one of the most remarkable women of her time," not only because it states that Mrs. Eddy is dead, but because the spiritual idea Mary Baker Eddy has not in the least passed from this world's activities. "While she tabernacled, apparently in the flesh, she was a potent factor in elevating mankind to the contemplation of man as immortal, and in all her writings she repudiated the teachings of scholastic theology—their belief that sin, sickness and death are real."

Again, she objects to the directors' sanctioning such a phrase as "the deep sorrow felt by Christian Scientists over the death of their leader." "Christian Scientists who follow

Mrs. Eddy in spiritualization of thought did not sorrow over her higher exaltation as she rose into a more spiritual altitude; but they rejoiced that she was continuing in the 'line of light and battle' against error, the conflict of Spirit over the fleshly mind." She protests against the statement that "the passing of Mary Eddy removes one who for more than a generation has been a force," for she has not been removed from the universe. It is difficult for an outsider to frame a sentence which shall refer to Mrs. Eddy at the present time and be suitable, in Mrs. Stetson's eyes, for publication under Church auspices; even the saying that one of the most remarkable women of all time has been removed from the world is met by the rejoinder that the Founder has not been removed. Some one who says that Mrs. Eddy "died at a ripe old age" is twice wrong, not only in the assertion of death, but because Mrs. Eddy taught her followers to repudiate the belief of age, and Mrs. Stetson quotes from "Science and Health": "Never record ages. Time-tables of birth and death are so many conspiracies against manhood and womanhood." Over and again Mrs. Stetson untiringly contradicts the obituary phrases quoted in the official pamphlet, so that it looks as if—to choose what must be an offensive metaphor—she were forcing the directors to take their own medicine. Her own consistency is unflinching, her logic accurate; she does not slip up once in referring to death or sickness or sin without its careful qualification as belief or error. Mrs. Stetson reaffirms her expectation of Mrs. Eddy's reappearance: "All the material beliefs which compose a so-called material universe, combined, cannot prevent the resurrection of human hope and faith to behold the fulfilment of the law of love, which will be manifest at the reappearance of the ideal woman, now known to the world as Mary Baker Eddy." But "those who believe in death, or who chronicle it, or teach it, will not have the spiritual vision to behold their leader at her reappearing."

"We cannot serve two masters; we cannot declare that we are mortal and immortal, or that we are mortal now, but sometime will be immortal. We must know the scientific fact of being, that God and His Christ was, is, and ever will be the only being—that we are spiritual members of the body of Christ, and that there is not and never has been any other existence. Mrs. Eddy

says: 'Simply uttering this great thought is not enough. We must live it.' . . . Can we live it by endorsing the opposite of Life,—the claim of death? . . . Is it promulgating the teachings of Mary Baker Eddy to send into human consciousness the opposite of her teachings—a direct contradiction of the fundamental facts of her writings?"

The second letter speaks of this as the testing time for the field of Christian Scientists. "She (Mrs. Eddy) foresaw this hour, but she was confident that some of her students were equal to the occasion, and that they would endure to the end every indignity, every wrong, that the ignorant or evil can inflict." Mrs. Stetson, tho excommunicated, still looks upon herself as the authentic leader of Mrs. Eddy's

Church and her followers. She goes on to say:

"No one is more fully qualified to speak authoritatively than I, but the cross carried uncomplainingly for the Cause of Christian Science and for the good of mankind wins the crown of immortal consciousness. . . .

I have nearly four hundred personal letters which I have received from Mrs. Eddy during twenty-five years of my association with her, and I know the divine order and the divine law which governed and still governs this spiritually organized Church and College. Spiritually interpreted, The Mother Church Manual is the law of God. Those who have not been sufficiently spiritually illumined to interpret the meaning of the By-laws made by Mrs. Eddy, 'the Scribe of Spirit,' or the God-anointed to this age, seem to reverse them."

MR. CHESTERTON GOES GUNNING FOR THE "NEW RELIGIONS"



POPGUN is the weapon with which "G. K. C.," as a newly established freeholder, shoots sparrows on his half-acre lot. The popgun, like most things connected with Chesterton, may be considered symbolic. In the world of ideas, he is ever ready with a popgun for game which he chooses to consider too small to merit a larger weapon. Thus in a recent number of *The Open Road*, a radical English monthly, this whimsical champion of orthodoxy fires a volley at the New Religions,—not because they threaten to destroy his orthodoxy (nothing so lively as that!), but because he fears they might put him to sleep forever. They are so dull. "Real theologies," he exclaims, "are at the noblest inspiring, in the average interesting, at the worst amusing. But the New Religions! The Universal Fellowships! The True Christian Brotherhood! O gods of slumber and the underworld!" He proceeds to quote from one of these new religious manifestos as follows: "A higher and truer faith unfettered by dogma and sacerdotalism, founded not on creeds and forms, but on the spirit of love and truth; faith in the universal, spiritual, eternal, fundamental unity of all and each; faith that you and we and they and all things are not separate, are not solitary, are not disconnected items or unconjoined individuals, but are one in love, one in purity, one in brotherhood, one in truth-seeking, one in true social fellowship, one above all in service,

one in that upward striving of the all which . . ." and so on, and so on. "The priest in such a temple," Chesterton declares, "ought to wear nightcaps instead of miters, and put up bedroom candles for altar-lights." As for himself: "After half an hour of a new religion in a new tin chapel I feel inclined, like the man in the story, to put my boots outside the pew so that they may be cleaned in the morning."

It is precisely in the newest and crudest churches, according to Chesterton, that one hears the stalest sentiments. The old religions may be paradoxical; the new ones are platitudinous bores. Even when they teach the important truth of the brotherhood of men, it is not as a first principle to be built upon, only as a perpetually dug-up rediscovery. They come to no conclusion. They are too vague. The old special dogmatic religions, right or wrong, enshrine certain important historical decisions. Islam, for instance, decided against wine; Quakers against war. These, Chesterton goes on to say, are challenges which will always interest and perhaps perturb or attract.

"Go into a Jewish synagog and you will hear cogent and unique reasons urged against a Jew marrying a Gentile. Go into a little Roman Catholic church and you will hear a little unimportant priest expounding some really logical distinction between men and animals, or between one kind of drunkenness and another. Buddhist metaphysics and Swedenborgian theology are really interesting things. Men have studied a

complex problem, have come to certain important conclusions; and they offer those conclusions to the world. And whether I like them as I like Catholicism, or loathe them as I loathe Buddhism, I should always think they were worth listening to. I like to hear a Scotch Calvinist minister of the old school ingeniously explaining away the text that 'God is love.' He may be hardening his heart, but at least he is not also softening his head; holding a certain view, he has the courage to hold its consequences. All these special doctrines are at least the results of some kind of thinking; and even where they are to be denounced as deadly errors, they will sometimes serve truth by comparison."

Chesterton's fundamental criticism of the New Religions is that they are not new. They are too timid, he says, to trust themselves beyond the most grandmotherly truisms, the most ancient maxims about the unity of God and the fellowship of Man. They profess to be sceptical and inquiring; but they never venture to ask any of the violently controversial questions, such as "Can Suicide be noble? May Sex be abnormal? Is the Will free? Can the Soul be lost?" They follow everywhere the line of least resistance. And in this he discovers an indirect tribute to the organic change made in man by Christianity. To quote further:

"The old pagans, who lived before the change, did manage to have a number of little local religions which were not dull, even when they were diabolical. But then they did not worship the Unity or the All, the tiresome god of the Pantheists who turns up everywhere, like a snob at garden-parties. They worshipped a *thing* of some kind: a river, a statue, or a star, or some horrible insect. They showed their sense; for if you begin at this end, you do really find a certain flow of ideas and images coming from the special thing upon which you set your thoughts. A sacred river will sanctify the fields through which it flows, the mills which it turns will grind merrily, and he that builds bridges over it shall be Pontifex Maximus. A holy image will have a real town built round it, ringing with hammers and shielded with high walls. The star will guide fishers and ploughmen as well as poets and astronomers. The insect will be at home both in the temple and the laboratory. When men worship the sun, they produce something: gods with bows of gold and epics, snake-slaughter, and healing. When men worship the moon, they produce something: virgins with bows of silver and dim fairy tales of Endymion. But when men worship the All, they produce the Nothing—the Nothing to which I have listened for hours from the pulpits and platforms of the New Religions."

Chesterton would not have us return to the childish idolatry of the ancients. He admits it would be hard for "an honest clerk in Battersea to *worship* the Thames without embarrassment"; and he has known few instances of "prosperous ladies and gentlemen being found on their knees before the Albert Memorial." We count the stars to-day, but we cannot adore them. He doubts if there is any human desire left for pagan polytheism. "The Kensington gentleman," he goes on to say, "is prevented from kneeling before the Albert Memorial by two deep Christian qualities or elements. The first is a certain kind of *humor*, which is akin to mysticism and the more emotional and mixed psychology of the Christian life. The second is the Christian thirst for actuality, for the ultimate secret of the universe; the Christian cannot really believe Prince Albert to be a god, and he has lost the faculty of playing at believing it. This sense of inner incongruity and this thirst for truth are noble qualities; and I do not think we should wish to give them up to purchase the varied altars and the spontaneous dances of the heathen."

But since Europe became Christendom and decided to take its cosmic theory seriously, there have been two attitudes among Europeans, the dogmatic and the mystic. Chesterton, as perhaps the most effective, if whimsical, living champion of the former, thus concludes his attack:

"Strong creative minds got to grips with nature and morality and forced them to yield some tangible result—that is, they went in for what is called Dogma. They dealt with the disputable matters, sex and suicide and property and slavery, and produced plain definitions about them, right or wrong. They carried the great ethical commonplaces with which they had begun courageously into all the complications of actuality. . . . They really tried to find an answer for every riddle, to hammer out a key for every lock; but from time to time this incessant and creative violence becomes too much for vaguer people; they are deafened by the dogmatists as by the hammers in some horrible smithy; they ask for a truce from discussions and definitions, and in some age of fatigue they get it. Then, in the silence that follows, some half-witted old man is heard murmuring in his sleep the infantile and obvious truths with which everybody started: that there is only one world and that men should love one another. It is quite true; but he generally says it nine hundred and ninety-nine times. When he has said it a thousand times it is called a New Religion."

FRANCIS GRIERSON, THE PROPHET OF A NEW MYSTICISM



GREAT revival of art, poetry, and literature will not be possible until a new and universal mystical spirit pervades the world, and when it comes it will rise above creeds, countries, and institutions. It will sweep everything before it, not by any material force displayed, but by a vitalizing influence on the intellectual imagination of the educated and learned."

This passage from an essay entitled "Materialism and Crime" may be termed the dominant idea of the message brought by Francis Grierson, acclaimed by Maeterlinck the greatest essayist of our time and recognized by a rapidly increasing body of the most influential critics of England, France, and the United States as a world figure of strangely original genius. Men of such diverse ways of thought as the late William James; the Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple in London; Stephane Mallarmé, leader of French heterodoxy in poetry; Sully Prudhomme, pillar of the French Academy; Edwin Markham, Arnold Bennett, Richard Le Gallienne, and William Marion Reedy have expressed their appreciation of the new force. M. Bazalgette, the translator of Walt Whitman, is putting Grierson's biggest book, "The Valley of Shadows," into French. Grierson's first book, "La Révolte Idéaliste," was written in French, and he has just issued in London another book written in French, "La Vie et Les Hommes." A Russian translation of "The Valley of Shadows" is being projected. A distinguished Italian critic, Enrico Cardona, has issued in Italy a brochure on Grierson's work. Dona Patrocínio de Biedma, the well-known Spanish poet and writer, has translated many of Grierson's essays and aphorisms and given them circulation in Spain.

In this country an interest in Grierson is spreading widely. For America, indeed, he has especial significance. Steeped in world culture and an opponent of parochial patriotism as he is, nevertheless it is this country that has had the greatest influence on Grierson, according to Michael Williams, who published in the *St. Louis Mirror* a study of this "prophet of practical mysticism." "It would be a dubious compliment to an artist so quintessentially cosmopolitan to 'claim him'—as the phrase runs—for an American writer," says

M. Williams; "nevertheless, his most plastic and impressionable period was passed in America at an epochal time and place, and his greatest work, 'The Valley of Shadows,' is a truly American book." Professor George D. Heron, writing in *The New Age*, London, says that "Francis Grierson has made himself the interpreter of the first West—of the real America; he has set forth the soul, and the seed, and the soil of the America that I hope will germinate."

It is as a seer into the world of spiritual forces that Francis Grierson comes before the public. Having for more than forty years lived a cosmopolitan life of the most unusual and romantic kind, traveling in all parts of the world and passing from the palaces of kings to the garrets of starving artists, he now applies the touchstone of practical mysticism to all problems from those of statecraft to the technic of the arts. He deals with the living present. True vision, he declares, consists in distinguishing the merits of the living.

It was not as a writer, but as an improvisatore of piano music, and as a singer, that Grierson first came before the public forty years ago. Born in England in 1848, he was taken by his parents to Illinois the following year. He lived in the midst of the prairies until the Civil War, hearing the Lincoln-Douglas debates. "The influences of that epochal period," says the *St. Louis Mirror*, "left ineffaceable impressions which nearly half a century later inspired and guided the composition of 'The Valley of Shadows.'" He returned to Europe in 1869, going to Paris, where he was introduced to the social and artistic world by Alexandre Dumas, the author of *Monte Cristo*, as a musical prodigy. Without instruction, ignorant of the science of music, he evoked not only the characteristics of past musical epochs, but the musical soul of ancient Egypt, Assyria, Palestine, and Greece. He would pass from a suave melody of the Italian school, or from a symphonic movement of the German, to a languid melody of the East, the pomp or melancholy of Nineveh or Babylon. And it is said that at certain wonderful moments he could add the strangest, most inexplicable voice, that did not follow the music but went along with it, rising up from the middle. Improvisation was the key to his power. Even more wonderful was the testimony of Sully Prudhomme, who said that

the hearing of a single recital had cured him of intellectual scepticism, and converted him to belief in immortality, for only a spiritual explanation of such music was possible. In the midst of his musical success, Grierson gave up the piano for the pen. After having produced half a dozen volumes, he has now resumed his piano-playing in England and is repeating his former triumphs. "There has never been a political agreement based on material interests alone which has stood the test of a great crisis. Nothing founded on selfish interests will stand the onslaught of change and the vicissitudes of national progress or disruption, and a commercial entente without a natural psychic attraction means nothing in the hour of political and social strain." Such a psychic attraction Mr. Grierson senses between England and the United States, and he proceeds to apply what he calls "practical mysticism" to international affairs:

"Two things will force England and America into a coalition of material aims and interests—the menace of famine on one hand, the menace of the yellow races on the other. America can never hope to grapple with the yellow peril single-handed, England can never hope to avoid starvation without a binding political agreement with the great Republic. . . . On the day that England sinks to a second-class power in Europe, a European coalition will develop which will have for its prime object the partition of Mexico, Central America, and the States of South America, and ultimately Canada might pass under German control. European expansion beyond the sea is no idle dream, since both Germany and France are now both fairly embarked on colonial schemes for commercial development. On the day England drops into a second-rate power America's troubles will begin; and the Chinese and Japanese questions in the Pacific would prove but a small part of the danger. There would be the combined navies of the two greatest Continental nations in Europe, and perhaps three, to deal with, possibly four,—Germany, Austria, France, and Italy. But far graver is the thought that in America the foreign population is gaining on the Anglo-American population, and without the union of the English and the Americans of British descent the United States could in twenty years from now become absolutely detached from the sentiments and aspirations of the Anglo-Saxon mind as we know it to-day. For this reason, if for no other, a serious effort will have to be made without delay towards Anglo-American solidarity. . . . Any effort to separate England and America will be directed not only against the peace of the nations; but against Anglo-Saxon civilization in the West, and a combination that would debar either of the great English-speaking

countries would speedily inaugurate a series of wars and revolutions that would devastate the whole civilized world."

The greatest and most important discovery is the discovery of the new, and the man who cannot see the merits of the living is without authority in dealing with what is past.

"A man who has ceased to take an interest in contemporary literature admits his incapacity to deal with vital questions; he is in the grip of old age. We are at the beginning of a cycle of invisible forces. The coming age is to be one of invisible action. While people long ago grew tired of ethical platitudes, they are now equally tired of scepticism. There is no more certain sign of mental decrepitude than chronic denial. Doubt, hesitancy and scepticism are inherently destructive, and what affects the mind also affects the body. The agnostic attitude seemed natural and proper from 1860 to 1895; but the tide turned with the conjunction of several influences in the material and psychological world a few years ago. Tyndall, Haeckel, and Huxley all did a work which had to be done; but that work was limited to chemical and biological demonstration. It was science, but science of the old school. Just as the reign of a man of genius like Goethe makes thousands of intelligent men appear like pigmies, so the revelations in the domain of light and sound, electrical transmission and mental suggestion make the discoveries of Darwin and his contemporaries appear trivial in comparison.

Doubt, Mr. Grierson further insists, is fatal to the success of any work, mental or physical. Every thinker who has accomplished anything excellent has believed in something. First, he has confidence in himself; second, he has confidence in others; third, he feels that in the eternal mysteries there resides a law and a force which may be revealed by flashes of intuition; fourth, he knows that the world is not standing still. Look where he may, it is the men who hope and work who are triumphing. The people who are wide awake to new inventions and discoveries are the ones who do the best business and make the greatest progress. In the great struggle of the future the nation most keenly alive to intellectual and invisible force will triumph. The nations most bound up in the material will succumb. Intellect will dominate material force, no matter how formidable the material force may be. The future belongs to scientific power, applied by genius of a psychic and intuitive order. Material riches will play but a secondary part. Mammon will be forced under by purely intellectual pressure. The day is coming when

the psychic power of the intellect will kill millionairism. The two cannot exist together. There will be no battle, no strife, no cunning display of intrigue; the blows will be deliv-

ered silently, like the stroke of an electric bolt. Brute power will succumb to soul force.

The great wave of regeneration, we are assured, is coming from America.

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF LAUGHTER



WHAT is the meaning of laughter? What is its basal element? What is the common ground between the grimace of a clown and the most delicate word-play, between a burlesque situation and a scene of high comedy? What is the ethical significance of it all? These are some of the questions that Professor Bergson, "the philosopher of actuality," answers in his latest work,* which is provoking discussion throughout Europe. The greatest thinkers, from Aristotle downward, have attempted to solve this problem of laughter, but it still remains "a pert challenge flung at philosophic speculation." Bergson in his turn now attacks the problem in all its intricacies. We can follow only his main thesis, the "*Leitmotiv*" which accompanies his explanations.

It is, of course, a part of Professor Bergson's philosophy that he should refuse to "imprison the comic spirit within a definition." For he regards it as a living thing, growing and expanding. At the same time, he declares, it has "a logic of its own, even in its wildest eccentricities. It has a method in its madness. It dreams, I admit, but it conjures up in its dreams visions that are at once accepted and understood by the whole of a social group. Can it then fail to throw light for us on the way that human imagination works, and more particularly social, collective, and popular imagination?"

To begin with, Bergson puts forward three observations which he considers fundamental. First: That the comic does not exist outside the pale of what is strictly human. "A landscape," he explains, "may be beautiful, charming and sublime, or insignificant and ugly; it will never be laughable. You may laugh at an animal, but only because you have detected in it some human attitude or expression. You may laugh at a hat, but what you are making fun of, in this case, is not the piece of felt or straw, but the shape that men have given it,—the human caprice whose mould it has assumed."

Next, our attention is called to the *absence of feeling* which usually accompanies laughter. Indifference, Bergson says, is its natural environment, for laughter has no greater foe than emotion. And he comes to the important conclusion that, "to produce the whole of its effect, the comic demands something like a momentary anesthesia of the heart. Its appeal is to intelligence pure and simple." But it is necessary that this intelligence should always remain in touch with other intelligences. Isolated from others, one could hardly appreciate the comic.

"To understand laughter," he continues, "we must put it back into its natural environment, which is society, and above all must we determine the utility of its function, which is a social one. . . . Laughter must answer to certain requirements of life in common. It must have a *social* significance. . . . The comic will come into being, it appears, whenever a group of men concentrate their attention on one of their number, imposing silence on their emotions and calling into play nothing but their intelligence."

What, then, asks Bergson, is the particular point on which their attention will have to be concentrated, and what will here be the function of intelligence? He starts his analysis with the simple spontaneous laughter of people in the street when a man, running, stumbles and falls. "They would not laugh at him, I imagine," he says, "could they suppose that the whim had suddenly seized him to sit down on the ground."

"They laugh because his sitting down is involuntary. Consequently it is not his sudden change of attitude that raises a laugh, but rather the involuntary element in this change,—his clumsiness, in fact. Perhaps there was a stone on the road. He should have altered his pace or avoided the obstacle. Instead of that, through lack of elasticity, through absent-mindedness and a kind of physical obstinacy, as a result, in fact, of rigidity or of momentum, the muscles continued to perform the same movement when the circumstances of the case called for something else. That is the reason of the man's fall, and also of the people's laughter."

* LAUGHTER. An Essay on the Meaning of the Comic. The Macmillan Company.

Similarly in the case of a person whose habits are mathematically precise, but who is made the victim of a practical joke; who finds himself sprawling on the floor, for instance, instead of sitting in his chair, which has been removed from its accustomed place. He is comic for the same reason that the runner who falls is comic. "The laughable element in both cases consists of a certain *mechanical inelasticity*, just where one would expect to find the wide-awake adaptability and the living pliability of a human being." Moreover, in both cases, the result has been brought about by an external circumstance, only the former happened of itself while the latter was obtained artificially. The comic, therefore, is accidental, says Bergson. It remains in superficial contact with the person. How is it to penetrate within?

Suppose, he continues, we imagine a mind always thinking of what it has done and never of what it is doing, which is continually stumbling and falling in consequence,—the absent-minded person. Now we have the comic taking up its abode in the person himself, the "mechanical inelasticity" is within, supplying matter and form, cause and opportunity for laughter. This is the character which time out of mind has fascinated the imagination of comic writers. And with reason. "Absent-mindedness," Bergson concludes, "is not perhaps the actual fountain-head of the comic, but surely it is contiguous to a certain stream of facts and fancies which flows straight from the fountain-head."

Carrying his analysis still further, he finds that the effect of absent-mindedness may in its turn gather strength. To quote in full:

"Suppose a man has taken to reading nothing but romances of love and chivalry. Attracted and fascinated by his heroes, his thoughts and intentions gradually turn more and more towards them, till one fine day we find him walking among us like a somnambulist. His actions are distractions. But then his distractions can be traced back to a definite, positive cause. They are no longer cases of *absence* of mind, pure and simple; they find their explanation in the *presence* of the individual in quite definite, though imaginary, surroundings. Doubtless a fall is always a fall, but it is one thing to tumble into a well because you were looking anywhere but in front of you, it is quite another thing to fall into it because you were intent upon a star. It was certainly a star at which Don Quixote was gazing. How profound is the comic element in the over-romantic, Utopian bent of mind! And yet, if you reintroduce the idea of absent-mindedness,

which acts as a go-between, you will see this profound comic element uniting with the most superficial type. Yes, indeed, these whimsical wild enthusiasts, these madmen who are yet so strangely reasonable, excite us to laughter by playing on the same chords within ourselves, by setting in motion the same inner mechanism, as does the victim of a practical joke or the passer-by who slips down in the street."

Nor does Bergson stop here. Might not certain vices, he probes deeper, have the same relation to character that the rigidity of a fixed idea has to intellect? How often do vices appear to us like curvatures of the soul! Not the tragic vices. These Bergson differentiates from the comic as "vices into which the soul plunges deeply with all its pregnant potency, which it rejuvenates and drags along with it into a moving circle of reincarnations." The vice capable of making us comic, miserliness or jealousy—the moral kink or twist of the will—is, on the contrary, "that which is brought from without, like a ready-made frame into which we are to step." Therein lies the essential difference in the drama between comedy and tragedy. "The Jealous Man" could only be the title of a comedy. "Othello" is a tragedy.

The tragic person is profoundly self-conscious, while the comic one is not at all so. A character in a tragedy will make no change in his conduct because he knows how it is judged by us. But a defect which is ridiculous, as soon as it feels itself so, will endeavor to modify itself, or at least to appear as if it did. Indeed, says Bergson, it is in this sense only that laughter "corrects men's manners." "It makes us at once endeavor to appear what we ought to be, what some day we shall perhaps end in being." And right here he discovers what, according to his analysis, is the ethical value of laughter. It corrects "a certain rigidity of body, mind and character that society would still like to get rid of in order to obtain from its members the greatest possible degree of elasticity and sociability. This rigidity is the comic, and laughter is its corrective."

Laughter, Bergson concludes, is neither kind-hearted nor absolutely just. It is the result, not of conscious reflection, but of a mechanism set up in us by nature, or social life, which goes off spontaneously and has no time to look where it hits; sometimes, like disease, striking the innocent and sparing the guilty. Only an average of justice may show itself in the total result.

Music and Drama

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," AND THE SCOTCH PLAYERS SCORE



THE Irish Players, from the Abbey Theater in Dublin, met with a mixed reception in the American metropolis; the ex-President of the United States smiled upon them, while their own countrymen pelted them with asafetida and superannuated eggs. Their Scotch confrères from Glasgow, however, in Graham Moffat's delectable play, "Buntzie Pulls the Strings," have been hailed on all sides with unequivocal approval. Every little while, as the Boston *Transcript* remarks, New York finds a novelty that no one has the slightest doubt about. This year it is Buntzie. Night after night fashionable audiences crowd the little Comedy Theater and laugh steadily while the curtain is up. Little do they realize, our Boston contemporary gravely adds, that what amuses them so is Scottish dialect, Scottish customs and Scottish humor overlaid upon just the sort of rural comedy that Ezra Kendall used to act. The play, we are told, is not equal to Mr. Barrie at his best, but it is very near indeed. "Buntzie Pulls the Strings," declares Walter Pritchard Eaton in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, "has something of the naive quality of a folk drama,—a drama, however, not of ignorant peasant folk, but of those Scotchmen who once produced John Knox and later a Barrie and a Stevenson. Mr. Moffat has done for his countrymen what nobody in America has yet done for the New England Yankee. If you can fancy a skilled and amusing playwright up in the Green Mountains writing a comedy of his people, and then having it acted by real Yankees, you have the analogy of 'Buntzie Pulls the Strings.'"

The curtain rises on Tammas Biggar's cottage sitting-room on a Sunday morning. Rab and Buntzie, his children, are mumbling the catechism. The blinds are drawn to hide the sunshine and the garden from view. "It wouldn't do to be too happy on Sunday." The scene is laid back in 1860. The women folk

wear hoop skirts and the elders high beaver hats on Sunday. Tammas is an elder in the kirk at Lintiehaugh; he is a severe father, but he has a past, and the past duly finds him out. Buntzie manages the house. She also manages everybody, from her father to Weelum Sprunt, her betrothed, a joiner by profession, and, like Biggar, an elder. Tammas, we should add, is a widower, and Aunt Susie Simpson, an elderly spinster, armed with a little fortune—"she was awfully lucky with her deaths"—calmly proceeds to angle for him. "When Buntzie leaves me," Tammas incautiously admits, "I'll miss her mither mair than ever."

SUSIE. Ye've been a widda-man for twa years noo, and if ye took a second it wad be quite dacent and respectable.

TAMMAS. We'll no discuss it.

SUSIE. Ye're ower sensative in this maeter, Tammas. The thing must be discussed, and frae every point of view. Ye canna dae wantin' a hoosekeeper.

TAMMAS. No!

SUSIE. An ordinar' hoosekeeper wad want a wage.

TAMMAS. Certainly!

SUSIE. Sae ye see a wife wad serve the self-same purpose and come cheaper.

TAMMAS. Yes, that's a fac'; but is't no time ye were dressing for the kirk?

SUSIE. I've jist my bonnet to pit on. Tammas (*moves closer to him*) I've a serious maitter to settle wi' ye. I've been thinkin' that unless I can get some sort o' a place—sic as hoosekeeper for some yin or ither—I'll be obleeged to get back the money ye invested for me. It's a hundred and twenty pounds, ye ken. Ye hae a' the papers.

TAMMAS. Ye want yer money?

SUSIE. Ay, unless I can get a place.

TAMMAS. As hoosekeeper.

SUSIE. Exactly.

TAMMAS. An' ordinar' hoosekeeper wi' a wage?

SUSIE. Tammas, ye know fine I'm no thinkin' o' a wage.

TAMMAS. I see. (*Rises.*) Quite so. (*Crosses to fire.*) Weel, I'll need time to conseeder yer proposal, Miss Simpson.

SUSIE. (Turns on him.) Proposal! I proposed nane! Mr. Biggar, sic an insinuation is unworthu o' ye!

TAMMAS. I didna say it was a proposal o' marriage. Ye made a proposal that I should get ye yer money or mak' ye ma hoosekeeper.

SUSIE. I mentioned no names. I'll be ony respectable man's hoosekeeper.

TAMMAS. But this is a business maitter, and no a subject for the day. I wunner at ye mentionin' it. We'll discuss it the morn.

SUSIE. Thens. The morn's mornin' will dae fine.

(Enter Weelum Sprunt, a man of twenty-nine, with a long face and solemn expression. He is a joiner. To-day he is dressed in black.)

TAMMAS. Oh, here's Weelum.

WEELUM. What brocht her? The sicht o' her awa frae Leithin makes me fear something maun be wrang.

TAMMAS. (When he finds himself alone with Weelum.) Weelum ye're intuition was perfectly right. She didna come for naethin'. I can trust ye, for ye hae descretion beyond yer years. Yer Aunt Susie has hooked me.

WEELUM. No! Has she tho? My! but she's clever yen! It's a bit of a staggerer for me, for I believe I was in her will. Weel, it's no lost what a frien' gets. She's tried for a man

a' her days, and I must say she never despaired. (Holds out his hand to Tammas.) I congratulate ye!

TAMMAS. Dinna! I'll gi'e ye full leave to congratulate me if I escape.

WEELUM. What? Are ye no a willin' victim, then? I thought ye said she had hooked ye.

TAMMAS. Ay, and it's true, but she doesna ken hersel' yet that she has me on her line. She'll hae to land me! I'm wrigglin' wi' the hook in my gills, and I'm feart I'll mak' a puir fecht o't. Ay, she'll draw me in!

WEELUM. Is there a promise then?

TAMMAS. Na, no yet; it's postponed.

WEELUM. Then ye're quite safe. It's a free country! No man need marry a woman unless he wants to!

TAMMAS. Yer ignorance is amazin'! No one man in twenty marries because he wants to, for the cunningest thing in a' nature is wumman. I tell ye I'm being drawn in, and the morn's mornin' I'll be in the net. Ye couldna lend me eighty pounds, I suppose.

WEELUM. Eh?

TAMMAS. No, no, ye'll no hae't?

WEELUM. Na! We're furnishin'! Bunty, she's the banker and keeps all the money I've saved.

TAMMAS. Quite so. Jist that!



THIS LITTLE BAND OF PLAYERS IS THE DELIGHT OF NEW YORK

Every now and then New York finds a novelty that no one has the slightest doubt about. This year, as a Boston writer remarks, it is "Bunty." Night after night, fashionable audiences crowd the Comedy Theater to see the little band of Scotch players.



WHEN LOVE IS YOUNG IN SPRINGTIME

When Rab (Edmund Beresford) and Teenie (Margaret Nybløe) discover that love is the same all the world over, even under the shadow of the kirk of Lintiehaugh.

There is more trouble in store for Tammas this morning. The indiscretions of his youth reappear in the shape of Eelen Dunlop and her niece, Teenie, from Glasgow. When Tammas recognizes Eelen he actually faints. Aunt Susie, her feminine instincts all alert, at once recognizes an intruder. Teenie meanwhile engages in playful conversation with Rab, while Eelen sounds Bunty.

EELLEN. Ye have a big hoose here to keep clean, but it'll be easy worked.

BUNTY. It keeps me runnin' ony wey.

EELLEN. Ay, but ye haena the soot to blacken a' thing like wi' me in Glesca [Glasgow]. I'll wager yer curtains 'll hang six months and be fresh at the end o't?

BUNTY. Oh yes, they'll dae that easy.

EELLEN. Mine are back in the tub every month, and fair black every time.

BUNTY. Dear me, that's awful!

EELLEN. I envy ye yer bleachin' green.

BUNTY. It's weel eneuch! We've a splendid washin' hoose tho.

EELLEN. Ay, and it'll be a' yer ain! In Glesca I only get every second Tuesday and Wednesday.

BUNTY. Glesca wadna suit me then! I'm washing a' this week.

TAMMAS. Seein' what day this is, I hardly think this is a proper conversation!

EELLEN. What's wrang wi' the conversation?

TAMMAS. Eelen, I has brocht up my children in fear, and ye'll please respect my wishes.

EELLEN. Weel, weel, hooever she's been brocht up, Bunty's a credit to ye. Ye hae a promising-like son tae, I see.

TAMMAS. Rab! He's not what he should be!

EELLEN. Bunty, I want a talk wi' yer faither aboot auld times. Ye can leave him wi' me. I'll doctor him if he needs it.

BUNTY. Will I, faither?

TAMMAS. Ay! Tak' Rab wi' ye.

EELLEN. Teenie, you gang tae, and see the gairden.

BUNTY. Faither doesna aloo us in the gairden on Sunday; we'll gang up the stair till it's time for the kirk. (*Exit Bunty, Rab and Teenie.*)

EELLEN. There are strict rules in this hoose, Tam Sma'.

TAMMAS. Eelen, I maun ask ye no to mention that name.

EELLEN. Ye're ashamed, nae doot, a' her Sma' beginnins, but noo that ye're Biggar I canna say ye're an improvement on the man I kent in my young days—and to tell the truth, he was naething to boast aboot!

TAMMAS. Eelen, I wad hae ye understand that I'm respected here by the hale community.

EELLEN. Yer fine character is built on a false foundation. Oh, Tam! ye were an unca coward to rin awa as ye did, frae a' yer responsibeelities.

TAMMAS. I couldna help mysel'! The circumstances were too strong for me. Ye dinna ken what I suffered! Marriage was impossible! I had naething!

EELLEN. Ye had a tongue that was very ready wi' a lee.

TAMMAS. It pained me to deceive ye, but to tell the truth I couldna ha'e peyd for a quorter o' the furniture ye had trysted. I daurdna face up to the expense!

EELLEN. So ye took French leave—but ye micht ha'e dune it a wee bit suner and no waited till the very weddin' day.

TAMMAS. I hung on to the last, hopin' for a miracle.

EELLEN. Had ye no yer situation?

TAMMAS. I could hardly keep myself aff't, every time I treated ye I had to go without my dinner. Eelen, I was wrang to deceive ye, but it was because o' my fondness for ye.

EELLEN. Sic-like fondness!

TAMMAS. Eelen, I hoped and prayed that ye wad fa' in wi' someyin that wad have been better and kinder to ye than ever I could ha' been.

EELLEN. Na, nae sic luck cam' my way. Ye left me waitin', a greetin' bride wi' ma bridesmaid and the best man an' my freends and relations sheddin' tears o' sympathy, and a breakfast that cost me a pound note spread on the table, and here I am waitin' yet.

TAMMAS. Eelen, I'm vexed for ye!

EELLEN. Ye may weel be vexed. I've been nicknamed the "perpetual bride" for thirty years; I hae lived aff keepin' lodgers, while ye hae flourished like the green bay-tree.

TAMMAS. No, no, I havena!

EELLEN. Dinna tell me! I know yer story! Ye cam' to Lintiehaugh as Tammas Biggar, got into Mr. Wotherspoon's shop, milled in wi' his dochter Bella, married her, and fell heir tae a guid business. Noo Bella's deid, and doubtless she never knew.

TAMMAS. No, she never did! But hoo did ye trace me oot?

EELLEN. There was nae tracin'. I cam' to Lintiehaugh to gie ma' niece a holiday. She needed it, puir thing, for she works hard. Yesterday I recognized my lost bridegroom in the street, and that's a' about it.

TAMMAS. Tell me, Eelen, what I can dae to show my regret for the wrang I did ye?

EELLEN. Weel, I hae an account at hame in Glesca showin' a' the siller I had to lay oot o' my ain pocket in connection wi' the weddin' that was to hae been. It's aboot forty pounds. Ye can refund me that, at any rate.

TAMMAS. I'm feart that's jist what I canna dae. In fac' I'm no prosperin' the noo! The mills arena workin' and I canna get in my accounts.

EELLEN. Weel, weel, we'll just have to let it stand.

TAMMAS. I see ye dinna believe me, but it's true. I hae an ill-daein' son—Jimmie—he gaed to Glesca and got into deefculties. I had to pay up to save him frae prison.

EELLEN. So ye've had troubles tae, Tam?

TAMMAS. Ay, I've telt the truth o't to naebody but Rad and you.

EELLEN. If you'd always telt the truth tae me it might ha' been better for us baith.

TAMMAS. Ay, I see that noo. *(He hesitates.)* Eelen, something's sairly troublin' my conscience! I had nae spare siller to pay Jimmy's shameful debt wi', and so I used some that wasna mine to mak' up the amount o't.

EELLEN. Ye didna steal the siller, Tam?

TAMMAS. Na, I'll pay it back, every penny, I jist borrowed till my accounts come in. *(He hears a noise from outside.)* What was that? *(Slight crash at window.)*

EELLEN. It's somebody in the gairden!

TAMMAS. Can it be—? *(He goes to the window and looks out.)* The jaud! It's jist her! She's been listenin'! She heard it in the porch! But I'll mak' shair! *(He crosses the room to door, which he opens a little way and closes again.)* As I thocht! She's there!



SHE JUST COULDN'T HELP IT

Altho Bunty pulls the strings, love pulls her. The part of Bunty is taken charmingly by Miss Molly Pearson, while Sanderson Moffat impersonates her always embarrassed lover.

EELLEN. Wha?

TAMMAS. Susie Simpson.

EELLEN. Oh! the cross auld maid that was here? Ye're fand oot then, Tam!

TAMMAS. Far waur than ye think. It was her money I used.

EELLEN. But if ye borrowed it frae her, it's a' richt.

TAMMAS. That's jist it. I borrowed it without askin'! She suspectit me, and gied me a choice this mornin'.

EELLEN. What kind o' choice?

TAMMAS. Aither to pay her back her siller, or to marry her.

EELLEN. Then marry her, Tam, she's welcome to ye for me.

TAMMAS. But I'm no wantin' her!

EELLEN. Then rin awa' frae her as ye did frae me.

The young folks come back to go to the kirk. Miss Simpson stops Tammas as he is about to go with Eelen.



PATIENCE WINS OUT

After years of waiting, Eelen Dunlap (Miss Amy Singleton), the eternal bride, hooks her man.

SUSIE. Stop, Mr. Biggar, I want a serious word wi' ye.

TAMMAS. We're very late. If ye come to the kirk ye'll get a serious word.

SUSIE. It's aboot my hunner and twenty pounds.

TAMMAS. I've no time just now. I've my official duties at the kirk.

SUSIE. It's not the thing for an embezzler to stand behind a kirk plate.

TAMMAS. Ye mean to—?

SUSIE. I mean that Mr. Hislop telt me that he had payed up the full amount o' the bond on his hoose to you three months ago!

TAMMAS. And ye daur to insinuate—?

SUSIE. That ye used my money to pay your son's debts!

TAMMAS. Miss Dunlop, let us go.

SUSIE. Ay, Miss Dunlop! Awa and tak' yer Tam Small wi' ye.

The second act takes us to the kirk. Weelum, for the first time in his life thus honored, stands nervously at the plate. Bunty enters hurriedly, before Teenie and Rab.

BUNTY. I never thoct I was so late. There! It's a fourpenny-bit to honor the occasion. (*In a whisper.*) Ye're tie's squint.

(*Jeems, the church custodian, smiles to himself, turns away, and goes toward kirk. Weelum sorts his tie. Bunty then walks demurely towards gallery stair, but, seeing that Jeems has now disappeared, she stops, turns and, after a swift glance round, comes down stage to Weelum and kisses him as he stands stiff and solemn behind the plate.*)

WEELUM. Oh! I say! Bunty!

BUNTY. I couldna help it!

(*Weelum looks about to be certain that they are unobserved, then, reassured, he straightens himself up and is highly satisfied with himself. Bunty, meanwhile, has resumed her demure walk towards the kirk.*)

WEELUM. Here, Bunty!

BUNTY. Ay, what is't?

WEELUM. There may be no service. The minister's no come!

BUNTY. Oh! what wey did ye no tell me before I pit in my four-penny bit? And what hev ye dune aboot the minister?

WEELUM. Naething! We're jist waiting!

BUNTY. Waitin'! Ye mean tae tell me ye've stood there in sic a crisis and done nothing? You for an elder!

WEELUM. This is my appointed place!

BUNTY. Appointed fiddlesticks! Ye need me to tak' the steerin' hand! This minister he's MacCallum from the Shaws?

WEELUM. Ay!

BUNTY. Stopping at Mrs. Drummond's?

WEELUM. Yes.

BUNTY. Then run. (*Pushes him away towards stepping stones.*) Weelum, all your micht! Find oot what's wrang, and if he means to come!

WEELUM. But I canna leave the plate!

BUNTY. Never you heed the plate! Naeboddy'll rin awa wi't while I'm here,—and Jeems'll be back in a meenit. See, tak' the short cut up the plantin' and run all the way!

WEELUM. Ay, Bunty, I'm aff like a shot!

While Bunty is occupied with her important mission, Rab and Teenie arrive together. Rab proposes a walk instead of going to church. He tells of his intention of running away from home. Weelum returns and reports excitedly that the minister is prevented by illness from preaching.

In the midst of the general confusion Miss Simpson arrives on the scene like an irate goddess. She asks Daniel, the beadle, to arrest Tammas Biggar. Eelen comes to the defence of her erstwhile lover. This is followed by a violent tiff between her and Miss Simpson.

ELEN. I'm sorry I've spoilt yer matrimonial designs, Miss Simpson.

SUSIE. Designs!

ELEN. Ma certie, ye werna blate to propose point-blank to a man!

SUSIE. I never did!

ELEN. Ay, did ye! This vary mornin'! Ye might hae waited till leap-year at ony rate!

SUSIE. It's a lee ye tell! Tammas Biggar kens I never proposed!

TAMMAS. Ay, it was mair than a proposal! It was an ultimatum!

ELEN. But ye're welcome to him for all I care! It wad be his just punishment to get you for a wife.

SUSIE. I wadna lift him wi' the tongs!

MAGGIE. Such revelations I never heard!

SUSIE. Ye canna deny that he deserted ye, the very day ye were to hae been mairried.

ELEN. I deny naethin', tho' ye got yer story by spying. But ye can haud yer tongue, for I'm the only person wha has the richt to cast Tom's auld sin in his face. If he did leave me on the auld blotted page, surely that's nobody's business but my ain?

BUNTY. Oh, thank ye, Miss Dunlop!

SUSIE. But there are blots on the new page tae!

DANIEL. Oh! The charge then is bigamy.

(Murmurs from congregation.)

SUSIE. No, the charge is rubbery. Barefaced rubbery and embezzlement.

TAMMAS. Miss Simpson, this is infamous!

SUSIE. I hae vowed ye shall be shamed afore the congregation. Ye that hae devoured weedows' houses.

DANIEL (Taking notes). Oh! Ye are a weedow then?

SUSIE. I'm naethin' o' the kind!

DANIEL. Ah! Then it wadna be your hoose he devoured?

SUSIE. It was my money he stole, ye gomeril!

WEELUM. Auntie, think what you're saying.

SUSIE. He took a hunner and twenty pounds o' mine to pay his ne'er-dae-weel son's disgraceful debts.

MAGGIE. Mercy on us! (Murmurs.)

BUNTY. Speak oot, faithier. Deny this shameful story.

TAMMAS. No, Bunty. I refased this mornin' to discuss financial maitters wi' her. If she comes to me to-morrow mornin', I'll satisfy her.

SUSIE. Oh, ay, draw yer sheep's clothin' roond ye. (To Daniel.) Why do ye no arrest him?

DANIEL. I wad need a warrant frae a magistrate, and Mister Biggar himsel' is the only magistrate within a mile.

TAMMAS. I advise you all to return to your seats in the Kirk.

BUNTY. If ye'll no speak and clear yersel' faithier, I'll dae it for ye. (To Susie) Are ye shair it was your money he took to pay Jimmie's debts?



PRESENTING HER ULTIMATUM

"She hooked me," cries Tammas Biggar (Campdell Gullan), when Susie Simpson (Jean Cadell), the old maid, asks him bluntly either to return her money or to make her his wife.

TAMMAS. Stop it, Bunty! That'll dae!

BUNTY. Keep yoursel' cool, faithier!

WEELUM. Bunty, this is not a matter for a lass like you to meddle wi'.

BUNTY. Yer toozlin' yer hair again!

WEELUM. Did ye hear faithier say he used yer siller?

SUSIE. He said it was siller that didna' belang to him!

TAMMAS. Bunty, this is not the time or the place!

BUNTY. It's all right, faithier. I'm just aboot done with her. Then alloo me to inform ye that the full sum, a hunner and twenty pounds, is in the hoose, and ye'll get it when ye ca' the morn's mornin'.

SUSIE. I don't believe you.

BUNTY. Noo ye see whad a fule ye hae made o' yersel'! Daniel, ye're no wanted noo, I'm thinkin'!

JEEMS. Miss Biggar, ye should hae been a lawyer!

BUNTY. There are few things I couldna be, if men wad let me, and I tried.

TAMMAS. (Touched.) Bunty, I understand and I thank ye.

The scene shifts again to Tammas Biggar's cottage the next day. Buntie has handed her little nest egg over to Tammas. Rab comes down for breakfast, a little the worse for a cold which he had contracted when he attempted to run away. Tammas had found him somewhere huddled from the storm. The lad dallies over his breakfast.

TAMMAS. Hurry as fast as ye can! It's time the shop was open!

RAB. Ay, faither!

TAMMAS. And at night, efter tea, ye'll come up the stair wi' me and tak' yer threshin'.

RAB. I'll do no such thing!

BUNTY. Faither, I thocht that was a' past and done wi'!

TAMMAS. Dinna interfere, Bunty! I promised him his threshin' and he must go through wi'!

RAB. (*Takes large shop-key from his pocket and throws it down in front of Tammas*). Then tak' yer key and open yer shop yersel'! I'm done wi' the concern!

TAMMAS. What! Ye defy yer faither?

RAB. Ay! Thresh me! But I'm hanged if I'll cut anither slice o' ham in yer shop!

BUNTY. Ye see the spirit ye're rousin' in him?

TAMMAS. It'll hae to be crushed!

BUNTY. Then, faither, ye can tak' my keys and thresh me tae! (*She lays her household keys on the table*.)

TAMMAS. Bunty, has ye ta'en leave o' yer senses? Is my authority to be set at nocht by my ain bairns?

BUNTY. Bairns have a habit o' growin' up to be men and women, and authority may tak' a stick to break it's ain back! I have always obeyed ye till noo, but not anither hand's turn will I do in this house if ye persist!

TAMMAS. So ye combined against me?

BUNTY. We've thrown up oor thankless, unpaid jobs! Scour yer ain blankets and keep your own house. I'm leavin'!

TAMMAS. Ye needna think ye'll coerce me, Bunty! Ye canna leave.

BUNTY. Can I no? Ye're mistaken this time, as I'll shew ye! Weelum!

WEELUM. Ay, I'm comin'!

TAMMAS (*To Rab*). Are ye goin' to obey me, sir?

RAB. No, unless ye let me aff!

(*Enter Weelum.*)

BUNTY (*Takes his arm*). See, Weelum. Tell me, noo, hoo soon is it possible for you and me to get married?

WEELUM. Are ye askin' that to tease me?

BUNTY. No!

WEELUM. But we haena the money to furnish!

BUNTY. I ken, but we have some! Noo, supposin' we didna furnish, but jist went into lodgings for a while, what's the very soonest we could bring it aff?

WEELUM. Ye really mean it?

BUNTY. Maybe—it depends!

WEELUM. Leave it to me! I'll consult the registrar and we'll be mairrit like winkie!

BUNTY. Weel, then, if faither threshes Rab I'll gi'e ye full liberty to make the arrangements.

WEELUM. Bunty, ye're an angel!

BUNTY. I hope ye heard what I said? It all depends on whether faither persists in threshin' Rab!

WEELUM (*Comes down a step*). Oh, that'll be a' richt! Rab'll go through that for my sake!

RAB. Oh, indeed, will I?

WEELUM. Ye know, Rab, I'd do as much for you!

TAMMAS. Rab, pick up that key and go to the shop! I'll let ye off this time!

(*Rab picks up key, cuts bread and cheese, moves to door.*)

WEELUM. No, Mister Biggar! Think what it means to me! I'm quite sure Rab deserved a' the leatherin's ye intended for him.

RAB. Thank ye! I'll mind that!

BUNTY. Weelum, if ye say anither word, I'll gie ye back yer engagement ring!

TAMMAS. I'll look over yer disobedience this time, Bunty, as I'm under an obligation to ye, but don't let it happen again!

BUNTY. That depends on yersel' as much as on me. Obedience goes with respect!

TAMMAS. Ye have lost yer respect for yer faither?

BUNTY. Yesterday made a difference.

(*Tammas looks at her a moment, then turns and goes out slowly.*)

Tammas confesses to Bunty that he is fond of Eelen and asks her advice as to whether she would be a suitable wife for him. When Eelen arrives with Teenie, Bunty at once slyly subjects her to a rigorous examination. The result is evidently satisfactory.

(*Enter Tammas.*)

TAMMAS. Eh, are you here, Eelen?

EELAN. Guid mornin', Tam!

BUNTY. Weel, I'm awa'! (*taking off apron*) I've a message ower to Miss Dunwoodie's. Oh, faither, jist a word wi' ye. (*Takes Tammas to door*.) Excuse us, Miss Dunlop. (*Aside to Tammas*.) Early riser! Guid washer! Experienced plain cook! Economical! She'll dae fine!

(*Exit Bunty.*)

TAMMAS (*Closes door*). Eelen, I'm glad o' this opportunity. I ken it's ower late i' the day to mak' amends I owe ye, but if ye'll put up wi' an auld man I'll be an affectionate husband.

EELAN. My! Ye're awful quick comin' to the point. I wonder now was that why the lassie neglected her washing. Did Bunty ken ye were gaun to propose to me?

TAMMAS. Ay, yes, she did.

ELEN. I micht ha' kent it! The sly hizzy, wi' her innocent talk aboot hoose-keepin'! Nae doot she gave you the hint that I could wash and cook and that I'm economical?

TAMMAS. True she teldt me that.
ELEN. And ye're proposin' on her recommendation?

TAMMAS. Partly so, but there's a wee touch o' sentiment tae.

ELEN. Weel, Tam, I'll make nae banes aboot it. Seein' I hae sic guid references, and I'm tired o' keepin' ludgers, I accept the vacant situation.

TAMMAS. Thanks. I hope there's a touch o' sentiment on your side, too.

ELEN. Oh, ay, maybe.

TAMMAS. There'll be enouch on baith sides, nae doot, to run to a kiss!

ELEN. Oh, I dare say there is. *(They kiss.)*
Weel, that's settled.

TAMMAS. Ye're a very sensible wumman, Eelen, remarkably so!

ELEN. Noo, Tam, we'll no be marryin' till Bunty gets aff, so I'm thinkin' it micht be a guid plan if Rab were to come to Glesca to a situation and ludge wi' me.

TAMMAS. Wha put that in yer heid? Was't Bunty?

ELEN. Ay, yer richt! Bunty's pu'in' a' the strings!

Aunt Susie arrives for her money. While Tammas is paying his debt, Bunty discovers that the money has been inherited by rights by Weelum, not by Miss Simpson. When the latter appears, to "rub it in," Bunty is prepared to receive her. Tammas asks Miss Simpson to leave him. "The matter's settled. Ye have yer money, and I hold yer receipt for't." Bunty now charges Miss Simpson with having stolen the money herself.

BUNTY. Ye stole Weelum's money and property at his Uncle Sam'l's daith.

SUSIE. Sam'l Fields was my sister's gude man!

BUNTY. Weelum was a bluid relation.

SUSIE. He's an ungrateful scum! I kept him for three years!

BUNTY. And ye kept his money a' thegither! I'm thinkin'. It's oor turn to send for the polis-man noo.

TAMMAS. Na, na, Bunty!

BUNTY. It's for Weelum to prosecute!

WEELUM. No! If auntie'll put me back in her will I'll say nae mair aboot it.

SUSIE. I never intended to tak' ye off my will! As for this money, tak' it and get yersel's married.

WEELUM. I dinna want it.

SUSIE. Oh, ay, I'll leave it on the table *(puts money on table)*; but mark my words, Weelum, ye're marrin' into a bad family. Ye'll be the maist henpecked man in Scotland! But I wish ye

joy and Tammas, too, wi' his "perpetual bride!"

ELEN. Well, I never!

RAB *(goes to door, shouts out)*. Away you old cat!

WEELUM *(Lifting money)*. There's more than eighty. She's no sae bad, efter a'!

TAMMAS. Rab, come her, sir. I've looked over yer offence, and I'm goin' to let ye gang to Glasca to a situation for a year.

RAB. Faithier, that's great! But jist this mornin' ye said—

TAMMAS *(Angrily)*. Never mind what I said this morning! I say now that ye're to go! It's against my ain judgment and ye've Bunty to thank for it. Ye'll stay at Miss Dunlop's ludgings.

RAB. At Miss Dunlop's! naethin' could be better! Teenie, dae ye hear that?

TEENIE. Ay, Rab, I'm awfu' pleased!

ELEN. There's news for you, too, Teenie. Bunty's expectin' to get ye a place wi' the dress-maker here.

TEENIE *(Over to Eelen)*. Here? At Lintie-haugh? Oh, how kind! *(She goes to Bunty.)*

RAB. What? Is Teenie no to go home, then?

ELEN. No!

BUNTY. *(Her arm round Teenie's waist)*. Faithier, I've been thinkin' that since we've sae mony spare rooms here, Teenie micht lodge wi' us while she's at the dressmakin'.

TAMMAS. Weel, if ye care to undertake it.

BUNTY. Then that's settled.

RAB. Faithier, I've changed my mind.

TAMMAS. Ye've what?

RAB. I don't want to go to Glesca!

TAMMAS. Ye'll go where I tell ye, sir!

RAB. Ay, but I thoct ye didna want—

TAMMAS. It doesna matter what ye 'thocht! Ye'll go to Glesca if I have to tak' ye there by the scruff o' the neck! For doonricht obstinacy ye—

ELEN. For doonricht obstinacy he's jist yer ain son.

TAMMAS. Ye would think he deleberately set himsel' to go against my will!

BUNTY. It's no that, faithier! I expected Rab not to be sae keen on Glesca when he heard that Teenie was stoppin' here; but I'm all the mair anxious for him to gang.

RAB. I'll no stop a year withoot comin' hame.

BUNTY. Weel, seeing that we've got yer money back, and that the mills are workin', we micht brings things aff in three months, and then Rab can come hame.

RAB. What's to come aff in three months?

BUNTY. Two marriages!

RAB. Two?

WEELUM. Bunty!

BUNTY. I didna say wha's marriage, Weelum.

TAMMAS. Ye've nae richt to settle onybody's marriage but yer ain!

ELEN. For my pairt, seein' she's done sae weel for me a'ready, I think I couldna dae better than leave it to Bunty.

IS THE REALISM OF THE STAGE RUNNING TO SEED?



REALISTIC production marks the majority of the reigning theatrical successes of the present season. In view of the success of "The Garden of Allah," De Mille's "The Woman," Broadhurst's "Bought and Paid For," stage realism would seem to have reached its climax. We learn through one press agent that no less than thirty-eight dollars' worth of a well-known breakfast food is used at every performance of "The Garden of Allah" to give audiences a correct illusion of a sandstorm on the Sahara. In "Bought and Paid For" the intoxicated husband smashes in a real wooden door to effect an entrance to his wife's bedchamber. In "The Woman" Mr. Belasco treats us to a real telephone switchboard on the stage, which, we learn (also through a press agent), is actually connected with the switchboard of the Republic Theater. The scene of this play being at the "Hotel Keswick," Mr. Belasco has provided for his players "Hotel Keswick" stationery and matchboxes with the monogram "K" on them.

This form of realism is, however, branded as "unintelligent" and "childish" by John Palmer, the brilliant successor of Bernard Shaw and Max Beerbohm as dramatic editor of the *Saturday Review* (London). Dr. Alexander Hervesi, Gordon Craig, Director Stanislawski and Max Reinhardt, he claims, have introduced a higher form of realism. The lower realism of Beerbohm Tree and Belasco, he thinks, is inartistic and even harmful. Americans have been wont to consider David Belasco a master of stagecraft; but Mr. Palmer declares that American producers, of whom he takes Belasco as a specimen, have failed even more ridiculously than those of London in their attempts "to hold a mirror up to nature." In a recent article on "Arts and Crafts of the Theater" Mr. Palmer asserts:

"A few weeks ago I wrote of the fatal consequences of taking too literally Hamlet's advice about the mirror. Similar consequences flow from the passion for unintelligent realism in the production as in the acting of plays. With a great number of modern plays it scarcely matters. A drawing-room after Maple serves well enough as a background for dresses after Frou-Frou, conversation after Lyon's Popular Café, and a story that jumps from the principal lady's bedroom, with a real horsehair mattress, into a divorce court, thronging with lifelike barristers in real horsehair wigs. But when we come to

plays where there is a sincere attempt at production as an art, it is time to ask with 'Astæa' of 'The Sentimentalists' whether it is not necessary to be above nature in order not to be below. . . . Who can forget the live rabbits in 'A Midsummer-Night's Dream' (Sir Herbert Tree's production). Titania falling in love with an ass being an ordinary every-day occurrence, the kind of thing that happens every evening in the week in St. John's Wood, it is only right to put Titania upon a bank of painted cowslips, beneath trees as real as they can be made to look. It adds so greatly to one's sense of illusion, and helps us to accept the fancies of the poet, so true to life! But I will not begin to write of Sir Herbert Tree. After all, Sir Herbert Tree is only more thoro than any other producer who would be only too glad to beat him, and even Sir Herbert cannot cope with the Americans. From what I hear of Mr. Belasco and the real Liszt MS. in a cabinet which the audience did not see (it was there simply to impart 'atmosphère'), Sir Herbert, touching the Americans, does but hold a candle to the sun."

The art of production in England, Mr. Palmer adds, has practically been at a standstill since the days of Sir Henry Irving. Abroad it has been advancing rapidly. Production, in the hands of its modern European exponents, is one of the arts, with conventions and material particular to itself.

"The importance of the movement is not in this or that theory held by reformers. The important thing is that there is an increasing number of extremely gifted men who are beginning to insist that the production shall not be left in the hands of second-rate painters, of costumers, perruquiers, and electricians. Production, in fact, is henceforth to be regarded as an art with a material and a technique of its own, whose resources are only just beginning to be discovered. The particular theories of Mr. Gordon Craig, of Dr. Alexander Hervesi, of Director Stanislawski, of Professor Max Reinhardt are excellent proofs and first fruits of the activity. But the theories themselves are not so important as the indications they give of a sincere determination that production shall henceforth aim at being above nature that it may not be below—that henceforth that production shall rank as one of the arts."

Mr. Palmer contrasts the recent productions of "Kismet" and Reinhardt's "Sumurum," declaring that while the former attempts to "hold the mirror up to nature," the latter has to be judged as a work of art. "Sumurum," he concludes, "is a poet's dream in what is vir-

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tually a new art-form of the theater." Edgar A. Mitchell, a correspondent of the *Saturday Review*, moved by Mr. Palmer's indictment of conspicuous stage realism, maintains that realism on the stage will always be wrong because it distracts the mind of the spectator from the imaginative essence of the play to its material accidents. "When," the writer goes on to say, "I use the word 'realism' in this connection I mean those things in the way of properties or in the behavior of the actors that obtrusively proclaim what is taking place to be real instead of an illusion of reality, to accept which both the players and the audience have entered into an esthetic conspiracy."

"When the public applauded the flock of sheep that Mr. Hall Caine used to have driven across

the stage in one of his dramas, they were displaying as lamentable a lack of artistic appreciation as the sailor—the slave of duty—who began climbing from the balcony on to the stage to rescue the distressed heroine from an unusually tight corner. This may be explained philosophically by the theory that the function of art is to stimulate the imagination and recreate the mind, and to do this it should refrain from touching the springs of action, or at least the springs of immediate action. At the same time the illusion I have referred to must be maintained or the play becomes merely ridiculous. Between the Scylla of one error and the Charybdis of the other there is an ample channel for all artists of genuine imaginative power, but the rocks are covered with rotting hulks, once pretentious galleons whose sails swelled bravely before the wind of popular approval."

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN'S REJUVENATION OF MUSICAL LONDON



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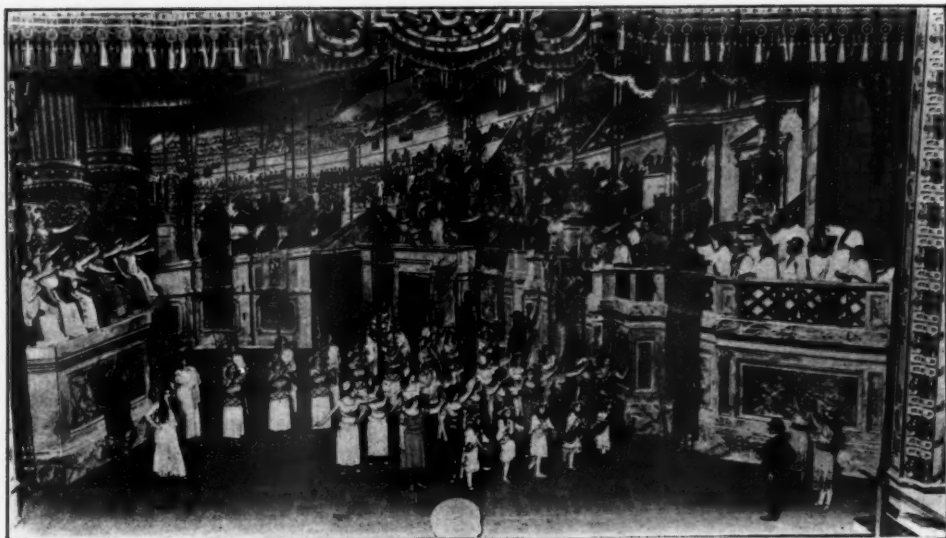
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NE cannot but admire the dauntless genius of Oscar Hammerstein, the great American impresario. After converting Philadelphia into a belief in opera as a necessity of life, not a luxury, and making the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York look to its laurels, this most ingenious of operatic promoters, to quote the *Rochester Post-Express*, has undertaken to make London discontented with Covent Garden and has succeeded in turning London's musical world topsy-turvy. Shortly before the opening, the manager permitted himself a pessimistic reflection. "I think," he remarked, "I have made one mistake. I have built an opera house, but I have forgotten to build an audience." The enthusiasm with which London flocked to the opening seems to warrant a contrary conclusion, altho Mary Garden, Hammerstein's erstwhile favorite star, seems to think that Hammerstein would have been wise if he had invaded Paris instead of London. Our Rochester contemporary, usually well posted on matters artistic, pins its faith on Oscar Hammerstein. The night of the opening, we are told, all London was there to see.

"It is said of London that what the aristocracy indorses will succeed, but nothing else. That statement is about as true as the old superstition that fashionable Philadelphia will not go to any

place of entertainment north of Broad street. Hammerstein has already overthrown the latter tradition, now he is upsetting the former. His new opera house in London was thronged to the doors and the aristocracy were there in plenty. But what is equally important is that the upper middle class were there, too, and the music-lovers. Not a corner of the house was unoccupied. Given two opera houses, the one barn-like and out of date, the other beautiful and admirably adapted to the purposes of tonal drama, there can be no doubt which of the houses will in the long run be the more popular. It is simply a matter of time when Hammerstein will add London to the cities which he has operatically rejuvenated."

Mr. Hammerstein may be regarded as America's first Musical Ambassador to the Old World. For while, as a writer in the *San Francisco Argonaut* points out, Hammerstein has supported British home industries to the limit of his abilities, his astuteness and his methods are distinctively American. Mr. Hammerstein, remarks the *New York Times*, "has done us proud." Princes, dukes, ambassadors, and a large number of wealthy Americans residing in London are among his patrons. Certainly, as the same newspaper goes on to say, Mr. Hammerstein has greatly developed since his first venture in Harlem theatricals and high-priced vaudeville. "He has built a splendid new opera house in the heart of London, produced a brand new opera ('Quo Vadis') magnificently, turned thou-



HAMMERSTEIN'S GORGEOUS NEW OPERA HOUSE

After revolutionizing grand opera in the United States, the great impresario is turning London topsy-turvy. This picture gives a view of the immense stage of his new opera house during the performance of "Quo Vadis."

sands of persons, eager at the last minute to buy tickets, away from his door, and he can afford to breathe freely and let the future take care of itself."

The opera house itself is adorned with Hammerstein's bust in stone and is magnificently equipped. Colossal figures symbolizing Harmony, Melody, Song, Dance, etc., greet the beholder on the outside. The building is called by the architect, Mr. Bertie Crewe, the most ambitious structure of its kind in the United Kingdom. On the roof Mr. Hammerstein, with truly American enterprise, has installed a Marconi station which receives bookings for seats from art enthusiasts in mid-ocean. The house has also an artesian well of its own, sunk to a depth of five hundred feet.

"Fifty hours a week have been worked since the excavations began in November, 1910, and 24,000 tons of earth have been removed for the foundations. The materials used include over 1,500 tons of cement, 120 tons of granite, 2,800 tons of sand, 1,000 tons of breeze for floors, 3,000 tons of Portland stone, 3,500,000 bricks, and 800 tons of steel. There are also 6,000 lights, 158,400 feet of cable, several miles of tubing, and 10 electric motors.

"There are many minor structural novelties at the London Opera House. Much thought and study have also been devoted to the perfecting of the orchestra, which, altho sunken, is not covered (as at Baireuth) lest the music should be

muffled. The position of the conductor, moreover, is not unduly obtrusive, as is sometimes the case. The decorations of the house make for a rich and warm effect. Thus, the color-scheme of the upholstery and hangings is rose du Barri; the woodwork is white, relieved and brightened with gold, and the ceiling has been generously painted by J. C. Walsche. Pegasus, as typical of the highest inspiration of man, supplies the motif of this decoration, and amoretti offering fruit and caskets of flowers."

Mr. Hammerstein is not confining his attention to the stars of the present, but is considering the stars of the future as well. He is arranging a plan by which musical students may have free seats at the opera allowed them in rotation. His greatest star at the present is a young American tenor, Orville Harold. There was some doubt as to the musical value of "Wilhelm Tell," Mr. Hammerstein's second operatic production, which is characterized as a "return to the early Victorian era"; but the new tenor is hailed by London critics as a "tower of strength." Mr. Hammerstein has burst upon bewildered London, in short, somewhat after the fashion of those founders of department stores there who brought over their inspiration from America. Without America, Hammerstein is unthinkable, a circumstance which the stolid Britons make much of in their estimates of both the impresario and the republic which formed him.

TOLSTOY'S VOICE FROM THE GRAVE HEARD IN A GRUESOME PLAY

DEATH has not diminished the stature of Leo Tolstoy. The peasantry of the Russian provinces of Tula, Kazan and Kursk are said to believe in his bodily return to earth before April, 1913. Israel Zangwill introduces the figure of Tolstoy thinly disguised as "Frithiof" in his sensational recent play, "The War God," produced by Sir Herbert Tree. The great Russian appears wearing his peasant's smock and leaning on his pilgrim's staff, preaching the doctrine of non-resistance. Almost simultaneously the voice of Tolstoy himself is heard in his last play, "The Living Corpse," published by his daughter according to her father's instructions.* The play, produced with *éclat* in Moscow, Saint Petersburg, and at the Burg-Theater of Vienna, will shortly be published in English by Brown Brothers of Philadelphia. The publishers compare the play to Tolstoy's powerful "Powers of Darkness." Herman Bernstein, who saw Tolstoy as late as last spring, regrets that the play seems to lack the final finish. "After careful revision," he says, "'The Living Corpse' would have ranked with Tolstoy's earlier masterpieces, which established his international fame as an artist."

Tolstoy, however, was more concerned with his message than with his art. "As the reader turns the pages," remarks a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, "the piece less suggests the work of an old man than of a man who wished much to say all that the play contains, and so wrote in concentrated haste." The play symbolically embodies the beliefs of Tolstoy's final years. "They came too late to be translated into deeds. He could only write of them; he could only testify in print and on the stage to his faith in the natural man, unspoiled by social prejudices, unconstrained by legal institutions, living, doing, sacrificing out of a wise, generous, discerning soul."

"In the salon at Paris, last summer, there was a much-copied picture of Tolstoy, an old man in a moujik's dress, setting out over wintry hills on the search for his ideal. Perhaps this final play—and it is wintry enough in spite of the hothouse of the gypsies—is a part of this same quest. Perhaps the goal, the ideal, was the individual freedom of the natural man to act according to the promptings of a nature that, as Tolstoy believed, is good so long as it is unoppressed by social orders and social prejudices, by legal bonds and threats. The wonder is that the censorship has passed the play in Russia, tho its gospel of 'anarchy' is social rather than political. Elsewhere, in America even, there will be enough to call it an 'Anarchist' piece. Yet the old man's faith in human goodness, in poor, mortal Fédias and Lisas and Karénines, has its touch of sublimity."

The play opens with a domestic upheaval not unlike that shown in the opening chapters of *Anna Karenina*, with the attempts, in this case unsuccessful, of various relatives to heal the breach. Fedia, a drifting sort of man, in whom the student of Russian fiction recognizes the well-known type that appears from Gogol and Gontcharov to the Rudin of Turgenev, has just disappeared from home. Tho lovable enough for his wife to long for his return, he has squandered his own fortune and hers and become a hopeless drunkard. His



TOLSTOY AS RUSSIA SEES HIM

According to the belief of the Russian peasants, Tolstoy has not passed, but will return to life before another year is gone.

* *LE CADAVRE VIVANT*, drama de Léon Tolstoy, traduit du Russe par N. Mirsky et H. L. *L'Illustration* Théâtrale, Paris.



TOLSTOY IN SEARCH OF THE IDEAL

This picture, which made a stir in the Paris Salon last year, shows the strange gray figure of the Russian poet-prophet as he started on his wintry journey which led him to the end of all things.

own explanation is characteristic both of his own character and of Tolstoy's philosophy:

"It is not that I find pleasure in drinking. But I have always the feeling that everything I do is not what it ought to be, and I feel ashamed. Now that I am talking with you, I am feeling ashamed. And as for being a high dignitary, or a bank director, it is so shameful. . . . After having drunk, one has no more shame. And then music—not the opera, or Beethoven, but the gypsy music—that puts into your soul so much life, so much energy. . . . And then the lovely black eyes, the smile. . . . But the more that enchants, the more I am ashamed afterwards. . . . All of us in our grade of life, in that to which I was born, have three roads to follow in life, only three. To be a functionary, to make money, to add to the sordidness in which one lives,—that disgusts me. Perhaps I am not capable of it; but, above all, it disgusts me. The second way is to fight against all this sordidness, but for that one must be a hero, and I'm not one. The third remains: to forget, to drink, to prowl the streets, to sing. It is this which I have chosen, and you see where it has led me."

Fedia has really disappeared because he feels himself a worthless obstacle to the happiness of two worthy people, his wife Lisa and her childhood's friend Karenin. A thoroughly honest woman and devoted wife, she does not know her own sentiment for the man who has been a good friend to both husband and wife, but Fedia, with his passive clear-sightedness, sees that, with himself out of the way, a true love will spring up between them. He resists all overtures to return, even the appeal of Karenin, sent by the wife, and determines to free her by divorce. But he cannot endure the lies and collusion that a divorce trial will entail,—and Tolstoy develops with the greatest care his peculiar inert truthfulness—so that he decides to put himself out of the way by suicide, and writes a letter to his wife, telling her so. But Macha, a gypsy girl to whom he is dear, rushes him into a compromise. Leaving his clothes on the bank, he disappears while bathing, and a body being subsequently identified as his, Fedia becomes a "living corpse," legally dead, with neither name nor standing. He sinks into a life of dull drunkenness, brightened only by the songs of the gypsies whom he follows, and the disinterested affection of Macha which, with Tolstoian sensibility, he keeps purely Platonic, that he "may love without disgust." The knowledge that his wife and Karenin, now married, are as happy as they should be, is his spiritual stay. But a blackmailer with whom he refuses to work denounces him to justice, and not only he, but the married pair are arraigned in court. They find it hard to convince the judge that they knew nothing of the fraud. Fedia's speech before the court shows his attitude to society.

FEDIA. Aren't you ashamed, your Honor? Why do you interfere in the lives of others? You like to be in power, and you take advantage of it to torture, physically and morally, people a thousand times better and more worthy of respect than you are. . . .

JUDGE. I beg you . . .

FEDIA. No use to beg me; I shall say just what I think, and you (*to the clerk*) write it down. At least there will be in the report of a trial, for the first time, some few sensible words. (*Lifting his voice.*) There were in the world three persons: I, he, she. Their relations were complicated. It was a conflict of good and evil, a moral conflict of which you could not form an idea. That conflict was ended by a solution that untwisted the knot. It was peace for us all; as for them, they were happy, they loved one another and I was forgotten. As for me, in my failure,

I am happy to have done so well, and, being a poor wretch, to have disappeared so as not to inconvenience those full of life and leading an honest life. In short, we all went on living. Then all at once appears a wretch, a blackmailer, who tries to make me take part in his extortion. I drive him away. Then he addresses himself to you, who are the champion of justice, the protector of morality. And you, who draw each month some pence for each one of your dirty cases, you put on your uniform and with a light heart you defy us, people whose shoestrings you are not worthy to tie. But you are in such a situation that you can overpower us, and that is all you care.

JUDGE. I'll make you move on . . .

FEDIA. I fear no one, for I am only a corpse. You can do nothing to hurt me; no situation could be worse than mine. Make me go if you wish. . . . How ridiculous you would be if you were not so odious!

When a little later he takes in his hand the revolver to kill himself, which he does not in the least want to do, but feels he absolutely must do, so as not to involve the others in a crazy network of customs and laws, he says: "This is foolish, banal, tiresome, idiotic!"

The drama is really a novel in dialog form cut up into six acts and twelve scenes. The

interest does not, as in European drama, lie in the situations, nor, as with the Russian school, in the creation of an atmosphere; but in psychological analysis. A host of minor characters float in and out of the cast, less to advance the action than to give the protagonist a chance to reveal his spirit or express his opinions.

That these are, in several important points, the opinions of Tolstoy, is something that the critics who greet the play as a return to his earlier artistic manner seem to overlook. But Minsky, the French translator, points out that this play differs from the ordinary family drama not in the situation, which introduces the usual triangular complication, but in the fact that without exception all the people involved are animated by the most friendly and self-sacrificing feelings for each other. A Frenchman would be apt to think that all these people had fallen direct from the skies; but Rousseau would have seen in this only a proof that the natural man or woman does act kindly so long as he loves, provided he is let alone by society. Tolstoy says that all agonies of passion are created or suggested by social prejudices, by the fear of being ridiculous, or the false morality that says: "Kill her."

DOLLS' HOUSES FOR THE DRAMA



HE same age which witnesses such gigantic spectacles as the dramatization of Hichen's "Garden of Allah" and the immense scenic effects of the New York hippodrome or "hippodrama,"

tends at the same time to their antithesis, the miniature theater. The present vogue for little theaters, as the New York *Sun* observes, is not confined to New York. One exists prosperously in London, and Boston is to have one which is to be known as the Toy Theater. Such playhouses exist also in Paris and in Moscow; but the most notable is the Kammer-spiel house founded by Max Reinhardt in Berlin, with the sole object of gaining in the theater that intimacy which exists between performers and audience that gives charm to chamber music in small halls. Altho this same genius of the modern German stage has departed far from this theory and is spreading his talents over the largest available fields, such as Greek tragedies in circuses and pantomimes in hippodromes, there is still, the writer insists, virtue in his idea of the little theater.

A dozen or more small theaters in New York are already particularly adapted to what is called the intimate drama, plays in which the story is told with such simplicity and fidelity to life that the spectator sees the action develop as tho in a room from which the fourth wall is removed. The Maxine Elliott Theater, the Playhouse and others,—theaters in New York constantly change their names,—are exemplars of this type. There are, of course, economic reasons for departures from the big type; but fundamentally the reasons animating the innovation are distinctly artistic. The tendency seems to be toward still smaller houses.

When the founders of the New Theater ordered "One national theater, well done in a hurry," as Paul Davis remarks in *The Theatre Magazine*, something artistic and handsome was wanted. The theater that was built to meet the specifications was a dream, a vision of delight. Also, it was too big.

"Shrink it!" was the command.

"So they shrank it. Of no avail. The young American drama still rattled around inside. For

the playhouse was constructed on the heroic scale, a palace fit for the gods; while the plays of to-day aim to be just life-size and no larger. Also the contemporary playgoing public is less concerned with armies and processions, spectacles and displays, than with the character and concerns of this or that particular man and woman. It has turned from perspective to become introspective."

The New Theater, so far, has three successors. One is the new New Theater, a cozy little playhouse in West Forty-second Street, which, according to the *New York Telegraph*, is to be directed by Augustus Thomas. Mr. Thomas's salary, paid by the founders of the original New Theater, will be in inverse proportion to the size of the playhouse, the figure named being fifty thousand dollars a year. Mr. Thomas's contract, however, will be only for one year. The first play to be presented will be from his own pen. Mr. Ames, the first director of the New Theater, who, as the *Boston Transcript* justly insists, has accomplished much under extraordinary difficulties, for which the coming years, if not the actual hour, will give him credit, will build a very small theater of his own to indulge in artistic experiments. Finally the Drama Players from Chicago, who, under the generalship of Donald Robertson and the management of the Shuberts,—Lee Shubert, it will be remembered, was the first manager of the New Theater,—have invaded New York to show the metropolis wherein the New Theater failed. So far the reception of the Drama Players has not been enthusiastic. This may be due to their astonishingly ill-advised choice of plays, such as Ibsen's admittedly dull "Lady from the Sea" and Pinero's "Thunderbolt," which, while excellent in construction, palls on the stage. Their production of Molière's "Learned Ladies," on the other hand, was hailed even by that eternal scoffer Alan Dale.

The Players appeared in a theater of ordinary dimensions. The scenery, according to Walter Pritchard Eaton, was crude and unelusive. What the Drama Players need to bring out the subtle qualifications of such actors as Donald Robertson and Hedwig Reicher seems to be a more suitable frame, a small, intimate theater, such as Mr. Ames will construct, modeled largely on Reinhardt's dramatic dolls' house.

The theater planned by Mr. Ames will seat no more than three or four hundred people. It will contain no balconies and no boxes, resembling more a concert hall than a parquet. Within and without, the theater will be an

adroit compromise between opulence and austerity. The price of admission may be as high as three dollars. This is comparatively little, for in Berlin an acceptable seat in Reinhardt's miniature playhouse cannot be procured for less than five dollars. The apostles of democracy and commonness, remarks the dramatic editor of the *Boston Transcript*, will observe scornfully that it is a theater for plutocrats. Such, we are told, is not the case.

"It is a theater neither for the rich, nor the poor, nor the middle class between. It is a theater for those that love plays and acting so much that they are willing to pay a high price for such pleasure as they crave, whether the price comes out of a full pocketbook or is the accumulation of self-denial for a keenly sought and warmly satisfying pleasure. The listener may be rich and hear 'Pelléas and Mélisande' at the Metropolitan Opera House with understanding and appreciative pleasure. The listener may also be poor, hear it with equally fine, or finer, perceptions and enjoy it yet more because the pleasure is the fruit of long self-denial for a cherished end. So with the potential public of Mr. Ames's theater. It may be rich, it may be poor; it may be socially significant or socially undistinguished; but if it is to find pleasure in what it sees and hears, it must be an eager and sensitive public of connoisseurs."

The American theater, the writer goes on to say, has not been fortunate in its friends. Those that proclaimed most loudly and persistently that they took it seriously have, until recent years, more repelled than attracted those who loved it with a purer, more discriminating, much less selfish and ostentatious affection. "From the days of the appalling audiences, coated inches deep with 'moral' or 'symbolic' significances, that Ibsen's plays assembled in the experimental days of the eighties or the nineties to the present days of the subduing of the theater to the standards of the 'nicest homes' of Evanston—if I recollect rightly the suburb where the Drama League was born—the connoisseur and devotee of the theater has shrunk from those who were trying to accomplish some of the very ends that he desired."

"He could not always be deadly serious and highly symbolic with them, because he was fain to see his light pieces as well, his artificial comedies, his farces for the intelligent. He could not, being human, scale their lofty heights of moral significance, because he liked the exotic, the poetic, the fantastic, the merely beautiful and rare in the theater and even rejoiced when it had no moral and could not, possibly, have one."

Literature and Art

BOOKS WOMEN CAN NOT READ



NO woman can read 'The Garden of Tortures'; few can read any of Mirbeau's novels." Such is the impression recently conveyed by a professor of French

in one of our universities concerning the work of the much disputed French novelist and dramatist who stands to-day at the head of the ultra-realistic school, but whose books are almost unknown in this country. Not since Benjamin R. Tucker was prevented from publishing his translation of "The Diary of a Chambermaid" by the interference of the postal authorities, has a second attempt been made to introduce any of the more important works of Octave Mirbeau to the American public. The reason may be that given by the French professor, that they are too repellant to women, and that books of that type will never be read in the United States.

And yet critics are not lacking in France who claim that this strange Octave Mirbeau is the one giant of contemporary French letters, that notwithstanding the unpleasant and often disgusting atmosphere of his books, he is a crusader of the beautiful, and the creator of a new standard of esthetics. "He is our only novelist of genius," declares Victor Méric in his lively series of portraits called *Les Hommes du Jour*, "the only one the French can place beside Tolstoy, of whom he is not far from being the disciple—not considering his philosophy." It is perhaps not an insignificant fact that Mirbeau has won great popularity with the radical Russians, who know his work through translations by Viera Korzukhina, E. Moroskhin, V. Tutchalski and others. The Germans are apt to put him in the same class with their own Frank Wedekind, whom he is not unlike. One of the first plays to be staged by the new company of German players who have been appearing at the Berkeley Lyceum, New York, was "Der Dieb," a version of one of Mirbeau's mordant one-act satires, "Scruples." Except for this, and the unsuccessful "Business is Business," produced several years ago, Mirbeau is un-

known to the American stage. Altho the real discoverer of Maeterlinck, he is almost unknown to American readers—unless as the writer of the preface of Marguerite Andoux's prize novel "Marie Claire."

On the other hand, Octave Mirbeau is almost ignored by the conservative French critics as a decadent producer of pornographic and crapulous literature. As Victor Méric says, one must admire Mirbeau or reject him completely. The majority of the French critics have followed the latter course. Even those who are not repelled by the emphasis upon sex in his books are often driven away by what they consider unnecessary cruelty and pain. In spite of his reputation, however, declares M. A. Sée in the *Revue Internationale de Sociologie*, "Mirbeau is, if not a misunderstood man, at least a badly understood one." M. Sée continues:

"Because for some five hundred pages, he puts himself in the place of a cynical servant girl, in order to affirm with her the vulgarity of distinguished people, and to tear the veil away from their nasty 'âmelettes,' people care to recognize in him nothing but a teller of filthy anecdotes. Now these recitals are of value not only for the etiology of moral maladies. The symptoms of the disease exposed, he diagnoses it with the brutal and categorical precision of a physician quite sure of himself. In satirizing ridiculous people, he implicitly accomplishes that apotheosis of Beauty of which, in his rôle of caricaturist, he is a fervent worshipper. Extremes meet. After fraudulent refinement, the great deformers come to exalt the ugly, in which they perceive 'the sublime Beauty.' Teratology applied to the fine arts has produced masterpieces; it is, in fact, one of the happiest manifestations of realism. I believe, moreover, that caricatural art is the most varied, the most tragic, and the most exacting as well, because of the very difficult qualities of irony and observation that it requires. It is not a problem merely of setting down the truth, but of interpreting it sincerely by a synthetization that Mirbeau has applied to psychology.

"In his greatly discussed work he has put all the emotions—the sweetest and the most vehe-



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"Yes, I affirm that this type of love, which knows all the degradation, all the shame of intoxication, without knowing its oblivion; this love, which shows in such an appalling manner the complexity of our nature, and proves the duality that is living within us; this love of a man who examines and scrutinizes himself, but who sees himself sink into the mire without be-

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RODIN'S FOREMOST DISCIPLE IN THE UNITED STATES

Jo Davidson's work which strongly suggests the influence of the French master, nevertheless strikes a distinctive note all his own.

Mr. Wells thus defines his conception of the novel. We quote only in part:

"The novel is a story that demands, or professes to demand, no make-believe. The novelist undertakes to present you people and things as real as any that you can meet in an omnibus. And I suppose it is conceivable that a novel might exist which was just purely a story of that kind and nothing more. It might amuse you as one is amused by looking out of a window into a street, or listening to a piece of agreeable music, and that might be the limit of its effect. But almost always the novel is something more than that, and produces more effect than that. The novel has almost inseparable moral consequences. It leaves impressions, not simply of things seen, but of acts judged and made attractive or unattractive. They may prove very slight moral consequences, and very shallow moral impressions in the long run, but there they are, none the less, its almost inevitable accompaniments. It is almost unavoidable that this should be so. Even if the novelist attempts or affects to be impartial, he still cannot prevent his characters setting examples; he still cannot avoid, as people say, putting ideas into his readers' heads. The greater his skill, the more convincing his treatment, the more vivid his power of suggestion. . . . And I think it is just in this, that the novel is not simply a fictitious record of conduct, but also a study and judgment of conduct, and through that of the

ideas that lead to conduct, that the real and increasing value—or perhaps to avoid controversy I had better say the real and increasing importance—of the novel and of the novelist in modern life, comes in."

The novel, then, according to this conception, is an integral part of the great intellectual revolution amidst which we are living to-day. Mr. Wells strongly contends that our complicated social organization cannot get along without the mutual understanding and the mutual explanation that the increased range of characterization in the discursive and exhaustive novel implies. The drama excites our sympathies intensely, he admits, but it does not *widen* them. Biography is false, with "the worst of all kinds of falsehood—the falsehood of omission." And as for autobiography, "a man may show his soul in a thousand half-unconscious ways—but to turn upon oneself and explain oneself is given to no one." The men who have written the best autobiographies are the natural liars and braggarts, like Cellini or Casanova. In the novel, on the contrary, just because its characters are figments and phantoms, they can be made transparent. "Because they are fiction, and you know they are fiction, so that they cannot hold you for an instant so soon as they cease to be true, they have a power of veracity quite beyond that of actual records."

In conclusion, Mr. Wells proclaims his independence of the Weary Giant by stating, not only his own aims, but those of the entire group of young realistic English novelists, among whom he figures most conspicuously:

"We are going to write, subject only to our own limitations, about the whole of human life. We are going to deal with political questions and religious questions and social questions. We cannot present people unless we have this free hand, this unrestricted field. What is the good of telling stories about people's lives if one may not deal freely with the religious beliefs and organizations that have controlled or failed to control them? What is the good of pretending to write about love, and the loyalties and treacheries and quarrels of men and women, if one must not glance at those varieties of physical temperament and organic quality, those deeply passionate needs and distresses from which half the storms of human life are brewed? We mean to deal with all these things, and it will need very much more than the disapproval of provincial librarians, the hostility of a few influential people in London, the scurrility of the *Spectator*, and the deep and obstinate silence of the *Westminster Gazette*, to stop the incoming tide of aggressive novel-writing."

AN AMERICAN CREATOR OF THE "NEW STATUARY"

PROMINENT among the young sculptors who have come under the liberating influence of Auguste Rodin is Jo Davidson, an American, of Russo-Jewish origin. Not that Davidson is an imitator. According to Holbrook Jackson, the English critic, in an appreciative article which appeared lately in *T. P.'s Magazine*, the master-sculptor's influence, like that of all great liberators in art, "has not so much helped Davidson to find Rodin as Davidson to find Davidson." Rodin, Mr. Jackson goes on to say, is the Michael Angelo of our age. Inspired by his genius, all over Europe to-day "there are men imagining in clay and dreaming in bronze, whose statues must eventually rank with the world's masterpieces." Jo Davidson, at the age of thirty, "stands for distinction and imaginative power among the best of the new sculptors."

Not long ago, in the winter of 1910, Davidson gave the first exhibition of his work in New York, prefacing the list of sculptures with a few explanatory aphorisms: "That a work of art is the expression of an emotion. That Plastic art is a form of expression by which emotions can be made visible. Emo-

tions being purely personal, the more individual the work of art the greater it is. The greater individual the artist, the greater his work of art." He boldly added that "the only use of Old Masters is to tell us what to avoid." Which naturally brought forth the critical retort that "the only use of the moderns is to show us what the old masters took care to avoid." For Davidson, like all the young anarchists in sculpture, like Rodin himself, pays the penalty for his daring. His work sometimes is too sketchy. His rhythmic sense, as one discriminating critic has said, leads him into strange ways. Yet even so, this same critic remarks: "Writhing figures may not symbolize the wind and the whirlwind, as he pretends they do, yet he communicates to you his emotion. And that is something—to traverse the gulf between humans by aid of a hunk of mud."

As a boy, Davidson experienced all the vicissitudes of poverty and genius. He grew up on the East Side of New York City, working at odd jobs for a living. When he was sixteen years old, he won a High School scholarship for drawing, and entered the Art Students' League, where he studied for three years. Then he went to Paris, to the Beaux-



DAVIDSON'S TRIBUTE TO LABOR

This anxious straining figure is Jo Davidson's conception of Toil.



A LYRIC IN BRONZE

Davidson's portrait bust of Miss Emily Grigsby reveals his mastery of portraiture.

Arts. But three weeks of that venerable institution were quite enough for Davidson. "What I wanted was life," he says; "they offered me antiquities." He now exhibits in New York, London and Paris; for the last three years annually at the Salon d'Automne.

Davidson's work is impressionistic, says Holbrook Jackson, but it is not the impressionism of the painter. "His art is more allied to impressionism in music than in painting; it has the same reflective emotion, the same self-contained sense of design. Whilst looking at his later work your mind is instinctively swayed by musical rhythm. You feel that you could far more easily sing about his statues . . . than write or talk about them."

Altho Davidson has ideas and theories of life which personally he loves to expound, he does not put them into his sculpture. Pure emotion is its true element, and its inspiration. "The quick response of a deep impression of actuality broods over his work," says Holbrook Jackson; and he thus concludes his sympathetic analysis:

"The quality of his vision lies in its sense of emotional fact, and that after all is the only, the final, reality. Beauty, for instance, beauty as an idea, as an absolute thing, is not his aim. What he aims at is the representation in form of the thing he has felt whilst perceiving some object, or whilst dreaming. The quality of beauty clothes all his works as a result, even tho, as in those tragic little terra-cotta models of French peasant women which he has made, the actual thing seen has been a piece of what is conventionally supposed to be ugliness.

"The sculptures of Davidson suggest classical statues transfigured by actuality; they give you every now and then the feeling that you are looking at cold formal clay upon which the breath of life has blown and left it living; as tho the



JO DAVIDSON IN A GENTLER MOOD

This study of a girl in repose brings out the softer aspects of the sculptor's art.



THE WOMAN WITH THE HOE

This might well be the name for this portrait in stone of a French peasant woman.



DAVIDSON'S CURIOUS VISION OF "EARTH"

In this epic figure we feel, according to Holbrook Jackson, "the reawakening of the Classical in the Modern."

statue had moved in response to a thought, a whim, a passion, and assumed the pose of its new experience. Particularly do you feel this reawakening of the classical in the modern about his epic figure, 'La Terre,' but added thereto you feel also the personality of the modern world; that restless intensity of soul which sees, feels, imagines, and records with reference only to itself. Jo Davidson is a representative of the new individualism. He sings his songs in bronze and creates tone-poems in clay. . . .

"Few sculptors in the past, and still fewer in the present, have set the seal of matured personality to their work at so early an age as Davidson; his conception of life is large and free; his imagination courageous, and his mind bright and alert; and these things, taken in conjunction with the mastery he has shown over his

materials, make his work one of the most hopeful expressions of the art vitality of our day."

Henry F. Griffin, in the course of a descriptive article about Davidson, which appeared recently in *The World's Work*, writes as follows:

"His work, because it is something vital and new in the most ancient and conservative of arts, is of compelling interest; but the man, his ideas and aims are quite as interesting as his work. . . . The critics, running the usual gamut of catch-phrases that critics love to employ, have called him an impressionist, a follower of Rodin, an emotional realist. Davidson himself is too busy working out his own artistic salvation to waste time trying to classify his art."

GEORGE MOORE'S FAREWELL TO ERIN



HE literary life of George Moore is one long series of confessions. He pours the confidences which he no longer entrusts to the priests into the ear of the public. In view of the discussion aroused by the Gaelic movement and the presence of the Irish Players in this country, Moore's latest confessions,* which frankly reveal his Hibernian enthusiasms and disappointments, possess additional piquancy.

It is now many years since Walter Pater, in a letter of congratulation to Mr. Moore, implied jokingly that he was half-shocked at himself for admiring the "Confessions of a Young Man." The letter was proudly reproduced in a subsequent volume of Mr. Moore's reminiscences. Despite the passage of time, Mr. Moore has lost nothing of what the Oxford critic called his "Aristophanic joy in life," and the attitude of the London press towards his latest fragment of autobiography has in it a reserve as towards something un-English, so naïve and sensational is this Irish variety, so doubtful is one of Mr. Moore's seriousness even in regard to himself, and in so intimate a manner does he portray his contemporaries. The reviewers have enjoyed themselves, but they are not quite certain whether they had the right to do so. The expression "diabolically brilliant" perhaps best represents the general opinion of this book in which Mr. Moore cries Ave! to Ireland.

It appears that Mr. Moore has set out to relate his Irish experiences in a three-volume romance called "Hail and Farewell." As the first volume explains how Mr. Moore, the cosmopolitan and an artist, was about twelve years ago suddenly transformed into an Irishman and a moralist, so the second will give an account of Mr. Moore's welcome as prophet of the Celtic revival, and the third will set out the causes which obliged Mr. Moore to abandon his mission and leave the land of his ancestors to its own devices. Hence Ave! Salve! Vale!

"Mr. Moore," says G. K. Chesterton, "is profoundly absorbed even in views he no longer holds, and he expects us to be." Mr. Moore's Irish adventure was a mistake and a failure; but what matter—it makes a good subject, the narration of it offers great scope for audacity, and, moreover, it throws a light on

Mr. Moore's psychology! Mr. Moore is no longer a patriot; but he asks us to listen while he tells how he once caught the malady of patriotism. That it was a malady he had never the slightest doubt; his Irish friends, he is careful to let us know, were never able to persuade him to the contrary. When he was living in the Temple, one of these friends, Edward Martyn, used to talk to him of nationality in art and the duty of an Irishman of letters. The subject interested Moore; but in any argument concerning it he invariably got the better of his companies. One night after a visit from Mr. Martyn he fell into a reverie—

"'The tide is out,' I said, and I wondered at the spots and gleams of light, amid the shrubs in the garden, till I began to wonder at my own wonderment, for, after all, this was not the first time that the moon had sailed over Lambeth. . . . I began to think of the soul which Edward Martyn had told me I had lost in Paris and in London, and if it were true that whoever casts off tradition is like a tree transplanted into uncongenial soil. Tourgenieff was of that opinion: 'Russia can do without us, but none of us can do without Russia'—one of his sentimental homilies grown wearisome from constant repetition, true, perhaps, of Russia, but utterly untrue of Ireland. Far more true would it be to say that an Irishman must fly from Ireland if he would be himself—even the patriot has to leave Ireland to get a hearing. We must leave Ireland; and I did well to listen to Montmartre. . . . Strange that Ireland should have produced so little literature, for there is a pathos in Ireland, in its people, in its landscape and in its ruins."

Later on Mr. Moore met Mr. Yeats who wished to interest him in the Irish dramatic movement. Moore, partly out of good nature and partly because he liked to have his finger in every literary pie, agreed to help the Irish poet with his rehearsals, and began to spend his time in traveling backward and forward between London and Dublin.

During the Boer War, Moore began to fear that he was a changed man, that he had in fact caught the Irish infection, when he found himself praying for the defeat of the British arms. Could it be, he asked himself, that the old self that had worshiped pride, strength, courage and egoism should now crave for justice and righteousness, and should pause to consider humility and obedience as virtues, and might be moved to advocate chastity tomorrow? Could it be that the Irishman in him

* HAIL AND FAREWELL. By George Moore. D. Appleton Company.

had overtaken the Englishman? It could not be, he replied, and decided to live in France. England had, of course, become impossible to him.

"I grew interested in my case—went for long walks with a view to discovering how much I had been deceived, taking a certain bitter pleasure in noticing that Westminster Abbey was not comparable to Notre Dame. . . . Westminster was merely an echo of French genius, the church that a Norman king had built in a provincial city; and, going up Parliament street, I shook my head over my past life, for there had been a time when the Horse Guards had seemed no mean structure. The National Gallery was compared to the Madeleine or the Bourse; St. Martin's Church roused me to special anger. . . . The detestable race has produced nothing original: not one sculptor, nor a great painter, except, perhaps, John Millais. He came from one of the Channel Islands. A Frenchman!"

The closing of the psychological drama is sensational enough. Mr. Moore went to Ireland, and not to France; but his choice must be traced to the direct intervention of Providence in his affairs. A letter from the seat of war fell into his hands, "containing news so terrific that for a long time I sat, unable to think, bewildered, holding myself in check, resisting the passion that nearly compelled me to run into the street and cry aloud the plan that an English general had devised." De Witt was to be caught in an angle formed by the

junction of two rivers, and firing was not to cease even though the white flag were raised. Mr. Moore dictated the details of this murder plot to the editor of an Irish newspaper. The story was reprinted by the *Times*, whereupon the military authorities in South Africa repudiated their scheme. Mr. Moore reflected with delight that his publication would cost England at least £200,000,000; for with the white flag respected, the war must last some years longer. He was an "instrument chosen by God." And it was while in this exalted mood that he thought to hear a supernatural voice in the Hospital Road, Chelsea, saying, "Go to Ireland." Then he was filled with the conviction that the Messiah Ireland was waiting for was in himself and not in another.

"In a humbler and more forgiving mood I might have looked upon myself as having saved England from a crime that would have cried shame after her till the end of history. A great delirium of the intellect and the senses had overtaken the English at that time and how far they had wandered from their true selves may be guessed from the fact that that great and good man Kruger, who loved God and his fellow-countryman, was scorned throughout the whole British press—and why? Because he read the Bible. Even to the point of ridiculing the Bible did a Birmingham nail-maker beguile the English people from their true selves. . . . There is great joy in believing oneself God's instrument."

ARNOLD BENNETT IN THE CONFESSIONAL

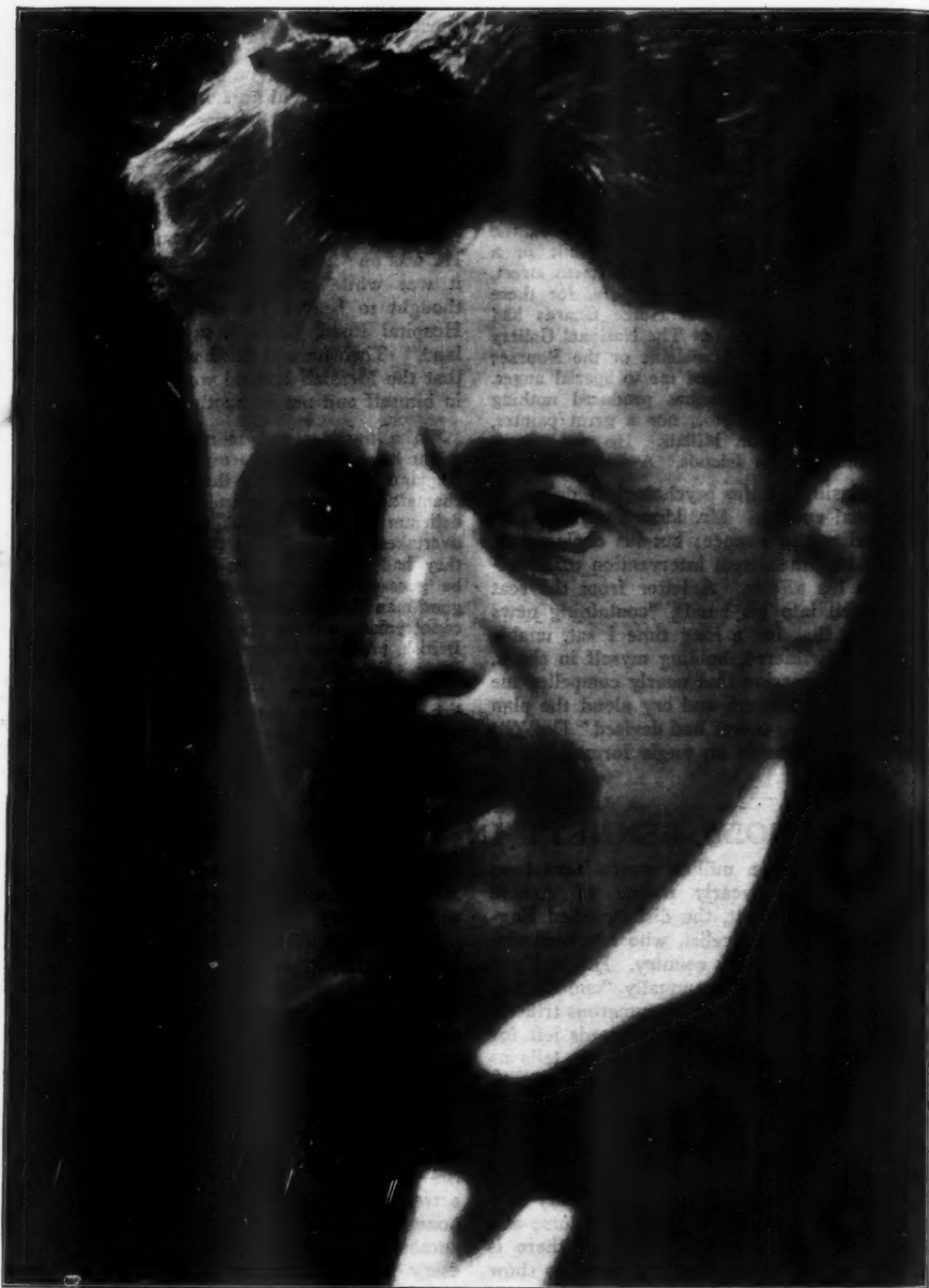
HALF a million words have been the yearly output of Arnold Bennett, the distinguished English novelist, who has been visiting this country. His frail pen produces annually "one or two books, one or two plays, and numerous trifles," with about a hundred and fifty words left for reviewing in odd moments. This he tells us in an astonishing little book, "The Truth About An Author,"* recently published in America for the first time. Mr. Bennett's most popular essay is "How To Live On Twenty-four Hours a Day." He has yet to instruct his public how to work twenty-four hours a day; and, considering the volume and variety of his productions, perhaps there is nothing else left for him to do except to show us America and the Americans "as they re-

ally are." For this purpose, it is understood, Messrs. Harper & Brothers have brought him to this country.

"The Truth About An Author" first made its appearance anonymously, some twelve years ago, in the pages of the *London Academy*. It's success, according to Mr. Bennett, was "terrific—among about a hundred people," mostly his fellow authors! He claims largely to tell the "truth" herein concerning the literary life. We find the essay rather a succession of unique autobiographical confessions. Moreover, it reads a little—just a little—like the autobiography of a favorite actress. It records no failures, or next to none. The cumulative effect of success after success is dazzling, but it is not realistic. The essay is, in short, what the *Academy* demanded,—a "sensational serial."

Arnold Bennett has tried his hand not only at various forms of literature and journalism;

* George H. Doran Company.



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MORE TALKED ABOUT THAN SHAW

Arnold Bennett challenges attention by his versatility as a writer and the engaging frankness of his views. On his recent visit to America, Mr. Bennett discovered that Americans are not such barbarians after all, tho he says that, owing to the preponderating dominance of New York, we are still "lopsided."

he has grubbed for a living in almost every capacity, from odd jobber to publisher's reader. He is under no illusions regarding the freedom of the free-lance—that "tramp touting for odd jobs"; and as for the high function of reader, he sadly admits that for him, at least, "the gilt is off the gingerbread, and the bloom is off the rye." He confesses without a blush, "I have never 'wanted to write,' until the extrinsic advantages of writing had presented themselves to me."

In his youth, Bennett was a notable prize-winner. In fact, it seems to have required the stimulus of a guinea to rouse his creative faculty. His first serial was written in response to a local newspaper advertisement. "It was a sinister narrative," the author recalls, "to illustrate the evils of marrying a drunken woman. (I think I had just read 'L'Assommoir' in Vizetelly's original edition of Zola.)" Altho the story proved to be "entirely without serial interest," its accomplishment led to young Bennett's engagement, at nothing a week, to write scintillating paragraphs for the local paper; and to his initial discovery of the relation between literature and life. "In writing my stories," he says, "I had never thought for a moment of life."

"I had *made* something, according to a model, not dreaming that fiction was supposed to reflect real life. I had regarded fiction as—fiction, a concoction on the plane of the Grand Canal, or the Zocodover at Toledo. But in this other literature I was obliged to begin with life itself. The wheel of a dog-cart spinning off as it jammed against a projecting bit of tram-line; a cyclist overset: what was there in that? Nothing. Yet I had taken that nothing and transformed it into something—something that seemed important, permanent, *literary*. I did not comprehend the process, but I saw the result. I do not comprehend it now. The man who could explain it could answer the oft-repeated cry: What is Art?"

Behold next the young realist in a London lawyer's office, preparing bills of cost for taxation, "that highly delicate and complicated craft," at two hundred pounds per annum; a safe enough basis for free-lancing in Fleet Street. Yet Bennett suffered; for he found himself there a "pedlar crying stuff which is bought usually in default of better; a producer endeavoring to supply a market of whose conditions he is in ignorance more or less complete; a commercial traveler liable constantly to the insolence of an elegant West End draper's 'buyer.'"

Before undertaking his first novel, Bennett plucked up courage to exchange his solid clerkship for the position of assistant editor on a ladies' paper, whose foundations, he had reason to fear, "were not fixed in the dark backward and abysm of time." Nevertheless, buoyant with the new-found pleasure of lord-ing it over "Evadne," "Angélique" and "Enid," and with his own metamorphosis from lawyer's clerk to "Gwendolen," he sat down to write his novel under the combined influences of the de Goncourts, Turgenev, Flaubert and de Maupassant. The novel, of course, was to be entirely unlike all previous English novels; nothing less than "the Usual miraculously transformed into the Sublime." It was accomplished. The author sent it to a prominent publisher; and the publisher sent for the author. Whereupon followed this classic dialog:

"'But there's no money in it, you know,' he said.

"'I suppose not,' I assented. ('You are an ass for assenting to that,' I said to myself.)

"'I invariably lose money over new authors,' he remarked, as if I was to blame.

"'You didn't lose much money over Mrs. —,' I replied, naming one of his notorious successes.

"'Oh, well!' he said, 'of course—. But I didn't make so much as you think, perhaps. Publishing is a very funny business.' And then he added: 'Do you think your novel will succeed like Mrs. —'s?'

"'I said that I hoped it would.

"'I'll be perfectly frank with you,' the publisher exclaimed, smiling beneficently. 'My reader likes your book. I'll tell you what he says.' He took a sheet of paper that lay on the top of the manuscript and read:

"'Written with great knowledge and a good deal of insight. . . . Living, convincing. . . . The style is good. . . . I do not think it likely to be a striking success!'

"'There's no money in it,' the publisher repeated, firmly. 'First books are too risky. . . . I should like to publish it.'

"'Well?' I said, and paused. I felt that he had withdrawn within himself in order to ponder upon the chances of this terrible risk. So as not to incommode him with my gaze, I examined the office. . . .

"'I'll publish it,' said the publisher, and I believe he made an honest attempt not to look like a philanthropist; however, the attempt failed.

"'I'll publish it. But of course I can only give you a small royalty.'

"'What royalty?' I asked.

"'Five per cent.—on a three-and-six-penny book.'

"'Very well. Thank you!' I said.

"I'll give you fifteen per cent. after the sale of five thousand copies," he added kindly. "O ironist!"

"Many a first book has cost its author a hundred pounds," Mr. Bennett consoles himself in retrospection; "I got a new hat out of mine." He did not tarry long in the editorial chair, sub or chief. As a reviewer, or rather a review factory, he has always been at his journalistic best. He confesses to one book and a fraction of a book a day, including Sundays, merely as a by-product. "I well know," he crows justifiably, "that there are not many men who can come fresh to a pile of new books, tear the entrails out of them, and write a fifteen-hundred-word *causerie* on them, passably stylistic, all inside sixty minutes."

In the more frivolous concoction of sensational serials, Bennett became as expert as in the reviewing of books at ten shillings per hour. ("But each year I raise my price!") Whoever has had the fun of reading his farcical melodrama, "Hugo," knows what is bound to appear when this mathematical and acrobatic "apprentice of Flaubert et Cie" sets himself to write a sensational serial. "The tale was divided into twelve instalments of five thousand words each, and I composed it in twenty-four half-days," he informs us.

"An instinctive sense of form helped me to plan the events into an imposing shape, and it needed no abnormal inventive faculty to provide a thrill for the conclusion of each section. Further, I was careful to begin the story on the first page, without preliminaries, and to finish it abruptly when it was finished. For the rest, I put in generous quantities of wealth, luxury, feminine beauty, surprize, catastrophe, and genial, incurable optimism."

The demand for such a serial was instantaneous and unlimited. The sensation-monger calculated that by supplying it he could earn three guineas per half-day. Imagination flourished. He dreamed of a serial "decked with the profuse ornament of an Eastern princess, a serial at once grandiose and witty, at once modern and transcendental, a serial of which the interest should gradually close on the reader like a vice until it became intolerable. I saw the whole of London preoccupied with this serial instead of with cricket and politics. I witnessed a riot in Fleet Street because I had, accidentally on purpose, delayed my copy for twenty-four hours, and the editor of the 'Daily —' had been compelled to come out with an apology. Lastly, I heard the sigh of

relief exhaled to heaven by a whole people when in the final instalment I solved the mystery, untied the knot, relieved the cruel suspense." But his dream, alas! was never realized; tho he still believes it capable of realization.

Bennett turned to play-writing because he "wanted money in heaps," and also because he wanted advertisement for his books. Commercially, he was successful; and he wonders why more young novel-writers do not follow his example. It is so dead easy! Whatever "genuine dramatic art" was introduced, he introduced it "surreptitiously and quite unknown to the managers." In ten years from the time he entered London, a youth of twenty-one, he ranked among the most successful "business men" in his profession, with a scorn unconcealed for "genteel Bohemia" and "discreet orgies of the higher intellectuality." He had acquired a suburban residence, and habits simple and correct. Yet he wearied of these things. One day he "ran over the list of our foremost writers" and found that they nearly all lived in the country. So he decided to live there too. Whereupon, with his usual preternatural shrewdness, he discovered in this move yet another commercial advantage:

"When you live two and a half miles from a railway you can cut a dash on an income which in London spells omnibus instead of cab. For myself I have a profound belief in the efficacy of cutting a dash. You invite an influential friend down for the week-end. You meet him at the station with a nice little gray mare in a phaeton, and an unimpeachable Dalmatian running behind. The turn-out is nothing alone, but the pedigree printed in the pinkiness of that dog's chaps and in the exiguity of his tail, spotted to the last inch, would give tone to a coster's cart. You see that your influential friend wishes to comment, but as you gather up the reins you carefully begin to talk about the weather and prices per thousand. You rush him home in twelve minutes, skimming gate posts. On Monday morning, purposely running it fine, you hurry him into a dog-cart behind a brown cob fresh from a pottle of beans, and you whirl him back to the station in ten minutes, up-hill half the way. You fling him into the train, with ten seconds to spare. 'This is how we do it in these parts,' your studiously nonchalant face says to him. He thinks. In a few hours Fleet Street becomes aware that young So-and-so, who lately buried himself in the country, is alive and lusty. Your stock rises. You go up one. You extort respect. You are ticketed in the retentive brains of literary shahs as a success. And you still have the dog left for another day."

Recent Poetry

THE announcement has been made in Chicago that a magazine for poetry is projected by Miss Harriet Monroe, for the support of which she is securing a considerable number of subscriptions at \$250 each. The real difficulty the magazine will encounter, so the Springfield *Republican* thinks, is in finding not capital but readers, and especially readers serious enough to condemn the poetry if it is not good. "We wince," says the *Republican*, "at the thwackings and scourgings of the days when a metaphor or an epithet was a matter for critical rage and recrimination, yet on the whole poets were better off when people took them seriously enough to abuse them. 'Strike, but read me' might well be the motto of Chicago's new organ of poetic uplift."

This notion that nobody reads poetry nowadays is strangely persistent, almost as persistent as the notion that nobody is writing good poetry. Both notions are entirely erroneous. Poetry is read as well as written. Mr. Edward Robeson Taylor, until recently mayor of San Francisco, gives it as his opinion that we are even now in the midst of a poetic renaissance similar to that in the Elizabethan era when nearly everybody could write good poetry. We are surprised month after month to find the amount of good poetry—not the best, of course, but good—that comes from unexpected sources and with unknown, or very little known, names attached. The trouble is, as Kipling once pointed out of writers in general, that our poets have to compete not with each other only, but with all the dead poets as well. Which makes it doubly difficult for a new poet to gain popular recognition.

The Christmas season brings forth a beautiful little poem from Mr. Markham. It is very sweet and simple, giving us the story of the Birth from the mother's point of view. It is from *The Ladies World*:

MARY'S STORY IN THE HOUSE OF JOHN.

By EDWIN MARKHAM.

Once more you want to hear me tell? . . .
We stopt to drink at David's Well
Before we reached the Inn. A calm

As of great peace was on the palm.
A bird flew to her happy nest,
A low bough hushed in evening rest;
And on the ridge beyond, a fox
Slit to his hole among the rocks.

That night of marvel and alarms
The Wonder-Babe was in my arms.
But when He came rose-white (the One
Who made the world and lit the sun)
There was no place where we could lay
His head, save in the ox's hay—
Save in the ass's humble stall:
So there we laid the Lord of all.
A yoke was leaning to the bed,
A fish-net hanging overhead;
And under yellow barley ricks
A hen was brooding on her chicks.

Outside I heard the shepherds sing—
Then flashed the lightning of a wing!
There was quick fragrance in the air,
A sound of harpings everywhere;
And cries of far hosannas—cries
That silvered out of rifted skies;
And through the roof I could discern
The glory of the angels burn;
Till suddenly the little stall
Shone like a lighted palace hall;
And I was filled with rapture-rest,
For God was warm against my breast!

The Thanksgiving season also produced at least one poem well worth while. We find it in *The Designer*:

THANKSGIVING.

By ANGELA MORGAN.

Thank Thee, O Giver of Life, O God!
For the force that flames in the winter sod;
For the breath in my nostrils, fiercely good,
The sweet of water, the taste of food;
The sun that silvers the pantry floor,
The step of a neighbor at my door;
For dusk that fondles the window-pane,
For the beautiful sound of falling rain.

Thank Thee for love and light and air,
For children's faces, keenly fair;
For the wonderful joy of perfect rest
When the sun's wick lowers within the West;
For huddling hills in gowns of snow
Warming themselves in the afterglow;
For Thy mighty wings that are never furled,
Bearing onward the rushing world.

Thank Thee, O Giver of Life, O God!
 For Thy glory leaping the lightning-rod;
 For Thy terrible spaces of love and fire
 Where sparks from the forge of Thy desire
 Storm through the void in floods of suns,
 Far as the heat of Thy Presence runs,
 And where hurricanes of chanting spheres
 Swing to the pulse of the flying years.

Thank Thee for human toil that thrills
 With the plan of Thine which man fulfils;
 For bridges and tunnels, for ships that soar,
 For iron and steel and the furnace roar;
 For this anguished vortex of blood and pain
 Where sweat and struggle are never vain;
 For progress, pushing the teeming earth
 On and up to a higher birth.

Thank Thee for life, for life, for LIFE,
 O Giver of life, O God!

The new volume of poems by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Marks) has for its title "The Singing Man" and for its subtitle: "A Book of Songs and Shadows" (Houghton, Mifflin Company). Mrs. Marks sees our present economic system through the eyes of a Socialist, but also, what is more important, through the eyes of a real poet. Several of the best of the poems we have already reprinted. Here is a very happy little lyric which we have not heretofore seen:

HAND IN HAND.

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

The dark had left no speech save hand-in-hand
 Between us two the while, with others near.
 Mine questioned thine with "Why should I be
 here?"

"Yet bide thou here," said thine, "and understand."

And mine was mute; but strove not then to go;
 And hid itself, and murmured, "Do not hear
 The listening in my heart!" Said thine, "My
 Dear,
 I will not bear it, ever. But I know."

Said mine to thine: "Let be. Now will I go!—
 For you are saying,—you who do not speak,
 This hand-in-hand is one day cheek-to-cheek!"
 And said thy hand around me, "Even so."

Then mine to thine.—"Yea, I have been alone;
 —Yet happy.—This is strange. This is not I!
 You hold me, but you can not tell me why."
 And said thy hand to mine again, "My Own."

The days of the ballad are not past and gone
 as long as we can get such spirited and blood-

stirring things as Chesterton's "The Ballad of the White Horse" (John Lane Company). It is a sort of ballad-epic of King Arthur and the Danes, and the London *Nation* prophesies that it "will live very much longer than any other of Mr. Chesterton's writings." We agree. It has action and life in it and it does not bore one as Mr. Noyes's epic on "Drake" frequently does. We quote a passage or two from the first part, where King Arthur is rallying his forces.

THE GATHERING OF THE CHIEFS.

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON.

The King went gathering Christian men
 As wheat out of the husk;
 Eldred the Franklin by the sea,
 And Mark the man from Italy,
 And Golan of the Sacred Tree,
 From the old tribe on Usk.

* * * * *

A mighty man was Eldred,
 A bulk for casks to fill;
 His face a dreaming furnace,
 His body a walking hill.

In the old wars of Wessex
 His sword had sunken deep,
 But all his friends, he sighed and said,
 Were broken about Ethelred;
 And between the deep drink and the dead
 He had fallen upon sleep.

"Come not to me, King Alfred,
 Save always for the ale;
 Why should my harmless hinds be slain
 Because the chiefs cry once again,
 As in all fights, that we shall gain,
 And in all fights we fail.

"Your scalds still thunder and prophesy
 That crown that never comes;
 Friend, I will watch the certain things,
 Swine, and slow moons like silver rings,
 And the ripening of the plums."

And Alfred answered, drinking,
 And gravely, without blame,
 "Nor bear I boast of scald or king;
 The thing I bear is a lesser thing,
 But comes in a better name.

"Out of the mouth of the Mother of God,
 More than the doors of doom,
 I call the muster of Wessex men;
 From grassy hamlet or ditch or den,
 To break and be broken, God knows when,
 But I have seen for whom.

"Out of the mouth of the Mother of God
Like a little word come I;
For I go gathering Christian men
From sunken paving and ford and fen,
To die in a battle, God knows when,
By God, but I know why.

"And this is the word of Mary,
The word of the world's desire,
'No more of comfort shall ye get,
Save that the sky grows darker yet
And the sea rises higher.'"

Then silence sank. And slowly
Arose the sea-land lord
Like some vast beast for mystery,
He filled the room and porch and sky,
And from a cobwebbed nail on high
Unhooked his heavy sword.

Up on the shrill sea-downs and up
Went Alfred, all alone,
And turned but once e'er the door was shut,
Shouting to Eldred over his butt
That he bring all spears to the woodman's hut
Hewn under Egbert's Stone.

And he turned his back and broke the fern
And he fought the moths of dusk;
And went on his way for other friends—
Friend fallen of all the wide world's ends;
From Rome that wrath and pardon sends
And the gray towns on Usk.

* * * * *

He shouldered his spear at morning
And laughed to lay it on,
But he leaned on his spear as on a staff,
With might and little mood to laugh,
On ever he sighted chick or calf
Of Colan of Caerleon.

* * * * *

His harp was carved and cunning
As the Celtic craftsman makes,
Graven all over with twisting shapes
Like many headless snakes.

His harp was carved and cunning,
His sword prompt and sharp,
And he was gay when he held the sword,
Sad when he held the harp.

For the great Gaels of Ireland
Are the men that God made mad,
For all their words are merry
And all their songs are sad.

He kept the Roman order;
He made the Christian sign;
But his eyes grew often blind and bright,
And the sea that rose in the rocks at night
Rose to his head like wine.

He made the sign of the cross of God,
He knew the Roman prayer;
But he had unreason in his heart
Because of the gods that were.

Even they that walked on the high cliffs,
High as the clouds were then,
Gods of unbearable beauty
That broke the hearts of men.

And whether in seat or saddle,
Whether with frown or smile,
Whether at feast or fight was he,
He heard the noise of a nameless sea
On an undiscovered isle.

From the *Westminster Gazette* we get this
pleasant little lyric by the accomplished wife
of the editor of the *London Sphere*:

RAIN AFTER DROUGHT.

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

All night the small feet of the rain
Within the garden ran.
And gentle fingers tapped the pane
Until the dawn began.

The rill-like voices called and sung
The slanting roof beside;
"The children of the clouds have come;
Awake! awake!" they cried.

"Weep no more the drooping rose
Nor mourn the thirsting tree.
The little children of the storm
Have gained their liberty."

All night the small feet of the rain
About my garden ran.
Their rill-like voices called and cried
Until the dawn began.

The awakening of China ought to inspire
the poetic imagination. It has done so, as the
poem below will attest. It is from the *Los
Angeles Times*, and while the name of the
author is unknown to us, his touch is sure
and his treatment of the subject fine:

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

BY T. HOWARD WILSON.

Within her cave of shadows long has lain,
Smug in her hoary rites and dusty dreams,
The dragon nation of antiquities;
A people tethered to a fetish-creed,
Blind, groping after things divine in tombs
Of mortals dead, stuffed full with foul decay.

Entombed alive in ceremental years,
Her millions spawn in swarms on shore and
stream

And through bleak eyes look blindly on the day
And eat and drink and die and nothing gain.

Old when the nations now were forest tribes
Housed in the tawny hides of beasts of prey,
Beyond the peering thought of man's deep probe;
A nation still when night sat on the world
And fearful mists hung low on marsh and fen.
No England girt about with emerald seas,
Of stubborn worth and bold, chivalric years;
No France, with sparkling wit and ladies gay,
And honeyed songs from sunny Provencal;
No Germany, wise in philosophies,
Whose choral deeps reach to the singing stars;
No nation stretching out white hands of peace
With boundless strength of brain and brawn—
the goal

Of all fine dreams—America, not yet
Were these when China flourished in the night,
And built her walls to hedge the dragon in.

But, even so, her barren parliaments
Awoke no echoes in the nation's heart;
Her men, like beasts of burden, thronged the
dark,

Her women silent slaves to worthless forms.
But, lo! a sudden wave of clearing light
Springs outward, inward, belched from cannon's
mouth,

Exultant o'er the crumbling roofs of men,
Rebellion's wild alarm that shoulders back
A thousand stagnant years of apathy.
Behold, a nation born within a day!
The dragon sits within her shadow-cave
And shudders at strange banners in the sky,
While round the world her children shout for
joy,
And dance to see the dragon doomed to die.

The following poem, full of fine feeling and
noble eloquence, was read last spring before
the Poetry Society and elicited enthusiastic
applause. It appeared last month in the *At-
lantic*:

"SCUM O' THE EARTH."

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER.

At the gate of the West I stand,
On the isle where the nations throng.
We call them "scum o' the earth";
Stay, are we doing you wrong,
Young fellow from Socrates' land?—
You, like a Hermes so lissome and strong
Fresh from the master Praxiteles' hand?
So you're of Spartan birth?
Descended, perhaps, from one of the band—
Deathless in story and song—

Who combed their long hair at Thermopylae's
pass?

Ah, I forget the straits, alas!
More tragic than theirs, more compassion-worth,
That have doomed you to march in our "immi-
grant class"

Where you're nothing but "scum o' the earth."

You Pole with the child on your knee,
What dower bring you to the land of the free?
Hark! does she croon
That sad little tune

That Chopin once found on his Polish lea
And mounted in gold for you and for me?
Now a ragged young fiddler answers
In wild Czech melody

That Dvorak took whole from the dancers.
And the heavy faces bloom
In the wonderful Slavik way;

The little dull eyes, the brows a-gloom,
Suddenly dawn like the day.
While, watching these folk and their mystery,
I forget that they're nothing worth;
That Bohemians, Slovaks, Croatians,
And men of all Slavik nations
Are "polacks"—and "scum o' the earth."

Genoese boy of the level brow,
Lad of the lustrous, dreamy eyes
Astare at Manhattan's pinnacles now
In the first sweet shock of a hushed surprise;
Within your far-rapt seer's eyes
I catch the glow of the wild surmise
That played on the Santa Maria's prow
In that still gray dawn,

Four centuries gone,
When a world from the wave began to rise.
Oh, it's hard to foretell what high emprise
Is the goal that gleams
When Italy's dreams
Spread wing and sweep into the skies.
Caesar dreamed him a world ruled well;
Dante dreamed Heaven out of Hell;
Angelo brought us there to dwell;
And you, are you of a different birth?—
You're only a "dago,"—and "scum o' the earth!"

Stay, are we doing you wrong
Calling you "scum o' the earth,"
Man of the sorrow-bowed head,
Of the features tender yet strong,—
Man of the eyes full of wisdom and mystery
Mingled with patience and dread?
Have I not known you in history,
Sorrow-bowed head?
Were you the poet-king, worth
Treasures of Ophir unpriced?
Were you the prophet, perchance, whose art
Foretold how the rabble would mock
That shepherd of spirits, ere long,
Who should carry the lambs of his heart
And tenderly feed his flock?

Man—lift that sorrow-bowed head.
Lo! 't is the face of the Christ!

The vision dies at its birth.
You're merely a butt for our mirth.
You're a "sheeny"—and therefore despized
And rejected as "scum o' the earth."

Countrymen, bend and invoke
Mercy for us blasphemers,
For that we spat on these marvelous folk,
Nations of darers and dreamers,
Scions of singers and seers,
Our peers, and more than our peers.
"Rabble and refuse," we name them
And "scum o' the earth," to shame them.
Mercy for us of the few, young years,
Of the culture so callow and crude,
Of the hands so grasping and rude,
The lips so ready for sneers
At the sons of our ancient more-than-peers.
Mercy for us who dare despise
Men in whose loins our Homer lies;
Mothers of men who shall bring to us
The glory of Titian, the grandeur of Huss;
Children in whose frail arms shall rest
Prophets and singers and saints of the West.

Newcomers all from the eastern seas,
Help us incarnate dreams like these.
Forget, and forgive, that we did you wrong.
Help us to father a nation, strong
In the comradeship of equal birth,
In the wealth of the richest bloods of earth.

There is not much trope in this poem from
the *Springfield Republican*; but there are
heart-throbs in it and it reaches with tender
but sure touch the place whence the tears
spring.

TIRED MOTHERS.

BY MARY RIPLEY SMITH.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear.
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over much,
You are almost too tired to pray, to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day—
We are so dull and thankless, and so slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown,
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor,—
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky,—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah, the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest has flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

Here is another authentic poem, whose in-
spiration is drawn at first hand from the life
of to-day. If poetry must create the soul of a
nation, as Arnold Bennett says, the life of to-
day must be drawn upon for its themes. From
Lippincott's:

THE SURGEON.

BY ANNE MCQUEEN.

As high priest, teaching an acolyte,
He watches over each holy rite,
The flame and water to make them clean—
Body, and garment, and weapons keen—
With sacred care for a sacred strife:
To rout a foe in the House of Life!
For blade and body must both be pure,
And hand be steady, and eye be sure,
And weapons purged in the fiery glow,
Whenever he wars against a foe.

With joy of battle his soul is rife.
Behold! He enters the House of Life!
His flashing blade, it is dripping red—
He follows fast where the trail has led,
To the sacred shrine with ruby throne
Where Life has fought with the foe alone.
As the high priest's hand may lift the Veil,
He boldly enters the holy pale;
His hand is steady, his weapon bright—
The foe is vanquished and put to flight!
And Life awakens, with anguished breath;
For Man has grappled and beaten—Death!

Recent Fiction and the Critics



AT last Mrs. Wharton has emancipated herself from the thralldom of Henry James. She has long been supposed, as the New York *Sun* puts it, to worship Henry James on her knees. Now, says that paper, she is standing on her feet. If there can be found any obvious similarity between Mrs. Wharton's work in

ETHAN FROME her new story* and that of any English man of letters, it will be, as the Boston *Herald* suggests, with that of Thomas Hardy. The vividness with which the stark, sorrowful, stolid life of New England poverty is portrayed is akin in atmosphere to the Wessex stories of the grim British novelist.

It is difficult to recount the mere incidents of Mrs. Wharton's masterful tale without causing the reader to regard them as either ridiculous or nauseating. Severed from Mrs. Wharton's fine and suggestive manner and her deep knowledge of her characters and their conditions, the story of Ethan Frome, Zeena, his wife, and Mattie, the young and beautiful cousin, and their triangular relation, loses its vivid horror and almost seems commonplace. We are taken, at the outset, into the very midst of the scene and shown Ethan after the tragedy. Then, bit by bit, one detail after another is supposed to be discovered by the author until she has the story complete, as we receive it.

Married to a hideous hypochondriac older than himself, Ethan Frome labors day after day to drag the barest necessities of life from his arid, rocky patch of New England land, while his wife tries patent medicines and quack doctors for the relief of her supposed infirmities. Their whole life is steeped in a thick vapor of utter despair through which the young and vigorous Ethan attempts vainly now and then to penetrate. Suddenly, into the

midst of this hopelessly sordid household, is imported the figure of Mattie, a young cousin, sweet and fresh and innocent, in spite of her few months of labor in New England mills. Her coming brings a great gust of gladness into the girl's and into Ethan's life. But not a suggestion of this is shown. There is nothing but repression, the repression of a married man, faithful to his wife, filled with responsibilities and fearful of the disapproval of his world. Not an atom of their love is given expression. Gradually, however, in spite of all repression, Zeena realizes the condition of affairs and decides to send Mattie away. She is not particularly efficient at house work and they are too poor to support her. There is nothing more to be said. Ethan must simply submit. And so he tells Zeena that he will drive Mattie to the station.

One of the few pleasures that Ethan and Mattie have enjoyed together is sleighing or coasting down the snow-covered hillside, a pastime in which most native New Englanders delight. It is a wintry day that is set for Mattie's departure, and on the way to the station Ethan has an irresistible impulse to take her once more behind him on the sleigh for a headlong dash down the accustomed hill. A few minutes are left before train time, and so the lovers leave their trap by the wayside. At the bottom of the hill, just across the normal pathway of the sled, lies a great tree-trunk, beside which it is necessary to steer with great care to avoid the almost certain death that a concussion would involve. They go down the hill with Ethan steering, and the bottom is reached in safety. Then they decide to have another ride. This is to be the last, and after it Mattie must go to take her train. They have discussed ways and means, the possibility of a flight together, but Ethan has told her he must stay with his wife; that even if he would go with Mattie he can not because he is too poor to take care of her. The New England conscience has its way and so they return to

* *ETHAN FROME*. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.

the top of the hill for the last ride together. They determine to die, but only succeed in wrecking their lives. The twain are not killed, only maimed, and the rest of the book tells of Zeena's gloating care of two cripples—an invalid, herself, nursing two hopelessly ruined bodies.

The book is only about two hundred pages long. The *Outlook* calls it a short long story, while several of the dailies announce it as a long short story. The reader may take his choice; but in any case he will scarcely agree with the *New York Tribune* that the author "has not exercised her usual skill in omission"; but rather with the *New York Sun*, which believes that "not an unnecessary stroke

or a word too much is given." "This," the last named paper avers, "has none of the sparkle of Mrs. Wharton's earlier work. It has not an epigram from beginning to end. But it is her greatest book." The same critic concludes as follows:

"There is possible, within the gamut of human experience, an exaltation of anguish which makes a solitude for itself, whose direct contemplation seals the impulse of speech and strikes cold upon the heart. Yet sometimes in reflection there is revealed, beneath the writhing torment, the lineaments of a wronged and distorted loveliness. It is the piteous and intolerable conception which the Greeks expressed in the Medusa head that Mrs. Wharton has employed in 'Ethan Frome.'"



JAMES OPPENHEIM, the gifted young poet and novelist, is hailed, somewhat prematurely, by one of the critics as "the prophet of the socially submerged." The author himself speaks of his new work* as a piece of "creative realism." Mr. Arnold Bennett has already assured us that legitimate writers have abandoned the romantic novel form developed by Dickens, Thackeray and Scott. Now comes Mr. Oppenheim, as an American exponent of the school of "disillusionment," typified by Thomas Hardy and Arnold Bennett. His novel shows a broad and virile sympathy and a dramatic sense, but its artistry is weak and imperfect. He is a serious social worker, but lacks the broad vision which distinguishes the prophet.

THE NINE-TENTHS

The dominant person of Mr. Oppenheim's book is Joe Blaine, a printer, who, by his kindly sympathy and good-fellowship reminds us of the Dr. Rast of Mr. Oppenheim's early stories. At the very start his shop is burned down through his own carelessness, and a number of girls perish in the flames. Blaine is shaken by his sense of responsibility in the disaster and, in an effort at retribution, determines to abandon his business and his love (a young school teacher named Myra Craig) and to devote himself to the laboring class in their endeavor to better their conditions of living.

The rest of the book is devoted to a sympathetic account of various phases of this

endeavor. Together with his mother, Blaine moves down-town and establishes a labor weekly. Myra is meanwhile away in the country recovering from the shock. The campaign for circulation is started with the help of Sally Heffer, a capable suffraget, whose eloquent address, after the fire, first opens his eyes to the proletarian struggle. The shirtwaist strike arrives and, as the *Cleveland Plain-Dealer* remarks, gives Mr. Oppenheim an opportunity to write several chapters, powerfully descriptive of shops, courts and prisons during the strike, that are each of them a short story. Blaine and Sally Heffer are working very actively on the side of the strikers when Myra suddenly returns. With her comes the possibility of a struggle between the two women for the man's affection; but the author is too engrossed with impersonal problems even to suggest this individual conflict. Sally simply goes away, while Myra assumes full charge.

This happy but undramatic ending is preventive of any subtle character development, but the book, as the *Chicago Evening Post* insists, is there in the first 209 pages.

"It is, in any case, an inspiring statement of the democratic faith, a bugle-call to minds sunk in treasonable sloth or lukewarmness. One looks to Mr. Oppenheim for more novels which shall be still more worldly, in Stevenson's phrase, without being less idealistic; more nourished, but not less eloquent; more commonplace, without losing hold of these fine emotional values. One greets Mr. Oppenheim at the beginning of a distinguished career."

Whether distinguished or not, the story impresses one by its fervid sincerity.

* THE NINE-TENTHS. By James Oppenheim. Harper & Brothers.



ND now we come to the second book* of the man who has been hailed by William J. Locke and Arnold Bennett and a host of others as the author of the finest American novel sent over the water in the last twenty years. The book which elicited their enthusiastic opinion was

JENNIE GERHARDT published a decade ago under the title of "Sister Carrie," then suppressed by its publishers, and finally republished by a new firm. The fact that Mr. Bennett, who has gone out of his way to condemn Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot and the rest of the sentimentalists, praises Mr. Dreiser's work, is sufficient assurance of its "realism"; and certainly "Jennie Gerhardt" deals with actuality in every page. One wonders, however, how much of the truth behind the fact can be carried across to the average reader.

The stark reality of the tale is certainly unimpeachable. Jennie is the daughter of a poor glass-blower in a western city. She and her mother work as scrub-women in a hotel, while her brothers gather coal along the railroad track. United States Senator Brander finds Jennie one day scrubbing the stairway and becomes attracted by her. A serious love affair springs up. This leads to Brander's (apparently sincere) promise of marriage. Unfortunately, however, after the relationship has reached a very definite point, Brander suddenly contracts a fever and dies. Jennie is forced by her conservative Lutheran father to leave home. Her child is born in a small boarding-house. Then she goes to live as maid with a wealthy family in another city and attracts Lester Kane, a masterful young man whose father is a millionaire manufacturer. The two set up house together, in this case also under promise of marriage. This pledge Kane intends to keep, until he learns of Jennie's child. He feels very sorry for her and sends for the child to live with them, but does not want to marry the girl who deceived him. Later on, Kane's father dies, leaving a will in which his son is to receive only a small annuity unless he abandons Jennie. He has three years in which to decide, and toward the end of that time he meets an old acquaintance to whom he becomes immediately attracted. Jennie persuades him to leave her and so he marries his old friend. They live together more or less happily for a

while, until Kane is seized with a mortal illness during his wife's absence in Europe. He sends for Jennie in his last moments and tells her she is the only woman he ever really loved. So Kane dies and Jennie, whose child has also died, faces a life of practical solitude. As a means of continued expression for the self-sacrifice which is emphasized throughout the book as a very definite element in her character, she adopts two orphan children, and so with a couple of pages on Jennie's character, the story ends.

Of course this account gives no suggestion of that "strength and power" and "gripping interest" of the book of which the Brooklyn *Eagle* and many other papers speak. We are told, and rightly, that "there is nothing salacious in it." "Nor can it be said," continues our Brooklyn contemporary, "as has been said of so many books that have sought to avoid convention, that its morals are topsy-turvy."

"As a matter of fact, Jennie Gerhardt does no more in her life than does Little Em'ly, that 'engaging little creature' of 'David Copperfield'; but Dickens makes her suffer as a consequence, while Dreiser makes the reader feel that the last stage of Jennie is, from all standpoints except that of the conventionally religious, better than her first."

The Chicago *Tribune* does not like the book, altho it finds in it a certain resemblance to a number of remarkable stories—"Esther Waters," by George Moore; "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy, and "Hilda Lessways," by Arnold Bennett. This paper calls it "a tepid and completely modern version of the Faust story." But there are two Fausts, "neither of them interesting, and the Gretchen remains sane and thrifty and grows a trifle stout." Mr. Floyd Bell, the gifted young critic of the Chicago *Evening Post*, champions the genius of Mr. Dreiser. The whole book, in his opinion, is the explication of the inevitable defeat of a woman who asks only to give, and of the loveliness of that doomed nature.

"It sounds, perhaps, absurd. We have not much sympathy with unselfish people in books. They are either prigs or fools, or both. That is when the author attempts to make a virtue out of a temperamental necessity. Mr. Dreiser makes no such mistake. He looks with a philosophic eagerness upon the spectacle of human life; he sees Jennie, an essentially unselfish girl in a world of essentially selfish people; he knows that she will be exploited, that she is bound to be exploited; he shows how it happens—that is all."

* JENNIE GERHARDT. By Theodore Dreiser. Harper & Brothers.



MAURICE HEWLETT is essentially a creator of beautiful names, a weaver of wonderful tapestries. We visit him as we would a picture gallery filled with Pre-Raphaelite paintings. His novels carry us through deep forests and clear glades, illumined by a leaf-shaded sun; they show us tourneys with hosts; they permit us to behold flashing robes and shouting kings feasting and monks fasting and nuns at prayer. This latest book* is significant of the merely formal splendor to which even the best of such writing can sink. The American press, dominated by Mr. Hewlett's reputation, remains praiseful, but all the English papers recognize the "decorative" quality of this book, as *The Athenæum* calls it, "which amuses the imagination, but makes no deeper appeal."

The names, however, remain magical—Earl Pikpoynzt, the Lady Mabilla, Sabine, Lanceilhot Paulet, Marvilion, Maintsonge, Cantacut, Campflors and the rest. With such people and such places surely the most ordinary romanticist, *The Academy* thinks, could weave an extraordinary romance. And indeed it is a strange and contorted story that Mr. Hewlett gives us—a troubadour's *canzon*, but far more complicated, and written in prose.

The Earl Gernulf comes home one frosty morning with a young child, the daughter of the dead man, Renny of Coldscaur. Sabine, the child, knows in Gernulf the assassin of her people and looks forward to an ultimate vengeance. Gernulf, of course, intends to hold her person and seize her father's place and power. The tragic little girl is not, however, entirely without kinsfolk, for two women of her line, Mabilla and Hold, with men of more or less might behind them, have to be reckoned with. At this point Mr. Hewlett spoils our expectation of having Sabine for a heroine and pushes Mabilla into first place by making Gernulf fall in love with her. The rest of the book is filled with more and more intricate incident and burdened with numerous new characters, each of whom is given a place in the working out of the grand climax. There is, among others, the troubadour Lanceilhot Paulet, whose mission it is not only to take part in the tangled game of love, diplomacy and war that ensues, but to sing the Song of Renny, the epic bringing out the subtler,

more spiritual significance of the whole tragic business. He is not, however, merely the factitious commentator brought in to ease the author's task, for he plays a distinct part in the story and marries Mabilla after Gernulf is killed. Sabine elopes with a page of Gernulf's household and dies before the end of the story. Through the troubadour we get a glimpse, tho not a perfectly clear one, of Mr. Hewlett's poetry and symbolism.

This latter quality is suggested to *The Athenæum* by the dedication, and that weekly wonders whether the whole story may not be intended as symbolic, for it is able here and there to make out "a something behind." "But," the reviewer goes on to say, "if Mr. Hewlett wrote in reality with any such intention, he has hidden his meaning far too deep for an impatient age to take the trouble to discover it." The faults of the book, according to the reviewer, are, moreover, "lack of spontaneity and the too frequent repetition of a few somewhat cheap devices; the use of names, for instance, supposed to have lovely or terrible associations and the endlessly reiterated kissing."

The London *Daily Mail* is saddened by the fact that the "clear and strong character interest in former books gives place to interminable fogs," while *The Pall Mall Gazette* and the Manchester *Guardian* sigh aloud for a "map." *The Academy* is pleased with Mr. Hewlett's "ornate and yet at times almost biblical style," but notices in the book several "apparent inconsistencies," while the London *Chronicle* finds in the hero Pikpoynzt nothing more than a ninny. "He is an earl who storms, swears, and rages in the old ways, wields a tremendous battle-axe, hews, slaughters, robs, sacks, would even eat anyone for two twos, if it suited his purpose to do so; yet, all of a sudden, in a manner most unconvincing, mews and curls himself just for a smile from the lady-wife whom he had wooed, won, and carried away as such a warrior of romance would do and should." "That," the review goes on to say, "is a pity, a great pity!"

Most of the American papers are, however, simply fascinated by the reputation of the author. Their reviews are crowded with such expressions as "glittering," "broidered," "gemmed," "illuminated," "rich romance," "enthraling" and similar glowing epithets. To a certain extent we are still intellectually a province of Great Britain, to the extent of worshipping her idols long after the mother country herself has turned to alien shrines.

* THE SONG OF RENNY. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SIGNAL—A STORY OF RUSSIA

This story might have been written by Tolstoy, so simple and direct is its style, so vivid with detail are the scenes pictured. The author, however, is one of the younger writers of Russia, Vsevolod Garscin. We find this translation, made from an Italian version by Edith Heyer, in the *Springfield Republican*.

SIMEON IVANOFF was a signal man of the railway. His sentry box was ten versts from one station and twelve from the other. There were no other houses about, except other sentry boxes, and a spinning mill, which rose black above the trees in the wood.

Simeon Ivanoff was a worn-out, sick man; nine years before he had been in the war as an officer's orderly, and had followed him through all the campaign, where he had suffered hunger, cold and burning heat, and had marched on from forty to fifty versts under a torrid sun, or freezing cold.

He came back from the campaign intact, but suffered from dreadful pains in his legs and arms. After that he had to meet all kinds of misfortunes. Almost at once after his return home his father died, as well as his little four-year-old son, the latter from weakness of the throat. Thus he and his wife were left alone. His business went from bad to worse because working in the ground was too hard when hands and feet were swollen.

Simeon and his wife left their own village to seek their fortune, but did not find it either in the Chersonese or on the Don, or in any other place. Then the wife went out to service, while Simeon continued to wander about the world.

One day it happened on the railway, during a stop, that he met the station master, whose face did not seem unfamiliar. They looked at one another. They recognized one another. The station-master was an ex-officer of Simeon's regiment. The master asked: "Are you Ivanoff?"

"Yes, sir. It is verily I."

"How did you happen to come here?"

Simeon told him all his vicissitudes.

"And where are you going now?"

"I do not know."

"Imbecile, how is it that you do not know?"

"It is really true, your excellency; I do not know what to do. I am looking for work to do."

The station-master looked at Simeon attentively and added, after a moment: "Little brother, meanwhile stay here at the station. You are married, is it not true? Where is your wife?"

"Yes, sir, I am married. She is now at Kursh in the service of a merchant."

"Well, write to her to come here at once. I will get her a free pass. Very soon there will be a vacancy in the signal service, and I will procure the position for you from the director."

"Thank you so much, your excellency."

And Simeon remained at the station; he worked in the master's kitchen, split wood, swept the platform and the courtyard. Two weeks later Simeon's wife arrived, and brought on the little car her things to the signalman's house. The house was new, and there was as much wood as one could wish for to warm it. His predecessor left him also a little garden, and about one acre of land to cultivate, along the railroad. Simeon was joyful, and thought out how to regulate his housekeeping. He even thought of buying a cow and a horse.

The necessary outfit was given him—a red flag, as well as a black one, lanterns, a horn, a large hammer, a key crank, a large iron bolt, a shovel, brooms, besides books with the regulations and the hours for the trains.

At first Simeon did not sleep during the night; he repeated the time-table over and over to himself. Two hours before the train's arrival he was already inspecting his zone—sitting near his little house looking at the tracks to see if they vibrated, listening intently to hear the noise of the locomotive. At that season the work was not hard. The tracks did not have to be cleared of snow, and on that line the trains did not pass frequently. Twice a day the track had to be inspected, here to tighten the brakes, there to level the breaches and to look in the water reservoir, etc. There was also time then to attend to one's own affairs.

Two months passed and Simeon began to make the acquaintance of the other signalmen near. One was an old fellow, who for a long time they wished to put out of the service because he could hardly crawl about, and his wife had to watch the track for him. The other, nearer to the station, was a thin, nervous, young fellow. Simeon met him for the first time on the track, while he was inspecting it, and, lifting his hat, saluted him:

"Good day, neighbor."

The neighbor looked at him sideways. "Good day!" he answered; then turned his back and went away.

Nevertheless, a month after, the two men began to draw nearer one another. They met and sat down on the side of the track, smoked pipes and told each other their lives. Vassili generally was silent and Simeon chattered about his native village and the war.

"I have had not a few woes in my life," he said. "God did not grant to me good luck. Who has it has it by the will of destiny. Thus goes the world, Brother Vassili!"

And Vassili cleaned his pipe, knocking it against the rail, arose, and said: "It is not destiny which is so bad, but men. There is not in the world a more rapacious animal than man. The wolf does not eat his companion, and man devours him alive. If there was no human maliciousness in the world one might breathe. Instead every one is ready to tear you in pieces or to devour you alive."

Simeon became thoughtful. "Brother, I do not know," he said. "Perhaps it may be so, but I want to tell you that is the will of God."

"If it is so," answered Vassili, "there is no use of talking about it. If you throw it all on God's back, and if you remain quiet about it, and patient, it means that we are not men but beasts. That is all."

He turned and went away without bowing. Simeon also got up. "Neighbor," he called out, "why do you get angry?"

But the neighbor did not listen to him and continued to walk away. Simeon looked behind for a while, then went to his house and said to his wife: "Well, Adina, what breed of man have we as a neighbor? He is not a man; he is a poison." Nevertheless Vassili and Simeon were not altogether separated. They met again as before and always talked over the same subject.

"Well, brother," Vassili said, "if it was not for the people we should not stay here to vegetate in these hovels."

"Where do you want to go, Vassili? Here you have a house, fire, and a bit of land, and your wife is a good worker."

"Land! Look at it. Well, there is not a spear of grass on it. I planted in the spring two cabbages, and when the inspector passed by, 'What is this?' he asked. 'How? without permission? How is it possible without making a report of it?' Tears them up, not even a smell of the cabbages shall remain. He was drunk. On another occasion he would not have said anything, but that time he was obstinate, and he fined me three rubles."

Vassili remained silent a bit, breathed in the smoke of his pipe, then added, "A little more and he would have killed me."

"You are impatient, neighbor; let him talk."

"I am not impatient, but I can reason well; one day I shall report him to the director of the line and then we shall see."

And in fact he did so. Three days after, the inspector came over the line because other employees were expected from Petersburg, and it was necessary that everything should be in perfect order on their arrival. They would look at the ties of the tracks, at the bolts, at the varnish on the poles and at the sand strewn on the level walks. The wife of the old signal man was made to come out and cut down the weeds between the tracks. When the inspector went by in his car near Simeon's house he found everything in perfect order. He asked:

"How long have you been here?"

"Since the month of May."

"That is good! Who is at No. 164?"

"Vassili Spiridof," answered the superintendent, who accompanied the inspector.

"Spiridof? Ah, is it he who last year was punished?"

"The same."

"Well! Let us go and see Vassili Spiridof. Come."

The car started, and Simeon began to think to himself: "There certainly will be discussions and questions with the neighbor."

Two hours later, going to make his usual rounds, he saw, all at once, a person who walked along the track, whose head was wrapped up in something white. Looking more attentively he recognized Vassili. He had a stick in his hand, a bundle on his shoulder and his face was bound up in a handkerchief.

"Neighbor, where are you going?" called out Simeon.

Vassili drew nearer. His face was troubled and as white as a sheet. In his eyes flashed a savage light. He wished to speak, but his voice almost strangled him. Finally he murmured: "I am going to the city, to Moscow, to the director."

"To the agency! you are going to make a complaint? Don't! Let the thing pass, Vassili; forget it."

"No, brother; it is too late to forget. See he struck me in the face. As long as I live I shall not forget it. It must not end thus."

Simeon took one of his hands. "Tell me how it happened."

"How it happened? He inspected everything, and got out of the car and went into the house. I, expecting he would be very severe, had everything in order. When he was about to go away I began to complain of the injustice which had been done me, and he began to scold me. 'We

come here on the part of the government to make these inspections, and you, imbecile, come out into the kitchen garden and weary me with complaints about your cabbages!" I lost my patience and was impertinent;—not too brutal, but he was offended and cuffed me. Then and there I was silent, but when they departed I washed my face, and here I am."

"And the sentry house?"

"My wife is there. What are you thinking about us? Good-by, Simeon. Who knows if I shall find justice?"

When a boy Simeon had learned to make flutes out of reeds, and he made them so well that he could play upon them just what he pleased. He made quantities of them in his free hours, then he sent them to the city market. The third day after the inspection he left his wife in the house to go on duty when the 6 o'clock train should pass, and taking a good knife with him he went to cut reeds. Passing beyond his own zone, where the track curved and descended and entered a wood, about a half a verst off, he found a swamp where the reeds grew, just fit for his flutes. He cut a big bundle of them, and turned toward his house. He was alone there in the hollow, silence reigned, it was as still as death. He heard only now and then the twitter of the birds and the crackling of the dried leaves under his feet.

All at once it seemed to Simeon that he heard another noise like iron striking iron. He hurried along. At that time no repairs were being made on the tracks. What could it be then? He came out of the wood and he found himself near the embankment. On the track a man was stooping over, busily at work. Simeon cautiously drew near, thinking it might be a thief. At that moment the man arose, filed the bolt which he held in his hand, and pushed it under the track, moving it out of place.

All became black before Simeon's eyes. He wanted to call out, but could not. He recognized Vassili, and tried to climb up while running. But the other man with the bolts and the key ran down the other side of the embankment.

"Vassili, Vassili, come back, give me the bolt! Let us put the track in place. Nobody will ever know; oh, save your soul from this sin!"

Vassili never stopped, but disappeared in the wood. Simeon stopped near the displaced rail and let fall his bundle of reeds. The train was not a freight train that would arrive in a few minutes, but an express train. How could he stop it? He had no flag with him. It was impossible to put the displaced rail back in its place and rivet the bolts with his hands. It was neces-

sary to run off to the sentry box for tools. "Oh, God help me!" And Simeon ran off breathlessly.

At about 100 yards from the sentry box he heard the whistle of the weaving mill. It was six o'clock, and at two minutes after six the train was due. "Oh, God save these innocent souls!"

Simeon already saw before him the locomotive touch with its front wheels the rail, cross, shake, turn over, bound off the rails just at the point of the narrow curve where the embankment measured twenty feet high. All the third-class cars were full. There were little children, sitting, thinking of nothing. "God, teach me what I ought to do. I would not have time to get to the sentry box and return."

Almost out of his mind, he turned about without knowing what to do, and arrived again by the displaced rail where he had left his bundle of reeds.

A distant whistle made him tremble. The train was approaching. He saw that the rails began to vibrate. At that moment he had an inspiration. He ran toward the train and stopped a hundred steps from the perilous spot, took off his cap, drew out his large white handkerchief, took the knife out of the leg of his boot, and made the sign of the cross, murmuring, "Oh God, bless me" and then gave a gash on his forearm with the knife. From the wound burst forth a jet of warm blood, in which he dipped the handkerchief, and then spread it out and knotted it to a reed and shook it in the air—his red flag!

"There is the train. The engineer, will he see me? If he comes within one hundred yards he cannot stop the heavy train in time."

The blood continued to run from the wound. Simeon, wishing to stop it, pressed the wound against his side, but it was useless. His head turned. His sight became dim. Before his eyes danced an infinite number of black spots. In his ears roared the sound of distant bells. He no longer saw the train or heard its noise; his only thought was that he could no longer hold out; that the flag of warning would fall.

"Will the train pass over me? Oh, God, help me." All became black before his eyes. He let go the reed, but the bloody banner did not fall. A hand seized it and waved it before the train. The engineer saw it, shut down the brakes, let off steam, and the train stopped. Everybody got out of the train and gathered about the wounded, bloody man, who was quite senseless, lying across the rails. Near him there was another man with the bloody rag on the reed.

Vassili looked about him, then bent his head and said: "Bind me. I displaced the rail."

The Humor of Life



AS any one ever analyzed carefully the moral influence of the jest? It ought to be done. What, for instance, is the ethical result of making the world laugh gaily over the fancied misfortunes, vices, crimes, of others? We once knew a humorist who would never crack a joke about intemperance, because, said he, it is not a good thing to make vice or immorality the subject of merriment. On the other hand, if you can make evil ridiculous in a jest, have you not done a good thing? We submit the question to the debating societies of our young ladies' seminaries. It's too weighty a subject to thresh out here. After all is said, we imagine that the kind of a laugh a particular joke elicits determines its moral quality. Here is one, for instance (from *Everybody's*), on intemperance that seems harmless:

WANTED TO GET IN.

A man in a very deep state of intoxication was shouting and kicking most vigorously at a lamp-post, when the noise attracted a near-by policeman.

"What's the matter?" he asked the energetic one. "Oh, never mind, mishter. Thash all right," was the reply; "I know she's home all right—I shee a light up shtairs!"

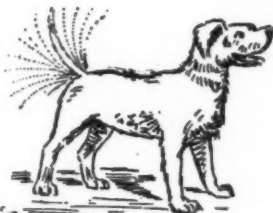
Here is a joke in which dishonesty is made the target of scorn. *The Illustrated Weekly* credits it to Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia:

ONE ON THE CONDUCTOR.

"On a foreign railroad a commuter had a row with the conductor. At the end of the row the commuter turned to a friend and said:

"Well, the P.D.Q. will never see another cent of my money after this."

"The conductor, who was departing, looked back and snarled:



FOOTBALL TERM: A RAPID
END PLAY

—Life

"What'll you do? Walk?"
"Oh, no," said the commuter. "I'll stop buying tickets and pay my fare to you."

We tremble about passing on the next story for fear it will awaken in other breasts the passionate desire it has kindled in our own to try the experiment indicated. It is an anecdote told (according to the *Argonaut*) by Acton Davies, the dramatic critic, about Oliver Herford:

THE AMBITION OF HIS LIFE.

Herford sat next to a soulful poetess at dinner one night, and that dreamy one turned her sad eyes upon him. "Have you no other ambition, Mr. Herford," she demanded, "than to force people to degrade themselves by laughter?"

Yes, Herford had an ambition. A whale of an ambition. Some day he hoped to gratify it.

The woman rested her elbows on the table and propped her face in her long, sad hands, and glowed into Mr. Herford's eyes. "Oh, Mr. Herford," she said, "Oliver! Tell me about it."

"I want to throw an egg into an electric fan," said Herford, simply.

The literal interpretation of a law by pin-headed officials has more than once helped keep the world hilarious. The first of the two stories below is attributed (by *Lippincott's*) to Raymond Hitchcock, who was illustrating the stringency of the police regulations in Berlin:

WHY HE DROWNED.

Rauss and Meyer met one morning in the Park.

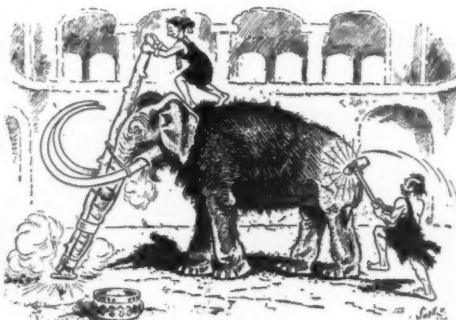
"Have you heard," says Rauss, "the sad news about Wrenn?"

"No," says Meyer; "what is it?"

"Well, poor Wrenn went boating yesterday, the boat capsized, and he was drowned. The water was ten feet deep."

"But couldn't he swim?"

"Swim? Don't you know that all persons are strictly forbidden by the police to swim in the river?"



THE PREHISTORIC VACUUM CLEANER

—Judge

The other instance of a too literal interpretation

comes closer home. We find it related in *Harper's Weekly*:

THE NEW CONSTABLE.

"Sorry, gentlemen," said the new constable, "but I'll hev to run ye in. We been keepin' tabs on ye sence ye left Huckleberry Corners."

"Why, that's nonsense!" said Dubbleigh. "It's taken us four hours to come twenty miles, thanks to a flabby tire. That's only five miles an hour."

"Sure!" said the new constable, "but the speed law round these here parts is ten mile an hour, and by Jehosaphat I'm goin' to make you otter-mobile fellers live up to it."

Mr. Roosevelt ought to appreciate this joke at the expense of the advocates of universal arbitration. It is told by General Frederick D. Grant and appears in the *Illustrated Weekly*:

HOW THE WAR STARTED.

A war was going on, and one day, the papers being full of the grim details of a bloody battle, a woman said to her husband:

"This slaughter is shocking. It's fiendish. Can nothing be done to stop it?"

"I'm afraid not," her husband answered.

"Why don't both sides come together and arbitrate?" she cried.

"They did," said he. "They did, 'way back in June. That's how the gol-durned thing started."

If we could only arbitrate the quarrelsome disposition out of nations and individuals, it would be a very Edenic world; but *Black and White* seems to suggest that even heaven isn't entirely free from it:

BILL'S WAY.

NEIGHBOR: I s'pose your Bill's 'tittin' the 'arp with the hangels now?

LONG-SUFFERING WIDOW: Not 'im. 'Tittin' the hangels wiv the 'arp's nearer 'is mark!

Let us all, little children, learn a lesson from

the following—namely, not to go on the ice until it is good and thick. It is from the *Los Angeles Times*, as told by Charles Fisher, the skating champion:

A HUMAN PEDESTAL.

There was once a chap who went skating too early, and all of a sudden that afternoon loud cries for help began to echo among the bleak hills that surrounded the skating pond.

A farmer, cobbling his boots before his kitchen fire, heard the shouts and yells, and ran to the pond at break-neck speed. He saw a large black hole in the ice, and a pale young fellow stood with chattering teeth shoulder-deep in the cold water.

The farmer laid a board on the thin ice and crawled out on it to the edge of the hole. Then, extending his hand, he said:

"Here, come over this way, and I'll lift you out."

"No, I can't swim," was the impatient reply.

"Throw a rope to me. Hurry up. It's cold in here."

"I ain't got no rope," said the farmer; and he added angrily. "What if you can't swim—you can wade, I guess! The water's only up to your shoulders."

"Up to my shoulders?" said the young fellow. "It's eight feet deep if it's an inch. I'm standing on the blasted fat man who broke the ice!"

The rural visitor to the city will furnish food for merriment as long as there are any rural districts left. This is from the *Argonaut*:

AND SO HE COULDN'T SLEEP.

The only unoccupied room in the hotel—one with a private bath in connection with it—was given to the stranger from Kansas. The next morning the clerk was approached by the guest when the latter was ready to check out.

"Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked.

"No, I didn't," replied the Kansan. "The room was all right, and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."



THE MAGIC HARP

—Harper's Weekly

The preceding joke—due to ignorance or simple-mindedness or innocence—has Legion for its name. Here is another member of the family (from *Harper's Magazine*):

THE LAST THING OFF.

A teacher was reading to her class and came across the word "unaware." She asked if any one knew its meaning.

One small girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following definition:

"Unaware is what you take off the last thing before you put your nightie on."

The next story is put into the mouth of John D. Rockefeller, who, you will recall, is a member of the association of newspaper humorists:

IF THEY WERE MILLIONAIRES.

"It is hard," Mr. Rockefeller said, "to realize what a million, let alone what a billion, is. I overheard two laborers talking about millions behind that hill there the other day.

"If I was a millionaire," said the first laborer, as he threw a shovelful of dirt into a cart, 'I'd go to the Plaza Hotel in New York, I'd hire a front bedroom, and I'd tell 'em to call me at six. And then, when they came the next mornin' at six and called me, I'd shout: "Go away! I don't have to get up. I got money."

"After he had shoveled a while in silence, the laborer turned to his companion and said:

"And what would you do, pard, if you was a millionaire?"

"The other laborer straightened up from his task with a sigh.

"I'd have half a foot more len'th put to this shovel to save me poor back," he said."

What would our jokesmiths do if it were not for the lazy man. Here's a case in point (*Kansas City Star*):

WHAT'S THE USE?

A tourist in the mountains of Tennessee once had dinner with a querulous old mountaineer who yarned about hard times for fifteen minutes at a stretch.

"Why, man," said the tourist, "you ought to be able to make lots of money shipping green corn to the northern market."

"Yes, I orter," was the sullen reply.

"You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed."

"Yes, I guess so."

"Then why don't you go into the speculation?"

"No use, stranger," sadly replied the cracker, "the old woman is too lazy to do the plowin' and plantin'."

That man ought to have had for his wife the colored woman of the following anecdote (*Argonaut*):

WHAT SHE WOULD DO.

A colored man had been arrested on a charge of beating and cruelly misusing his wife. After hearing the charge against the prisoner, the justice turned to the first witness.

"Madam," he said, "if this man were your hus-



"Man Wullie, they tell me they've got a three-leggit calf up at Jeemie Samson's."

"Do ye tell me!!! He'll be awfu' prood about it?"

"Prood!! Man, he's prooder than the auld coo hersel'."

—Punch

band and had given you a beating, would you call in the police?"

The woman addressed, a veritable Amazon in size and aggressiveness, turned a smiling countenance towards the justice and answered: "No, jedge. If he was mah husban', and he treated me lak he did 'is wife, Ah wouldn't call no p'liceman. No, sah, Ah'd call de undertaker."

Just to even things up a bit, we give the story of the overworked man and the extravagant wife as told by Frederick Townsend Martin:

TAKING NO CHANCES.

"How many a poor, struggling broker or lawyer or promoter slaves himself into nervous prostration," said Mr. Martin, "in order to gratify the extravagant tastes of his wife!

"I heard of a case in point yesterday. The wife of an overworked promoter said at breakfast:

"Will you post this letter for me, dear? It's to the furrier, countermanding my order for that \$900 sable and ermine stole. You'll be sure to remember?"

"The tired eyes of the harassed, shabby promoter lit up with joy. He seized a skipping rope that lay with a heap of dolls and toys in a corner, and going to his wife, he said:

"Here, tie my right hand to my left foot so I won't forget!"

They are crediting a good many humorous anecdotes to Woodrow Wilson these days. Here is one as told in the *Saturday Evening Post*:

A NEW TRANSLATION.

While Woodrow Wilson was in Chattanooga on

his recent tour, one of the features of the program arranged for his entertainment was an automobile sight-seeing trip through the city. As the party slowed up from time to time at some particularly interesting point, the colored chauffeur volunteered bits of local information.

They were passing the new city hall and Mr. Wilson read aloud the date on the cornerstone—1909 A. D.

"George," remarked one of the party, addressing the chauffeur, "can you tell us what the A. D. stands for?"

"Suttinly, boss, suttinly," responded George, without the quiver of an eyelid. "Why, dat dere 'A. D.' stands fo' 'all done.'"

Woodrow Wilson is also credited with new light on the subject of optimism. A writer in *Lippincott's* tells of it:

WHAT A POLITICAL OPTIMIST IS.

Governor Woodrow Wilson is a past master of repartee, as he proved a score of times during his recent "stumping" tour, tho never more effectively than in the South Jersey hamlet of Sea Isle. He had just referred to himself as a "political optimist" when some one called out, "And what's that?"

Instantly came the answer: "A political optimist, my friend, is a fellow who can make sweet, pink lemonade out of the bitter yellow fruit which his opponents hand him."

Here's another one on optimists. It was told by the late Admiral Schley:

A CONSOLING DISCOVERY.

Admiral Schley once tried to have certain reforms instituted in the navy. He found at headquarters a good deal of the optimistic or lazy spirit, however, and so, at a dinner one night, he rebuked a headquarters optimist with a story.

"You remind me, sir," he said, "of old Jimmy Traddles. Jimmy was a laborer. Noon sounded one day and he sat down and felt in his pocket for his lunch. But the pocket was empty."

"'Boys,' he said, 'I've lost my lunch.'"

"Then he gave a cheery laugh."

"'It's a darned good thing I've lost it, too,' he said."

"'Why so, mate?' a man asked."

"'Because,' said old Jimmy, 'I left my teeth at home.'"

Carrying things to extremes gets many a man "in wrong," but think how it has helped increase the gayety of the world! *Success* tells of a railroad man that learned his lesson only too well:

ECONOMY TO THE END.

The candidate for the position of locomotive fireman had studied the impressive figures showing the aggregate loss to the company each year resulting from careless firing and waste of coal and oil. The first question put to him in the verbal examination was what he would do if he found his freight train confronted by an on-coming passenger.

He hesitated only a moment, then replied:

"I'd grab a lump of coal in one hand, the oil-can in the other and jump for my life."

"Man's timid heart is bursting," says Kipling, "with the things he must not say." This from *Lippincott's* helps one to appreciate Kipling's point of view:

WHEN THE CHIEF QUAILED.

Two or three years ago Uncle Sam issued a mandate to the effect that the Indians in the future should take unto themselves but one wife. Quanah Parker, chief of the Comanches, appearing before the Committee on Indian Affairs, told its members that many of the men of his tribe had more than one wife. He was admonished to go home and tell them that this condition of affairs could no longer exist and that the surplus wives must be sent home to their parents.

Last session Parker again appeared before the committee, and the following conversation took place between him and a committeeman:

"Did you tell your bucks that they must have but one wife, Parker?"

"Yes, me tell 'um," responded the Indian.

"Did you get rid of the extra wives?"

"Yes, all gone," answered the chief.

"But," urged the committeeman, "I am told that you yourself have six wives."

"Yes, me got six," said Parker.

"Now, this will not do, Parker. You have to get rid of those extra wives. You go home and tell them to leave. Send them back to their parents. Tell them to go home."

"You tell 'um," responded the Indian.

While we are talking about "the female of the species," we might as well run this in from *The Trend*:

THE BRUTE!

"Does your wife often grieve because she threw over a wealthy man in order to marry you?"

"She started to once, but I cured her of it the first rattle out of the box."

"I wish you would tell me how."

"I started right in grieving with her. And I grieved harder and longer than she did."

There are many ways of avoiding seasickness, but there is only one sure way. This from *Harper's Weekly* gives us the cue:

ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Were you seasick crossing the ocean, Pat?"

"Oi was turrible sick comin' over, but nivver a qualm did Oi hov goin' back."

"Really? How do you account for that?"

"Sure and Oi nivver wint back, yure Honor."

Everyone knows what a deadly habit punning may become; but a little punning, if it is only atrocious enough, is a refreshing thing. Here is a pun from *The Trend* that is new to us and very atrocious:

GOOD AUTHORITY.

"Arthur said this morning that it was colder."

"Arthur who?"

"Our thermometer."